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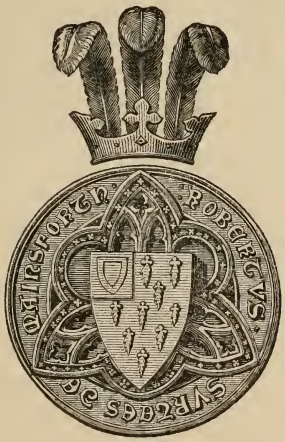

MDCCCXXXVI.

1876

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Towneley plays

THE

TOWNELEY

MYSTERIES.

LONDON:

J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, PARLIAMENT STREET:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.

At a Meeting of the Council of the Surtees Society, on the third of November, 1835, it was

Resolved—That five hundred copies of The Towneley Mysteries be printed by the Society.

JAMES RAINE,

Secretary.

PREFACE.

The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans' Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days' sale; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days.

This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection.

By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period, is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or

Edward IV.,* he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly "belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York."

This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard: for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the JUDICIUM, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is "supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley," and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley.

On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk.

In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to "the Abbey of Widkirk" was the Towneley tradition respecting it: and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such

* There is a passage in the JUDICIUM which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Tutivillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother dæmons "she is hornyd like a kowe" (p. 312). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records: "1388. King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes, with long trained gownes."

a volume as this in a period before the reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it.

The supposition that this book belonged to "the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield," has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Widkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependance on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk.

Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious Community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs to be held at Woodkirk,

one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the VALOR of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6s. 8d., which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the cloisters were remaining not long ago. The church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous.[1]

In the language as well as the style of these Mysteries, a diversity may be perceived, arising in part, perhaps, from the greater elevation of the characters or the subjects in one than in another; and in part also, perhaps, from their not having proceeded from one hand, and from the collection having been made up partly of compositions strictly original, and partly of compositions obtained from other similar collections.[2] In some of them, however,

[1] LOIDIS AND ELMETE, p. 240.

[2] The language of the PROCESSUS POETARUM seems to be more modern than that of the other pieces. It is also of an entirely different structure. PHARAO seems also to be by a different hand. CÆSAR AUGUSTUS is plainly by the same hand as PHARAO. The heroes in both swear by "Mahowne." There are no Yorkshireisms in either, nor can any be traced in the ANNUNCIATIO. The two PAGEANTS of the SHEPHERDS are among the most remarkable. Disputes about Common-right might be illustrated from the topography of almost every sheep-feeding parish in the kingdom. The Shepherds dinners, school-learning, Cato, are all interesting points. The shepherds were

the language is that of common life and of country clowns. In these there are traces which cannot be mistaken of a northern, and it may be said of a Yorkshire origin. Few persons who have had any opportunities of hearing the language of the rural population of the West Riding of Yorkshire, can fail to trace it in such pieces as the Mactatio Abel and the Prima, but especially the Secunda Pastorum.

A few particular words and phrases may here be added; not that it can be safely affirmed that they are peculiar to the West Riding of Yorkshire, but of which it would not perhaps be over-stating to say, that they are more frequently to be heard there than in any other district; and that they are all still existing in the vernacular of that district, in the senses in which they are here used, and often in the very connections in which they occur. "Umbithynke thee what thou saysse"—"Ather"—"Let it be"—"be pease your dyn"—"hoille"—"go furth,

great astronomers. The best illustration of this would be found in "The Shepherds Calendar," of which there were several black letter editions, with cuts, of the shepherds feeding their flocks and observing the heavens. The first chapter is entitled "A great question asked between the shepheards touching the stars, and an answer made to the same question." The twenty-second "How shepheards by calculation and speculation know the xii signes, &c." The notion was not entirely lost in the time of Shakespear.

"Nine changes of the watery star have been
The Shepherds' note."—Winter's Tale, I. 2 Pol

The two alterations in the Johannes Baptista, p. 169 and 171, seem intended to accommodate this piece to the new order of things after the Reformation. The Mactatio Abel is one of the most interesting of the set. We have in it an imitation of the vulgarest language of the vulgarest clowns of the period.

greyn horne"—" Leming" as the name of a cow occurs in a Will of a West Riding yeoman,—" here my hend," hand—" other-gates"—" a craw to pluck"—" lig," lie—" mon" must—" fun," found—" pik," pitch—" sam"—" dedir"—" skelp"—" bir"—" mydyng"—" chyldre"—" barme" bosom—" kyn"—" kythe and kyn"—" nearhand"--"balk"--" Whet hir whystyll"—"lake"--" threpe"—" eaten out of house and harbour"—" what alys thee"—These are a selection; many others, perhaps some more striking, might be found; but these words and phrases are still to be heard in the language of the common people in the district in which Woodkirk was situated.

It may be said that such words and phrases are not peculiar to that district. No—few words or phrases can be declared to be peculiar to any circumscribed tract. But the question here really is, whether they may not be said to belong rather to that district than to any other; and it is presumed, that comparing the language of the Mysteries with the Glossaries of the provincial terms of various counties, the Yorkshire Glossary would supply more illustrations or parallelisms than that of any other county, not excepting even the Glossary of Lancashire. It is a remarkable fact, indeed, that there is so strongly marked a diversity between the language of the people inhabiting the plains which extend at the feet of the English Appennines on the East and West sides, from Northumberland and Cumberland, till the ridge disappears in Staffordshire.

Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it may have been founded, and the striking

resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces, and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the SECUNDA PASTORUM, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk.

Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand "WAKEFELDE" and "BERKERS," the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed "GLOVER PAG..." without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is "Pagina," which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find "WAKEFELD" again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the "PEREGRINI" the words "FYSHER PAGEANT" occur.*

* The words LYTSTER PLAY occur at the head of the PHARAO. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the Errata.

and frequent intercourse between them. Wakefield had acquired the association with its name of "Merry" at an early period, and it may be that the exhibition of these very Pageantries may have had much to do with the origin of the expression which is put by Fuller among the provincial expressions of Yorkshire, "Merry Wakefield." But it may also be surmised that the good Canons of Woodkirk would draw upon the store of humour in this volume, and upon the more striking and solemn and serious scenes which occur in it, to attract the multitude to their Fairs, and thus increase the revenues of their house. A rural Fair has always been a scene quite as much of amusement as of business. Occasionally of strife, too, as was the case with the Woodkirk Nativity Fair, in the 9th of Edward II., at which John de Heton, and Amabil, his wife, with another person, perhaps their servant, appear to have made a general assault on the persons there and then assembled.[1] But in general they would be peaceable and festive assemblies; and as we peruse these dramatic pieces we cannot but perceive that in the representation of them there would be much not only to entertain, but to affect seriously and serviceably the minds of the simple rustics who, on these occasions, were wont here to congregate, as well as to give them, in the way in which they could best receive it, information concerning the principal events of sacred history.

Dramatic representations of this nature are sometimes called Miracle Plays, and sometimes Mysteries. Not-

[1] South Yorkshire, Vol. II., p. 207.

withstanding the authority of the Wife of Bath (Chaucer, The Wife of Bath's Prologue, l. 558). We have given a preference to the latter appellation, as more strictly in accordance with the general character of these pieces. On the general question of these Mysteries, and the important link which they constitute between the theatrical representations of antient and modern times, and the light which they throw upon the manners and customs and religious opinions of their period, the reader is referred to the publications of Mr. Sharp, Mr. Markland, and Mr. Collier. It is enough for a Society of this nature to lay bare the mine, and leave the skilful to extract its ore. One thing, however, has been deemed essentially requisite, a brief but comprehensive Glossary for the benefit of the general reader. It is only by such publications as this that correct notions can be formed of the progressive state of the English language, and in such cases a good glossary concentrates their very spirit and utility.

The manuscript is of the folio size, written in a bold hand upon strong parchment, and containing initial letters highly ornamented with the pen. Fac-similes of the hand-writing of a portion of the FLAGELLACIO (p. 205), and of an initial letter, are subjoined to these prefatorial remarks and notices.

The lines which rhyme with each other are in general connected by ligatures. The speeches are separated from each other by lines of red ink, which is still fresh and brilliant.

This manuscript was recommended to the notice of the Society, by William Bentham, of Upper Gower

Street, London, Esq., F. S. A., &c., and next to the Continuation of Wills and Inventories it received the greatest number of votes in conformity with the seventh Rule.

The thanks of the Society are especially due to Peregrine Edward Towneley, of Towneley, Esq., the owner of the manuscript, for his courtesy in permitting it to be transcribed for the press. This permission was obtained by the Reverend Dr. Lingard, to whom the Society is under great obligations for this and other manifestations of his anxiety for its welfare.

It may be almost needless to remark, that great care was taken in obtaining a correct copy of the Towneley Manuscript. And yet, notwithstanding caution, there were mistakes in the transcript, and their number was not diminished by the press. The printed sheets, however, have themselves been carefully compared with the original manuscript by Joseph Stevenson, Esq. to whom the institution is under great obligations; and the following Errata have been discovered, which, as extreme accuracy in its transcripts and publications is deemed essentially requisite by the Society, it points out here *in limine* that the reader may correct them with his pen before he becomes involved in the difficulties of a corrupt reading.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

P. 4, l. 15, add ? at the end of the line.
... 5, second indent, for *fowles*, read *fowles.*
... 8, l. 8, add ? at the end of the line.
... 10, l. 10, from bottom, for *neyn*, read *meyn.*
... 6, —— ———, for *alone*, read *a lone.*
... 5, —— ———, add comma after *me.*
... 11, l. 1, for *an eld*, read *a neld.*
... 27, for *we may*, read *wemay.*
... 13, l. 4, dele the second comma, and for ? read ;
... 14, l. 10, for *neveryit*, read *never yit.*
... 15, l. 9, for *Cayin*, read *Caym.*
... 16, l. 2, for *shren*, read *shrew.*
... 22, l. 8, for *an*, read *Man.*
... sixth indent, for *afone*, read *a fone.*
... 26, l. 3, dele comma.
... l. 8, for *threfor*, read *thre for.*
... 27, fourth indent, for *On one*, read *onone.*
... 28, fifth indent, for *Sem*, read *sam.*
... 30, 20 from bottom, for *thase*, read *thare.*
... 13 —— ———, for *wedmen*, read *wed men.*
... 31, l. 9, after *thise*, insert [wederes.]
... 32, l. 18, for *hufe*, read *lufe.*
... 33, l. 20, for *befon*, read *be fon.*
... 40, l. 16, add ? after *arayde.*
... 41, 11 from bottom after *And*, insert [this.]
... 46, l. 16, for *inquarte*, read *in quarte.*
... 46, l. 5 from bottom for *barne to me*, read *barneteme.*
... 48. l. 5, for *alle—to*, read *alle-to.*
... 51, ninth indent for *bonden*, read *bondon.*
... 55, after *Pharao*, insert *Lytster play* in the margin.
... 58, 7 from bottom, for *never*, read *neven.*
... 59, l. 13, for *or seasse*, read *or I seasse.*
... 61, 4 from bottom for *were*, read *wore.*
... 62, l. 1, for *yflt*, read *flyt.*
... 65, l. 8, for *ferstley*, read *fersley.*
... l. 22, for *Naw*, read *now.*
... 66, l. 2, for *you*, read *yow.*
... 67, fifth indent, after hastely place a comma.
... —, 8 from bottom, for *She*, read *The.*
... 68, l. 8, for *youot*, read *you not.*
... l. 18, for *best*, read *bost.*
... 69, l. 5 from bottom, for *stille*, read *fulle.*
... 71, l. 18, for *welldand*, read *weldand.*
... 76, 3 from bottom, dele the comma after *woman.*
... 81 l. 2, for *eee*, read *ee.*
... 16 from bottom, insert a comma after *askyng.*
... last line but one, dele comma after *blys.*
... 82, l. 2 from bottom for *sayd*, read *seyd.*
... 85, l. 5. for *hend*, read *hens.*
... 85, l. 13, for *over twhart*, read *overtwhart.*
... 23, for *avd*, read *and.*
... 88, l. 7 from bottom, after *gyf* insert *you.*
... 89, l. 19, for *To*, read *Thou.*
... 90, l. 16, for *kely*, read *Hely.*

P. 90, l. 22, for *halsom* read *holsom*.
... 91, l. 9, dele the first comma, and instead of the second insert !
... 20, for *you*, read *yc*.
... 92, l. 19, for *leinyd*, read *lemyd*.
... seventh indent, for *recolde*, read *recorde*.
... 93, 21, insert ; at the end of the line.
... 95, 16 from bottom, for *sych*, read *lyght*, and insert a comma after *mone*.
... 13, after *let*, insert *us*.
... 96, 5, insert comma after *than*.
... 99, 9, for *are*, read *ure*.
... 101, l. 23, for *ranye*, read *ranys*.
... 104, l. 17, for *devylle*, read *dewylle*.
... 105, l. 18 from bottom, for *connselle*, read *counselle*.
... 106, l. 1, *Fron* should perhaps be read *Frou*.
... l. 20, for *jek*, read *rek*.
... 107, 7, for *far*, read *for*.
... 109, 22, for *nocht*, for *noght*.
... 110, 16, for *an*, read *on*.
... 111, 17 from bottom, for *trode*, read *trede*.
... 7, for *season*, read *seson*.
... last line but one, for *yade*, read *yode*.
... 112, l. 1, for *menys*, read *mendys*.
... 114, l. 18, for *deville*, read *dewille*.
... 21, for *I wys*, read *iwis*.
... 28, for *qwant*, read *qwantte*.
... 32, for *bind*, read *bynd*.
... 33, for *fols*, read *fals*.
... last line but one, for *deville*, read *dewille*.
... last line, for *makes ayre*, read *Mak's ayre*.
... 115, 5, from bottom, insert ? after tene, and for *So, as I say you?* read *Do as I say you*.
... 116, 15, dele comma after *levyn*.
... 24, for *This*, read *thre*.
... 117, 5, for *be*, read *he*.
... 11, from bottom, for *So*, read *Go*, and insert comma after *now*.
... 118, 2, for *warle*, read *warlo*.
... 119, in running title, for PRIMA, read SECUNDA.
... 121, 1, for *alledos*, read *alle dos*.
... 124, 9, from bottom, for *Ballaam*, read *Balaam*.
... 131, *Primus Rex*, for *Alleredy*, read *Alle redy*.
... 136, lines 1 and 2, insert comma after *way*, and ? after *weynde*.
... 137, lines 6 and 7, for ; read , and for *Me*, read *Ne*.
... line 16 from bottom, for *Were*, read *Dere*.
... 141, 5, dele comma after *wynges*.
... 142, line 10 from bottom, for *dwille*, read *dewille*.
... 164, line 9, for *ecylle*, read *ceylle*.
... 168, 7 from bottom, for *herchis*, read *here his*.
... 175, 21 from bottom, *cantelys*. See Glossary.
... 209, 10, for *wes hen*, read *weshen*.
... 233, 21, for *athusgate*, read *Athus gate*.
... 236, eighth indent, for *todedir*, read *togedir*.
... 266, 23, for *norne*, read *morne*.
... 277, 5 from bottom, for *und*, read *and*.
... 283, 16, for *wounded*, read *woundes*.
... 299, 10 from bottom, for *he*, read *be*.
... 302, 17, for *stevyud*, read *stevynd*.
... 309, 25, for *sewys*, read *semys*.
... 311, 20, for *hic*, read *his*.

CONTENTS.

Creatio	P.	1.
Mactatio Abel		8.
Processus Noe cum filiis		20.
Abraham		35.
Isaac		43.
Jacob		45.
Processus Prophetarum		49.
Pharao		55.
Cæsar Augustus		66.
Annunciatio		72.
Salutacio Elizabeth		81.
Prima Pagina Pastorum		84.
Secunda Pagina Pastorum		98.
Oblacio Magorum		120.
Fugacio Joseph et Mariæ in Ægyptum		135.
Magnus Herodes		140.
Purificacio Mariæ		154.
Pagina Doctorum		158.
Johannes Baptista		165.
Conspiracio et Capcio		172.
Coliphizatio		190.
Flagellacio		203.
Processus Crucis. Crucifixio		216.
Processus Talentorum		233.
Extractio Animarum ab Inferno		244.
Resurrectio Domini		254.
Peregrini		270
Thomas Indiæ		280.
Ascencio Domini		294.
Juditium		305.
Lazarus		322.
Suspentio Judæ		328.

Towneley · Miracle Plays. MS fol 80.

Herode truly as stone: cond synd dutokyns gyn
Nothyng herapon: that, pent, to any syn
Why shuld I then so soyn: to ded here deme hym
Phis is my counsell
I will not, with hym mell
let hym go where he wyll

Phersor

ffor nod and evermore

primus consultus

Sir I say the oone thyng: dout any mys
he callys his self a kyng: ther he none is
Phus he wold downe bryng: oure lawes I wys
with his fals lesyng: and his quantys

Phis tyde

TOWNELEY MYSTERIES.

IN DEI NOMINE AMEN.

ASSIT PRINCIPIO, SANCTA MARIA, MEO.

WAKEFELDE.
BARKERS.

Deus. Ego sum Alpha et O,
I am the first and last also,
Oone God in mageste;
Marvelose, of myght most,
Fader, and Sone, and Holy Goost,
One God in Trinyte.
I am without begynnynge,
My godhede hath none endynge,
I am God in trone;
Oone God in persons thre,
Which may never twynnyd be,
For I ame God alone.
Alle maner thynge is in my thoght,
Withhoutene me ther may be noght,
For alle is in my sight;
Hit shalle be done after my wille,
That I have thoght I shalle fulfille
And manteyne with my myght.
At the begynnyng of oure dede
Make we hevene and erth, on brede,
And lyghtes fayre to se;
For it is good to be so,
Darknes from light we parte on two,
In tyme to serve and be.
Darknes we calle the nyght,
And lith also the bright,
It shalle be as I say;
After my wille this is furth broght,

Even an morne both ar thay wroght,
And thus is maid a day.
In medys the water, bi oure assent,
Be now maide the firmament,
And parte ather from othere,
Water above, i-wis,
Even and morne maide is this
A day, so was the tothere.
Waters, that so wyde ben spred,
Be gedered to geder in to one stede,
That dry the erth may seym ;
That at is dry the erth shalle be,
The waters also I calle the see ;
This warke to me is queme.
Out of the erth herbys shal spryng,
Trees to florish and frute furth bryng,
Thare kynde that it be kyd.
This is done after my wille,
Even and morne maide is ther tille
A day, this is the thryd.
Son and moyne set in the heven,
With starnes, and the planettes seven,
To stand in thare degre ;
The son to serve the day lyght,
The moyne also to serve the nyght,
The fourte day shalle this be.
The water to norish the fysh swymand,
The erth to norish bestes crepeand,
That fly or go may.
Multiplye in erth, and be
In my blyssyng, wax now ye,
This is the fyft day.

Cherubym. Oure Lord God in trynyte,
Myrth and lovyng be to the,
Myrth and lovyng over al thyng ;
For thou has made, with thi bidyng,
Heven, and erth, and alle that is,
And giffen us joy that never shalle mys.
Lord, thou art fulle mych of myght,
That has maide Lucifer so bright,
We love the Lord, bright are we,
But none of us so bright as he.
He may well hight Lucifere,
For lufly light that he doth bere.
He is so lufly and so bright

It is grete joy to se that sight;
We lofe the, Lord, with all oure thoght,
That sich thyng can make of nocht.

Hic Deus recedit à suo solio, et Lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.

Lucifer. Certes, it is a semely sight,
Syn that we ar alle angels bright,
And ever in blis to be;
If that ye wille behold me right,
This mastre longes to me.
I am so fare and bright,
Of me commys alle this light,
This gam and alle this gle;
Agans my grete myght
May thing stand then be.
And ye welle me behold
I am a thowsand fold
Brighter then is the son,
My strengthe may not be told,
My myght may no thing kon;
In heven, therfor, wit I wold
Above me who should won.
For I am lord of blis,
Over alle this warld, i-wis,
My myrth is most of alle;
Therfor my wille is this,
Master ye shalle me calle.
And ye shalle se, fulle sone anone,
How that me semys to sit in trone
As king of blis;
I am so semely, blode and bone,
My sete shalle be there as was his.
Say, felows, how semys now me
To sit in seyte of trynyty?
I am so bright of ich a lym
I trow me seme as welle as hym.

Primus Angelus malus. Thou art so fayre unto my sight,
Thou semys welle to sytt on hight;
So thynke me that thou doyse.

Primus bonus Angelus. I rede ye leyfe that vanys royse,
For that seyte may non angelle seme
So welle as hym that alle shalle deme.

Secundus bonus Angelus. I reyde ye sese of that ye sayn,
For welle I wote ye carpe in vayne;
Hit semyd hym never, ne never shalle,
So welle as hym that has maide alle.
Secundus malus Angelus. Now, and bi oght that I can witt,
He semys fulle welle theron to sytt,
He is so fayre, with outten les,
He semys fulle welle to sytt on des.
Therfor, felow, hold thi peasse,
And umbithynke the what thou saysse.
He semys as welle to sytt there
As God hymself, if he were here.
Lucifer. Leyf felow, thynk the not so.
Primus malus Angelus. Yee, God wote, so dos othere mo.
Primus bonus Angelus. Nay, forsoth, so thynk not us.
Lucifer. Now, therof a leke what rekes us?
Syn I myself am so bright
Therfor wille I take a flyght.

Tunc exibunt demones clamando, et dicit primus,

Primus demon. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!
Lucifer, why felle thou so?
We, that were angels so fare,
And sat so hie above the ayere,
Now ar we waxen blak as any coylle,
And ugly, tatyrd as a foylle.
What alyd the, Lucifer, to falle,
Was thou not farist of angels alle?
Brightest, and best, and most of luf,
With God hym self, that syttes aboyf?
Thou has maide ix, there was x,
Thou art foulle commyn from thi kyn,
Thou art fallen, that was the teynd,
From an angelle to a feynd.
Thou hast us doyn a vyle dispyte,
And broght thi self to sorow and sitt.
Alas, ther is nocht els to say
Bot we ar tynt for now and ay.
Secundus demon.—Alas, the joy that we were in
Have we lost, for oure syn.
Alas, that ever cam pride in thoght,

For it has broght us alle to noght.
We were in myrth and joy enoghe
When Lucifer to pride drogh.
Alas, we may warrie wikyd pride,
So may ye alle that standes beside,
We held with hym ther he saide leasse,
And therfor have we alle unpeasse.
Alas, alas, oure joy is tynt,
We mon have payne that never shalle stynt.
Deus.—Erthly bestes, that may crepe and go,
Bryng ye furth and wax ye mo,
I see that it is good;
Now make we man to our liknes,
That shalle be keper of more and les,
Of fwles, and fysh in flood.

Et tanget eum.

Spreyte of life I in the blaw,
Good and ille both shalle thou knaw;
Rise up, and stand bi me.
Alle that is in water or land,
It shalle bow unto thi hand,
And sufferan shalle thou be;
I gif the witt, I gif the strenght,
Of alle thou sees, of brede and lengthe;
Thou shalle be wonder wise.
Myrth and joy to have at wille,
Alle thi likyng to fulfille,
And dwelle in paradise.
This I make thi wonnyng playce,
Fulle of myrth and of solace,
And I seasse the therin.
It is not good to be alone,
To walk here in this worthely wone,
In alle this welthly wyn;
Therfor, a rib I from the take,
Therof shalle be thi make,
And be to thi helpyng.
Ye both to governe that here is,
And ever more to be in blis,
Ye wax in my blissyng.
Ye shalle have joye and blis therin,
While ye wille kepe you out of syn,
I say without lese.
Ryse up, myn angelle Cherubyn,

Take and leyd theym both in,
And leyf them there in peasse.

Tunc capit Cherubyn Adam per manum, et dicet eis Dominus,

Here thou Adam, and Eve thi wife,
I forbede you the tre of life,
And I commaund, that it begat,
Take which ye wille, bot negh not that.
Adam, if thou breke my rede,
Thou shalle dye a dulfulle dede.

Cherubyn. Oure Lord, our God, thi wille be done;
I shalle go with theym fulle sone.
For soth, my Lord, I shalle not sted
Tille I have theym theder led.
We thank the Lord, with fulle good chere,
That has maide man to be oure feere,
Com furth Adam, I shalle the leyd,
Take tent to me, I shalle the reyd.
I rede the thynk how thou art wroght,
And luf my Lord in alle thi thoght,
That has maide the thrugh his wille,
Angels ordir to fulfille.
Many thynges he has the giffen,
And made the master of alle that lyffen,
He has forbed the bot a tre;
Look that thou let it be,
For if thou breke his commaundment,
Thou skapys not bot thou be shent.
Weynd here in to paradise,
And luke now that ye be wyse,
And kepe you welle, for I must go
Unto my Lord, there I cam fro.

Adam. Almyghty Lord, I thank it the
That is, and was, and shalle be,
Of thy luf and of thi grace,
For now is here a mery place;
Eve, my felow, how thynk the this?

Eve. A stede me thynk of joye and blis,
That God has giffen to the and me,
Withoutten ende; blissyd be he.

Adam. Eve, felow, abide me thore,
For I wille go to viset more,
To se what trees that here been;

Here are welle moo then we have seen,
Greses, and othere smalle floures,
That smelle fulle swete, of seyre colours.
Eve. Gladly, sir, I wille fulle fayne;
When ye have sene theym com agane.
Adam. Bot luke welle, Eve, my wife,
That thou negh not the tree of life;
For if thou do he bese ille paide,
Then be we tynt, as he has saide.
Eve. Go furth and play the alle aboute,
I shalle not negh it whiles thou art oute.
For be thou sekyr I were fulle loth
For any thyng that He were wroth.
Lucifer. Who wend ever this tyme have seyn?
We, that in sich myrth have beyn,
That we shuld suffre so mych wo?
Who wold ever trow it shuld be so?
Ten orders in heven were
Of angels, that had offyce sere;
Of ich order, in thare degre,
The ten parte felle downe with me;
For they held with me that tyde,
And mantenyd me in my pride,
Bot herkyns, felows, what I say,
The joy that we have lost for ay,—
God has maide man with his hend,
To have that blis withoutten end,
The nine ordre to fulfille,
That after us left, sich is his wille,
And now ar thay in paradise
Bot thens thay shalle if we be wise.

The MS. has apparently here lost four leaves.

Garcio. Alle haylle, alle haylle, bothe blithe
and glad,
For here com I, a mery lad,
Be peasse your dyn, my master bad,
Or els the deville you spede.
Wote ye not I com before,
Bot who that janglis any more
He must blaw my blak hoille bore,
Both behynd and before,
Tille his tethe blede?
Felowes, here I you forbede
To make nother nose ne cry;
Who so is so hardy to do that dede
The deville hang hym up to dry.
Gedlynges, I am a fulle grete wat,
A good yoman my master hat,
Fulle welle ye alle hym ken;
Begyn he with you for to stryfe,
Certes, then mon ye never thryfe,
Bot I trew, be God on life,
Som of you are his men.
Bot let youre lippis cover youre ten,
Harlottes, everichon,
For if my master com, welcom hym then,
Fare welle, for I am gone.
Cayn. Go furth, Greyn horne! and war oute
Gryme!
Drawes on, God gif you ille to tyme!
Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme,
What! wille ye no forther mare?
War, let me se how Down wille draw,
Yit, shrew, yit, pulle on a thraw!
What, it semys for me ye stand none aw,
I say Donnyng, go fare!
A, ha! God gif the soro and care!
Lo! now hard she what I saide;
Now yit art thou the warst mare
In plogh that ever I haide.

How! Pike-harnes, how! com heder belife!
Garcio. I fend, Godes forbot, that ever thou thrife!
Cayn. What, boy, shal I bothe hold and drife?
Heris thou not how I cry?
Garcio. Say Malle and Stott, wille ye not go?
Lemyng, Morelle, White-horne, io,
Now wille ye not se how thay hy?
Cayn. Gog gif the sorow, boy, want of mete it gars.
Garcio. Thare provand, sir, for thi, I lay behynd thare ars,
And tyes them fast bi the nekes
With many stanys in thare hekes.
Cayn. That shalle bi thi fals chekes.
Garcio. And have agane as right.
Cayn. I am the master, wilt thou fight?
Garcio. Yai, with the same mesure and weght
That I boro wille I qwite.
Cayn. We, now, no thyng, bot calle on tyte
That we had ployde this land.
Garcio. Harrer, Morelle, iofurthe, hyte,
And let the ploghe stand.
Abelle. God as he bothe may and can
Spede the, brothere, and thi man.
Cayn. Com kis myn ars, me list not ban,
As welcom standes ther oute.
Thou shuld have bide til thou were cald,
Com nar, and other drife or hald,
And kys the devillis toute.
Go grese thi shepe under the toute,
For that is the most lefe.
Abelle. Broder, ther is none here aboute
That wold the any grefe;
Bot, leif brother, here my sawe,
It is the custom of oure law,
Alle that wyrk as the wise
Shalle worship God with sacrifice.
Oure fader us bad, oure fader us kend,
That oure tend shuld be brend.
Com furthe, brothere, and let us gang
To worship God; we dwelle fulle lang;
Gif we hym parte of oure fee,
Corne or catalle, wheder it be.
And therfor, brother, let us weynd,

And first clens us from the feynd
Or we make sacrifice ;
Then blis withoutten end
Get we for oure servyce,
Of hym that is oure saulis leche.
Cayn. How, let furth youre geyse, the fox wille preche ;
How long wilt thou me appech
With thi sermonyng?
Hold thi tong, yit I say,
Even there the good wife strokid the hay ;
Or sit downe in the dewille way,
With thi vayn carpyng.
Shuld I leife my plogh and alle thyng
And go with the to make offeryng?
Nay! thou fyndes me not so mad!
Go to the deville, and say I bad!
What gifys God the to rose hym so?
Me gefys he nocht bot soro and wo.
Abelle. Cayn, leife this vayn carpyng,
For God gifys the alle thi lifyng.
Cayn. Yit boroed I never a farthyng
Of hym, here my hend.
Abelle. Brother, as elders have us kend,
First shuld we tend with oure hend
And to his lofyng sithen be brend.
Cayn. My farthyng is in the preest hand
Syn last tyme I offyrd.
Abelle. Leif brother, let us be walkand,
I wold oure tend were profyrd.
Cayn. We, wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere?
For I am iche yere wars then othere,
Here my trouthe it is none othere,
My wynnyngs ar bot meyn,
No wonder if that I be leyn,
Fulle long tille hym I may me meyn.
For bi hym that me dere boght
I traw that he wille leyn me noght.
Abelle. Yis, alle the good thou has in wone
Of Godes grace is bot alone.
Cayn. Lenys he me, as com thrift apon the so?
For he has ever yit beyn my fo,
For had he my freynd beyn
Other gates it had beyn seyn.
When alle mens corne was fayre in feld

Then was myne not worthe an eld;
When I shuld saw, and wantyd seyde,
And of corne had fulle grete neyde,
Then gaf he me none of his,
No more wille I gif hym of this.
Hardely hold me to blame
Bot if I serve hym of the same.

Abelle. Leif brother, say not so,
Bot let us furth togeder go;
Good brother, let us weynd sone,
No longer here I rede we hone.

Cayn. Yei, yei, thou jangyls waste;
The deville me spede if I have hast,
As long as I may lif,
To dele my good or gif
Ayther to God or yit to man,
Of any good that ever I wan;
For had I giffen away my goode
Then myghte I go with a ryffen hood,
And it is better hold that I have
Then go from doore to doore and crave.

Abelle. Brother, com furthe, in Godes name,
I am fulle ferd that we get blame;
Hy we fast that we were thore.

Cayn. We, ryn on, in the devill's nayme before.
We may, man, I hold the mad,
Wenys thou now that I list gad
To gif away my warldes aght?
The deville hym spede that me so taghte!
What nede had I my travelle to lose
To were my shoyn and ryfe my hose?

Abelle. Dere brother, hit were grete wonder
That I and thou shuld go in sonder,
Then wold oure fader have grete ferly;
Ar we not brether, thou and I?

Cayn. No, bot cry on, cry, whyles the thynk good;
Here my trowthe, I hold the woode;
Wheder that he be blithe or wrothe
To dele my good is me fulle lothe.
I have gone oft on softer wise
There I trowed some prow wold rise.
Bot welle I se go must I nede,
Now weynd before, ille myght thou spede!

Syn that we shalle algates go.
Abelle. Leif brother, whi sais thou so?
Bot go we furthe both togeder,
Blissid be God we have fare weder.
Cayn. Lay down thi trusselle apon this hille.
Abelle. Forsothe broder, so I wille;
Gog of heven, take it to good.
Cayn. Thou shalle tend first if thou were wood.
Abelle. God that shope both erth and heven,
I pray to thee thou here my steven,
And take in thank, if thi wille be,
The tend that I offre here to the;
For I gif it in good entent
To thee, my Lord, that alle has sent.
I bren it now, withe stedfast thoghte,
In worship of hym that alle has wroghte.
Cayn. Ryse let me now, syn thou has done;
Lord of heven, thou here my boyne!
And, over Godes forbot, be to the
Thank or thew to kun me;
For, as browke I thise two shankys,
It is fulle sore myne unthankys
The teynd that I here gif to the,
Of corn, or thyng, that nedeys me;
Bot now begyn wille I then,
Syn I must nede my tend to bren.
Oone shefe, oone, and this makes two,
Bot nawder of thise may I forgo;
Two, two, now this is thre,
Yei, this also shalle leif withe me;
For I wille chose and best have,
This hold I thrift of alle this thrafe;
Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here!
Better groved me no this yere.
At yere tyme I sew fare corn,
Yit was it siche when it was shorne,
Thystyls and breyrs, yei grete plente,
And alle kyn wedes that myght be.
Foure shefes, foure; lo, this makes fyfe,
Deylle I fast thus long or I thrife,
Fyfe and sex, now this is seven,—
Bot this gettes never God of heven,
Nor none of thise foure, at my myghte,
Shalle never com in Godes sight.

Seven, seven, now this is aght,—
Abelle. Cain, brother, thou art not God betaght.
Cayn. We therfor, is it that I say?
For I wille not deyle my good away;
Bot had I gyffen him this to teynd
Then wold thou say he were my freynd,
But I thynk not, bi my hode,
To departe so lightly fro my goode.
We, acht, acht, and neyn, and ten is this,
We, this may we best mys.
Gif Him that that lighes thore;
It goyse agans myn hart fulle sore.
Abelle. Cain, teynd right of alle bedeyn.
Cayn. We, lo xij, xv, and xvj.
Abelle. Cayn, thou tendes wrang, and of the warst.
Cayn. We, com nar, and hide myne een;
In the wenyand wist ye now at last,
Or els wille thou that I wynk?
Then shalle I doy no wrong, me thynk.
Let me se now how it is;
Lo, yit I hold me paide,
I teyndyd wonder welle bi ges,
And so even I laide.
Abelle. Caine, of God me thynke thou has no drede.
Caine. Now and He get more, the deville me spede,
As mych as oone reepe,
For that cam hym fulle light cheap;
Not as mekille, grete ne smalle,
As He myght wipe his ars with alle.
For that, and this that lyys here,
Have cost me fulle dere;
Or it was shorne, and broght in stak,
Had I many a wery bak;
Therfor aske me no more of this,
For I have giffen that my wille is.
Abelle. Cain, I rede thou tend right
For drede of hym that sittes on hight.
Cayn. How that I tend, rek the never a deille,
Bot tend thi skabbid shepe wele;
For if thou to my teynd tent take
It bese the wars for thi sake.

Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe, or this sheyfe,
Na nawder of thise two wil I leife ;
Bot take this now, has he two,
And for my saulle now mot it go,
Bot it gos sore agans my wille,
And shal he like fulle ille.
Abelle. Cain, I reyde thou so teynd
That God of heven be thi freynd.
Cayn. My freynd? na, not bot if he wille!
I did hym neveryit bot skille.
If he be never so my fo
I am avisid gif hym no mo ;
Bot chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn,
Yit teynd thou not thi mesel swyne?
Abelle. If thou teynd right thou mon it fynde.
Cayn. Yei, kys the devills ars behynde ;
The deville hang the bi the nek ;
How that I teynd never thou rek.
Wille thou not yit hold thi peasse?
Of this janglyng I reyde thou seasse.
And teynd I welle, or tend I ille,
Bere the even and speke bot skille.
Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,
Now wille I set fyr on myne.
We, out, haro, help to blaw!
It wille not bren for me, I traw ;
Puf, this smoke dos me myche shame,
Now bren, in the devillys name.
A, what deville of helle is it?
Almost had myne brethe beyn dit.
Had I blawen oone blast more
Had beyn choked right thore ;
It stank like the deville in helle
That longer ther myghte I not dwelle.
Abelle. Cain, this is not worthe oone leke ;
Thy tend shuld bren with outten smeke.
Cayn. Com kys the deville right in the ars ;
For the it brens but the wars,
I wold that it were in thi throte,
Fyre, and shefe, and iche a sprote.
Deus. Cain, why art thou so rebelle
Agans thi brother Abelle?
Thar thou nowther flyte ne chyde,
If thou tend righte thou gettes thi mede ;
And be thou sekir, if thou teynd fals,

Thou bese alowed ther-after als.
Cayn. Whi, who is that Hob over the walle?
We, who was that that piped so smalle?
Com go we hens, for perels alle;
God is out of hys wit.
Com furth, Abelle, and let us weynd,
Me thynk that God is not my freynd,
On land then wille I flyt.
Abelle. O, Cayin, brother, that is ille done.
Cayn. No, bot go we hens sone;
And if I may, I shalle be
Ther as God shalle not me see.
Abelle. Dere brother, I wille fayre
On feld ther oure bestes ar,
To looke if thay be holgh or fulle.
Cayn. Na, na, abide, we have a craw to pulle;
Hark, speke with me or thou go,
What wenys thou to skape so?
We, na, I aght the a fowlle dispyte,
And now is tyme that I hit qwite.
Abel. Brother, whi art thou so to me in ire?
Cayin. We, theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre?
Ther myne did bot smoked
Right as it wold us bothe have choked.
Abel. Godes wille I trow it were
That myn brened so clere;
If thyne smoked am I to wite?
Cayin. We, yei, that shal thou sore abite;
Withe cheke bon, or that I blyn,
Shal I the and thi life twyn.
So lig down ther and take thi rest,
Thus shalle shrewes be chastysed best.
Abel. Venjance, Venjance, Lord, I cry;
For I am slayne, and not gilty.
Cayn. Yei, ly there old shrew ly there, ly!
And if any of you thynk I did amys
I shalle it amend wars then it is,
That all men may it se;
Welle wars then it is
Right so shalle it be.
Bot now, syn he is broght on slepe,
Into yond hole fayn wold I crepe;
For ferd I qwake and can no rede,
For be I taken, I be bot dede;

Here wille I lig this fourty dayes
And I shren hym that me fyrst rayse.
Deus. Caym, Caym!
Caym. Who is that that callis me?
I am yonder, may thou not se?
Deus. Caym, where is thi brother Abelle?
Caym. What askes thou me? I trow at helle;
At helle I trow he be,
Who so were ther then myght he se,
Or som where fallen on slepyng;
When was he in my kepyng?
Deus. Caym, Caym, thou was wode;
The voyce of thi brotheres blode
That thou has slayn, on fals wise,
From erthe to heven vengance cryse.
And, for thou has broght thi brother down,
Here I gif the my malison.
Caym. Yei, dele aboute the, for I wille none,
Or take it the when I am gone.
Syn I have done so mekille syn,
That I may not thi mercy wyn,
And thou thus dos me from thi grace,
I shalle hyde me fro thi face;
And where so any man may fynd me,
Let hym slo me hardely,
And where so any man may me meyte,
Ayther bi sty, or yit be strete;
And hardely, when I am dede,
Bery me in Gudeboure at the Quarelle hede,
For, may I pas this place in quarte,
Bi alle men set I not a farte.
Deus. Nay, Caym, it bese not so;
I wille that no man other slo,*
For he that sloys yong or old
It shalle be punyshid sevenfold.
Caym. No force, I wote wheder I shalle;
In helle I wote mon be my stalle.
It is no boyte mercy to crave,
For if I do I mon none have;
But this cors I wold were hid,
For som man myght com at ungayn,
'Fle fals shrew,' wold he bid,

* Opposite this line in the margin a more recent hand has added, "And that shalle do thy boddy dere."

And weyn I had my brother slayn.
Bot were Pike-harnes, my knafe, here,
We shuld bery hym both in fere.
How, Pyke-harnes, scape thryft; how, Pyke-harnes, how!
Garcio. Master, master!
Caym. Harstow, boy? ther is a podyng in the pot;
Take the that, boy, tak the that!
Garcio. I shrew thi balle under thi hode,
If thou were my syre of fleshe and blode;
Alle the day to ryn and trott,
And ever amang thou strykeand,
Thus am I comen bofettes to fott.
Caym. Peas, man, I did it bot to use my hand;
But harke, boy, I have a counselle to the to say,
I sloghe my brother this same day;
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,
To ryn away with the bayn.
Garcio. We, out apon the, thefe!
Has thou thi brother slayn?
Caym. Peasse, man, for Godes payn!
I saide it for a skaunce.
Garcio. Yey, bot for ferde of grevance
Here I the forsake,
We mon have a mekille myschaunce
And the bayles us take.
Caym. A, sir, I cry you mercy, seasse!
And I shalle make you a releasse.
Garcio. What, wilt thou cry my peasse
Thrugheout this land?
Caym. Yey, that I gif God a vow, belife.
Garcio. How, wilt thou do long or thou thrife?
Caym. Stand up, my good boy, belife,
And thaym peasse both man and wife,
And who so wille do after me
Fulle slape of thrift then shal he be.
But thou must be my good boy.
And cry oyes, oyes, oy!
(*Garcio.* Browes, browes, to thi boy.)
Caym. I command you in the kynges nayme,
(*Garcio.* And in my masteres, fals Cayme.)

Caym. That no man at thame fynd awt ne blame,
(Garcio. Yey, cold rost is at my masteres hame.)
Caym. Nowther with hym nor with his knafe,
(Garcio. What, I hope my master rafe.)
Caym. For thay are trew, fulle many fold,
(Garcio. My master suppys no coyle bot cold.)
Caym. The kyng wrytes you untille,
(Garcio. Yit ete I never half my fille.)
Caym. The kyng wille that thay be safe,
(Garcio. Yey, a draght of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.)
Caym. At thare awne wille let them wafe;
(Garcio. My stomak is redy to receyfe)
Caym. Loke no man say to them, on nor other;
(Garcio. This same is he that slo his brother.)
Caym. Byd every man thaym luf and lowt,
(Garcio. Yey, ille spon weft ay comes foule out)
*Caym.** Long or thou get thi hoyse and thou go thus aboute.
Byd every man theym pleasse to pay.
(*Garcio.* Yey gif Dou, thyne hors, a wisp of hay.)
Caym. We, com downe in twenty deville way,
The deville I the betake;
For bot it were Abelle, my brothere,
Yit knew I never thi make.
Garcio. Now old and yong, or that ye weynd,
The same blissyng withoutten end,
Alle sam then shalle ye have,
That God of heven my master has giffen,
Browke it welle, while that ye liffen,
He vowche it fulle welle safe.
Caym. Com downe, yit in the devilles way,
And angre me no more;
And take yond ploghe, I say,
And weynd the furthe fast before;
And I shalle, if I may,
Tech the another lore,

* It is probable that Cain's speech commences with the next line.

I warn the lad, for ay,
Fro now furthe, evermore,
That thou greve me noghte;
For, bi Godes sydes, if thou do,
I shall hang the apon this plo,
Withe this rope, lo, lad, lo!
By hym that me dere boghte.
Now fayre welle, felowes alle,
For I must nedes weynd,
And to the deville be thralle,
Warle withoutten end.
Ordand ther is my stalle,
Withe Sathanas the feynd,
Ever ille myght hym befalle
That theder me commend,
This tyde.
Fare welle les, and fare welle more
For now and ever more,
I wille go me to hyde.

EXPLICIT MACTACIO ABELLE.
SEQUITUR NOE.

PROCESSUS NOE CUM FILIIS.

WAKEFELD.

Noe. Myghtfulle God veray, maker of all
that is,
Thre persons withoutten nay, oone God in endless
blis,
Thou maide bothe nyght and day, beest, fowle,
and fysh,
Alle creatures that lif may broght thou at thi wish,
As thou wel myght;
The son, the moyne, verament,
Thou maide; the firmament,
The sternes also fulle fervent,
To shyne thou maide ful bright.
Angels thou maide ful even, alle orders that is,
To have the blis in heven; this did thou more and
les,
Fulle mervelus to neven; yit was ther unkyndnes
More bi foldes seven than I can welle expres.
For whi?
Of alle angels in brightnes
God gaf Lucifer most lightnes,
Yit prowdly he flyt his des,
And set hym even hym by.
He thoght hymself as worthi as hym that hym made,
In brightness, in bewty; therfor he hym degrade;
Put hym in a low degre soyn after, in a brade,
Hym and alle his menye, wher he may be unglad
For ever.
Shalle thay never wyn away,
Hence unto domys day,
Bot burne in bayle for ay,
Shalle thay never dyssever.
Soyne after that gracyous Lord to his liknes
maide man,
That place to be restord even as he began,
Of the trinite bi accord, Adam and Eve that
woman,

To multiplie without discord in paradise put he thaym,
And sithen to both
Gaf in commaundement,
On the tre of life to lay no hend,
Bot yit the fals feynd
Made hym with man wroth.
Entysyd man to glotony, styrd him to syn in pride,
Bot in paradise securly myght no syn abide,
And therfor man fulle hastely was put out, in that tyde,
In wo and wandreth for to be, in paynes fulle unrid
To knowe,
Fyrst in erth, in sythen in helle
With feyndes for to dwelle,
Bot he his mercy melle
To those that wille hym trawe.
Oyle of mercy he hus hight, as I have hard red,
To every lifyng wight that wold luf hym and dred;
Bot now before his sight every liffyng leyde,
Most party day and nyght, syn in word and dede
Fulle bold;
Som in pride, ire, and envy,
Som in covetous and glotyny,
Som in sloth and lechery,
And other wise many fold.
Therfor I drede lest God on us will take venjance,
For syn is now alod without any repentance,
Sex hundreth yere and od have I, without distance,
In erth, as any sod, liffyd with grete grevance
Alle way;
And now I wax old,
Seke, sory, and cold,
As muk apon mold
I widder away;
Bot yit wille I cry for mercy and calle,
Noe, thi servant, am I, lord over alle!
Therfor me and my fry shal with me falle,
Save from velany, and bryng to thi halle
In heven;
And kepe me from syn,
This warld within;
Comly kyng of mankyn
I pray the here my stevyn!

Deus. Syn I have maide all thyng that is liffand,
Duke, emperour, and kyng, with myne awne hand,
For to have thare likyng, bi see and bi sand,
Every man to my bydying should be bowand
Fulle fervent;
That maide man sich a creatoure,
arest of favoure,
Man must luf me paramoure,
By reson and repent.
Me thoght I showed man luf when I made hym to be
Alle angels abuf, like to the trynyte,
And now in grete reprufe fulle low liges he,
In erth hym self to stuf with syn that displeesse me
Most of alle;
Venjance wille I take,
In erth for syn sake,
My grame thus wille I wake,
Both of grete and smalle.
I repente fulle sore that ever made I man,
Bi me he settes no store, and I am his soferan;
I wille distroy therfor both beest, man, and woman,
Alle shalle perish les and more, that bargan may they ban,
That ille has done.
In erth I se right noght
Bot syn that is unsoght,
Of those that welle has wroght
Fynd I bot afone.
Therfor shall I fordo alle this medille-erd
With floodes that shalle flo and ryn with hidous rerd,
I have good cause therto, for me no man is ferd,
As I say shall I do, of venjance draw my swerd
And make end
Of all that beris life,
Safe Noe and his wife,
For thay wold never stryfe
With me then me offend.
Hym to mekille wyn hastly wille I go,
To Noe my servand, or I blyn, to warn him of his woe,
In erth I see bot syn reynand to and fro,
Emang both more and myn, ichon other fo;
With alle thare entent;

Alle shall I fordo
With floodes that shall floo,
Wirk shall I thaym wo,
That wille not repent.
Noe, my freend, I thee command from cares the to keyle,
A ship that thou ordand of nayle and bord ful well,
Thou was alway welle wirkand, to me trew as stele,
To my bydyng obediance, frendship shalle thou fele
To mede ;
Of lennthe thi ship be
Thre hundreth cubetts warn I the,
Of heght even thirte,
Of fyfty als in brede.
Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar without and als within,
The water out to spar, this is a noble gyn ;
Look no man the mar, thre chefe chambers begyn,
Thou must spend many a spar this wark or thou wyn
To end fully.
Make in thi ship also,
Parloures oone or two,
And houses of offyce mo,
For beestes that ther must be.
Oone cubite on hight a wyndo shal thou make,
On the syde a doore with slyght be-neyth shal thou take,
With the shal no man fyght nor do the no kyn wrake,
When all is doyne thus right thi wife, that is thy make,
Take in to the,
Thi sonnes of good fame,
Sem, Japhet, and Came,
Take in also hame
Thare wifes also thre.
For all shal be fordone that lif in land bot ye,
With floodes that from abone shal falle, and that plente ;
It shalle begyn fulle sone to rayn uncessantle,

After dayes seven be done and induyr dayes fourty,
Withoutten faylle.
Take to thi ship also
Of ich kynd beestes two,
Maylle and femaylle, bot no mo,
Or thou pulle up thi saylle.
For thay may the avaylle when al this thyng is wroght;
Stuf thi ship with vitaylle, for hungre that ye perish noght,
Of beestes, foulle, and cataylle, for thaym have thou in thoght,
For thaym is my counsaylle that som socour be soght,
In hast;
Thay must have corn and hay,
And oder mete alway,
Do now as I the say,
In the name of the Holy Gast.

Noe. A, benedicite! what art thou that thus
Tellys afore that shalle be? thou art fulle marvelus.
Telle me, for charitie, thi name so gracius.

Deus. My name is of dignyte, and also fulle glorius
To knowe.
I am God most myghty,
Oone God in trynyty,
Made the and ich man to be;
To luf me welle thou awe.

Noe. I thank the, Lord, so dere, that wold vowch sayf
Thus low to appere to a symple knafe;
Blis us, Lord, here, for charite I hit crafe,
The better may we stere the ship that we shalle hafe,
Certayn.

Deus. Noe, to the and to thi fry
My blyssyng graunt I;
Ye shalle wax and multiply,
And fille the erth agane,
When alle thise floodes ar past and fully gone away.

Noe. Lord, hom ward wille I hast as fast as that I may;

My [wife] wille I frast what she wille say,
And I am agast that we get som fray
Betwixt us both ;
For she is fulle tethde,
For litille oft angre,
If any thyng wrang be
Soyne is she wroth.

Tunc perget ad uxorem.

God spede, dere wife, how fare ye ?
Uxor. Now, as ever myght I thryfe, the wars I thee see ;
Do telle me belife where has thou thus long be ?
To dede may we dryfe or lif for the
For want.
When we swete or swynk
Thou dos what thou thynk,
Yet of mete and of drynk
Have we veray skant.
Noe. Wife, we are hard sted with tythynges new.
Uxor. Bot thou were worthi be cled in Stafford blew ;
For thou art alway adred be it fals or trew ;
Bot God knowes I am led, and that may I rew,
Fulle ille,
For I dar be thi borow,
From even unto morow,
Thou spekes ever of sorow,
God send the onys thi fille !
We women may wary alle ille husbandes,
I have oone, bi Mary! that lowsyd me of my bandes;
If he teyn I must tary how so ever it standes,
With seymland fulle sory, wryngand both my hands
For drede.
Bot yit other while,
What with game and with gyle,
I shall smyte and smyle
And qwite hym his mede.
Noe. We, hold thi tong, Ram-skyt, or I shalle the stille.
Uxor. By my thryft, if thou smyte I shal turne the untille.
Noe. We shalle assay as tyte, have at the Gille,
Apon the bone shal it byte.

Uxor. A, so mary, thou smytes ille ;
Bot I suppose
I shal not in thi det,
Flyt of this flett!
Take the ther a langett
To tye up thi hose!
Noe. A, wilt thou so? mary, that is myne.
Uxor. Thou shal threfor two, I swere bi Godes pyne.
Noe. And I shalle qwite the tho in fayth or syne.
Uxor. Out upon the, ho!
Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne
With a rerd ;
For alle if she stryke,
Yit fast wille she shryke,
In fayth I hold none slyke
In alle medille-erd ;
Bot I wille kepe charyte for I have at do.
Uxor. Here shal no man tary the, I pray the go to,
Fulle welle may we mys the, as ever have I ro ;
To spyn wille I dres me.
Noe. We, fare welle, lo ;
Bot wife,
Pray for me besele,
To eft I com unto the.
Uxor. Even as thou prays for me,
As ever myght I thrife.
Noe. I tary fulle lang fro my warke, I traw,
Now my gere wille I fang and theder ward draw,
I may fulle ille gang the soth for to knaw,
Bot if God help amang I may sit downe daw
To ken ;
Naw assay wille I
How I can of wrightry,
In nomine Patris et Filii
Et Spiritûs Sancti, Amen.
To begyn of this tree my bonys wille I bend,
I traw from the trynyte socaure wille be send ;
It fayres fulle fayre thynke me this wark to my hend,
Now blissid be he that this can amend :
Lo, here the lenght,
Thre hundreth cubettes evenly,
Of breed lo is it fyfty,

The heght is even thyrty
Cubettes fulle streght.
Now my gowne wille I cast and wyrk in my coate,
Make wille I the mast or I flyt oone foote,
A, my bak, I traw, wille brast! this is a sory note,
Hit is wonder that I last sich an old dote
Alle dold.
To begyn sich a wark!
My bonys are so stark,
No wonder if thay wark,
For I am fulle old.
The top and the saylle both wille I make,
The helme and the castelle also wille I take,
To drife ich a naylle wille I not forsake,
This gere may never faylle, that dar I undertake
On one.
This is a nobulle gyn,
Thise nayles so thay ryn,
Thoro more and myn,
Thise bordes ichon.
Window and doore even as he saide,
Thre ches chambre, thay ar welle maide,
Pyk and tar fulle sure ther apon laide,
This wille ever endure, therof am I paide;
For why?
It is better wroght
Then I coude haif thoght,
Hym that maide all of noght
I thank oonly.
Now wille I hy me and no thyng be leder,
My wife and my neeveye to bryng even heder.
Tent hedir tydely, wife, and consider,
Hens must us fle alle sam togeder
In hast.

Uxor. Whi, syr, what alis you?
Who is that asalis you?
To fle it avalis you
And ye be agast.

Noe. Ther is garne on the reylle other, my dame.

Uxor. Telle me that ich-adeylle, els get ye blame.

Noe. He that cares may keille, blissid be his name,

He has for oure seylle to sheld us fro shame,
And sayd
Alle the warld aboute
With flodes so stoute,
That shall ryn on a route,
Shall be overlaide.
He saide alle shalle be slayn bot oonely we,
Oure barnes that ar bayn, and thare wifes thre ;
A ship he bad me ordayn to safe us and oure fee,
Therfor with alle oure mayn thank we that fre
Beytter of baylle ;
Hy us fast, go we thedir.
Uxor. I wote never whedir,
I dase and I dedir
For ferd of that taylle.
Noe. Be not aferd, have done, trus sam oure gere,
That we be ther or none without more dere.
Primus filius. It shalle be done fulle sone, brether, help to bere.
Secundus filius. Fulle long shalle I not hoyne to do my devere,
Brether Sem.
Tercius filius. Without any yelp,
At my myght shalle I help.
Uxor. Yit for drede of a skelp
Help welle thi dam.
Noe. Now ar we there as we shuld be,
Do get in oure gere, oure catalle and fe,
In to this vesselle here, my chylder fre.
Uxor. I was never bard ere, as ever myght I the,
In sich an oostre as this.
In fayth I can not fynd
Which is before, which is behynd,
Bot shalle we here be pynd,
Noe, as have thou blis?
Noe. Dame, as it is skille, here must us abide grace ;
Therfore, wife, with good wille com into this place.
Uxor. Sir, for Jak nor for Gille wille I turne my face
Tille I have on this hille spon a space
On my rok ;

Welle were he myght get me,
Now wille I downe set me,
Yit reede I no man let me,
For drede of a knok.
Noe. Behold to the heven the cateractes alle,
That ar open fulle even, grete and smalle,
And the planettes seven left has thare stalle,
Thise thoners and levyn downe gar falle
Fulle stout,
Both halles and bowers,
Castels and towers,
Fulle sharp ar thise showers,
That renys aboute ;
Therfor, wife, have done, com into ship fast.
Uxor. Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone, the better wille thai last.
Prima Mulier. Good mother, com in sone, for alle is over cast,
Both the son and the mone.
Secunda Mulier. And many wynd blast
Fulle sharp ;
Thise flodes so thay ryn,
Therfor moder come in.
Uxor. In fayth yit wille I spyn,
Alle in vayn ye carp.
Tercia Mulier. If ye like ye may spyn, moder, in the ship.
Noe. Now is this twyys com in, dame, on my frenship.
Uxor. Wheder I lose or I wyn, in fayth, thi felowship,
Set I not at a pyn ; this spyndille wille I slip
Apon this hille,
Or I styr oone fote.
Noe. Peter, I traw we dote,
Without any more note
Come in if ye wille.
Uxor. Thei water nyghys so nere that I sit not dry,
Into ship with a byr therfor wille I hy
For drede that I drone here.
Noe. Dame, securly,
It bees boght fulle dere ye abode so long by
Out of shyp.

Uxor. I wille not, for thi bydyng,
Go from doore to maydyng.
Noe. In fayth and for youre long taryyng
Ye shal lik on the whyp.
Uxor. Spare me not, I pray the, bot even as thou thynk,
Thise grete wordes shalle not flay me.
Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk,
For betyn shalle thou be with this staf to thou stynk;
Ar strokes good? say me.
Uxor. What say ye, Wat Wynk?
Noe. Speke,
Cry me mercy, I say!
Uxor. Therto say I nay.
Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,
Thi hede shalle I breke.
Uxor. Lord, I were at ese and hertely fulle hoylle,
Might I onys have a measse of wedows coylle;
For thi saulle, without lese, shuld I dele penny doylle,
So wold mo, no frese, that I se on this sole
Of wifes that ar here,
For the life that thay leyd,
Wold thase husbandes were dede,
For, as ever ete I brede,
So wold I oure syre were.
Noe. Ye men that has wifes, whyles they are yong,
If ye luf youre lifes, chastice thare tong:
Me thynk my hert ryfes, both levyr and long,
To se sich stryfes wedmen emong;
Bot as have I blys,
[I] shalle chastyse this.
Uxor. Yit may ye mys,
Nicholle Nedy!
Noe. I shalle make ye stille as stone, begynnar of blunder!
I shalle bete the bak and bone, and breke alle in sunder.
Uxor. Out, alas, I am gone! oute apon the, mans wonder!
Noe. Se how she can grone and I lig under;
Bot, wife,

In this last let us ho,
For my bak is nere in two.
Uxor. And I am bet so blo,
That I may not thryfe.
Primus filius. A, whi fare ye thus? fader and moder both!
Secundus filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus, standyng in sich a woth.
Tercius filius. Thise ar so hidus with many a cold coth.
Noe. We wille do as ye bid us, we wille no more be wroth,
Dere barnes!
Now to the helme wille I hent,
And to my ship tent.
Uxor. I se on the firmament,
Me thynk the seven starnes.
Noe. This is a grete flood, wife, take hede.
Uxor. So me thoght, as I stode, we ar in grete drede;
Thise wawghes ar so wode.
Noe. Help, God, in this nede!
As thou art stere-man good, and best, as I rede,
Of alle;
Thou rewle us in this rase,
As thou me behete hase.
Uxor. This is a perlous case,
Help, God, when we calle!
Noe. Wife, tent the stere-tre and I shalle asay
The depnes of the see that we bere, if I may.
Uxor. That shalle I do fulle wysely, now go thi way,
For apon this flood have we flett many day,
With pyne.
Noe. Now the water wille I sownd,
A, it is far to the grownd;
This travelle I expownd
Had I to tyne.
Above alle hillys bedeyn the water is rysen late
Cubettes fifteen, bot in a highter state
It may not be I weyn, for this welle I wate
This fourty dayes has rayn beyn, it wille therfor abate
Fulle lele.
This water in hast,

Eft wille I tast,
Now am I agast,
It is wanyd a grete dele.
Now ar the weders cest and cateractes knyt,
Both the most and the leest.
Uxor. Me thynk, bi my wit,
The son shynes in the eest, lo, is not yond it?
We shuld have a good feest were thise flodes flyt
So spytus.
Noe. We have been here, alle we,
ccc dayes and fyfty.
Uxor. Yei, now wanys the see,
Lord, welle is us!
Noe. The thyrd tyme wille I prufe what depnes we bere.
Uxor. Now long shalle thou hufe, lay in thy lyne there.
Noe. I may towch with my hufe the grownd evyn here.
Uxor. Then begynnys to grufe to us mery chere;
Bot, husband,
What grownd may this be?
Noe. The hyllys of Armonye.
Uxor. Now blissid be he
That thus for us can ordand.
Noe. I see toppys of hyllys he, many at a syght,
No thyng to let me, the wedir is so bright.
Uxor. Thise ar of mercy tokyns fulle right.
Noe. Dame, thi counselle me, what fowlle best myght,
And cowth,
With flight of wyng
Bryng, without taryying,
Of mercy som tokynyng
Ayther bi north or southe?
For this is the fyrst day of the tent moyne.
Uxor. The ravyn, durst I lay, wille com agane sone,
As fast as thou may cast hym furth, have done,
He may happyn to day com agane or none
With grath.
Noe. I wille cast out also
Dowfes oone or two,
Go youre way, go,

God send you som wathe !
Now ar thise fowles flone into seyr countre,
Pray we fast ich-on, kneland on our kne,
To hym that is alone worthiest of degre,
That he wold send anone oure fowles som fee
To glad us.
Uxor. Thai may not faylle of land,
The water is so wanand.
Noe. Thank we God alle weldand,
That Lord that made us.
It is a wonder thyng, me thynk sothle,
Thai ar so long taryyng the fowles that we
Cast out in the mornyng.
Uxor. Syr, it may be
Thai tary to thay bryng.
Noe. The ravyn is ahungrye
Alle way ;
He is without any reson,
And he fynd any caryon,
As peraventure may befon,
He wille not away ;
The dowfe is more gentille, her trust I untew,
Like unto the turtille for she is ay trew.
Uxor. Hence bot a litille she comys, lew, lew !
She brynges in her bille som novels new ;
Behald !
It is of an olif tre
A branch thynkes me.
Noe. It is soth, perde,
Right so is it cald.
Doufe, byrd fulle blist, fayre myght the befalle !
Thou art trew for to trist as ston in the walle ;
Fulle welle I it wist thou wold com to thi halle,
Uxor. A trew tokyn ist we shalle be savyd alle,
For whi ?
The water syn she com,
Of depnes plom,
Is fallen a fathom,
And more hardely.
Primus filius. These floodes ar gone, fader, behold.
Secundus filius. Ther is left right none, and that be ye bold.
Tercius filius. As stille as a stone oure ship is stold.

Noe. Apon land here anone that we were fayn
I wold,
My childer dere,
Sem Japhet and Cam.
[illegible]
[illegible] no longer abide here.
[illegible] Here have we beyn noy long enoghe,
With tray and with teyn, and dreed mekille woghe.
Noe. Behald on this greyn nowder cart ne
ploghe
Is left, as I weyn, nowder tre then boghe
Ne other thyng,
Bot alle is away,
Many castels I say,
Grete townes of aray,
Flitt has this flowing.
Uxor. These floodes not afright alle this warld
so wide
Has mevid with myght on se and bi side.
Noe. To dede ar thai dyght prowdist of pryde,
Ever ich a wyght that ever was spyde
With syn,
Alle ar thai slayn,
And put unto payn.
Uxor. From thens agayn
May thai never wyn?
Noe. Wyn? no, i-wis; bot he that myght hase
Wold myn of thare mys and admytte thaym to
grace,
As he in baylle is blis I pray hym in this space,
In heven hye with his to purvaye us a place,
That we,
With his santes in sight,
And his angels bright,
May com to his light,
Amen, for charite.

EXPLICIT PROCESSUS NOE, SEQUITUR ABRAHAM.

SEQUITUR ABRAHAM.

Abraham. Adonay, thou God veray,
Thou here us when we to the calle,
As thou art he that best may,
Thou art most socoure and help of alle;
Mightful Lord! to thee I pray,
Let onys the oyle of mercy falle,
Shalle I never abide that day,
Truly yit I hope I shalle.
Mercy, Lord omnipotent!
Long since He this warld has wroght,
Wheder ar alle oure elders went?
This musys mekille in my thoght.
From Adam unto Eve assent,
Ete of that appylle sparid he noght,
For alle the wisdom that he ment
Fulle dere that bargan has he boght,
From paradise that bad hym gang;
He went mowrnyng with symple chere,
And after liffyd he here fulle lang,
More then ccc yere,
In sorow and in travelle strang,
And every day he was in were,
His childre angred hym amang,
Caym slo Abelle was hym fulle dere.
Sithen Noe, that was trew and good,
His and his chyldre three,
Was saved when alle was flood;
That was a wonder thyng to se.
And Lothe from Sodome when he yede,
Three cytees brent yit eschapyd he,
Thus, for thai menged my Lordes mede,
He vengid syn thrugh his pauste.
When I thynk of oure elders alle,
And of the marvels that has been,
No gladnes in my hart may falle,
My comfort goys away fulle cleyn.

Lord, when shalle dede make me his thralle?
An e yeris, certes, have I seyn;
Ma fa! sone I hope he shalle,
For it were right hie tyme I weyn.
Yit Adam is to helle gone,
And ther has ligen many a day,
And alle oure elders, ever ychon,
Thay ar gone the same way;
Unto God wille here thare mone,
Now help, Lord, Adonay!
For, certes, I can no better wone,
And ther is none that better may.

Deus. I wille help Adam and his kynde,
Mighte I luf and lewte fynd;
Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn
Of thare pride and of thare syn:
My servand I wille fonnd and frast,
Abraham, if he be trast,
On certan wise I wille hym prove,
If he to me be trew of louf.
Abraham! Abraham!

Abraham. Who is that? war, let me se,
I herd oone neven my name.

Deus. It is I, take tent to me,
That fourmed thi fader Adam,
And every thyng in it degre.

Abraham. To here thi wille redy I am,
And to fulfille what ever it be.

Deus. Of mercy have I herd thi cry,
Thi devoute prayers have me bun,
If thou me luf look that thou hy
Unto the land of Visyon;
And the thyrd day be ther bid I,
And take with the Isaac, thi son,
As a beest to sacryfy,
To slo hym look thou not shon,
And bren hym ther to thyn offerand.

Abraham. A, lovyd be thou Lord in throne!
Hold over me, Lord, thy holy hand:
For certes thi bidyng shalle be done,
Blissyd be that Lord in every land
Wold viset his servand thus so soyn.
Fayn wold I this thyng ordand,
For it perfettes noght to hoyne;
This commaundement must I nedes fulfille,

If that my hert wax hevy as leyde;
Shuld I offend my Lordes wille
Nay yit were I leyffer my child were dede.
What so he biddes me, good or ille,
That shalle be done in every steede;
Both wife and child, if he bid spille,
I wille not do agans his rede.
Wist Isaac where so he were,
He wold be abast now,
How that he is in dangere.
Isaac, son, wher art thou?

Isaac. Alle redy, fader, lo me here;
Now was I commyng unto you;
I luf you mekille, fader dere.

Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how
Lufes thou me, son, as thou has saide.

Isaac. Yei, fader, withe alle myn hart,
More then alle that ever was maide;
God hold me long your life in quart.

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had
A child so lufand as thou art?
Thi lufly chere makes my hert glad,
And many a tyme so has it gart.
Go home, son, com sone agane,
And telle thi moder I com ful fast;

Hic transsiet Isaac à patre.

So now, God the saif and sayne,
Now welle is me that he is past.
Alone, ryght here in this playn,
Might I speke to myn hart brast,
I wold that alle were welle ful fayn,
Bot it must nedes be done at last;
And it is good that I be war,
To be avised fulle good it ware.
The land of Vision is ful far,
The thrid day end must I be there;
Myn ass shalle withe us, if it thar,
To bere oure harnes les and more,
For my son may be slayn no nar,
A swerd must with us yit ther fore.
And I shalle found to mak me yare,
This nyghte wille I begyn my way,
Thof Isaac be never so fayre,

And myn awn son, the sothe to say,
And thof he be myn righte haire,
And alle shuld weld after my day,
Goddes bydyng shalle I not spare;
Shuld I that ganstand? we, nay, ma fay!
Isaac!

Isaac.—Sir!

Abraham.—Luke thou be bowne;
For certan, son, thi self and I,
We two must now weynd furthe of towne,
In far country to sacrifie,
For certan skyllys and encheson;
Take wod and fyere with the, in hy,
Bi hillys and dayllys, bothe up and down,
Son, thou shal ride and I wille go bi.
Looke thou mys noghte that thou shuld nede,
Do make the redy, my darlyng!

Isaac. I am redy to do this dede,
And ever to fulfille youre bydyng.

Abraham. My dere son, look thou have no drede,
We shal com home with grete lovyng;
Bothe to and fro I shal us lede,
Com now, son, in my blyssyng.
Ye two here with this asse abide,
For Isaac and I wille to yond hille,
It is so hie we may not ride,
Therfor ye two shal abide here stille.

Primus Puer. Sir, ye ow not to be denyed;
We ar redy youre bydyng to fulfille.

Secundus Puer. What so ever to us betide
To do youre bidyng ay we wille.

Abraham. Godes blyssyng have ye bothe in fere;
I shalle not tary long you fro.

Primus Puer. Sir, we shall abide you here,
Out of this stede shalle we not go.

Abraham. Childre, ye ar ay to me fulle dere,
I pray God kepe ever fro wo.

Secundus Puer. We wille do, sir, as ye us lere.

Abraham. Isaac, now ar we bot we two,
We must go a fulle good paase,
For it is farther then I wend;
We shalle make myrthe and grete solace,
Bi this thyng be broght to end.

Lo, my son, here is the place.
Isaac. Wod and fyere ar in my hend;
Telle me now, if ye have space,
Where is the beest that shuld be brend?
Abraham. Now, son, I may no longer layn,
Sich wille is into myne hart went;
Thou was ever to me fulle bayn
Ever to fulfille myne entent.
Bot certanly thou must be slayn,
And it may be as I have ment.
Isaac. I am hevy and nothyng fayn,
Thus hastely that shalle be shent.
Abraham. Isaac!
Isaac. Sir?
Abraham. Com heder bid I;
Thou shalle be dede what so ever betide.
Isaac. A, fader, mercy! mercy!
Abraham. That, I say, may not be denyde;
Take thi dede therfor mekely.
Isaac. A, good sir, abide;
Fader!
Abraham. What, son?
Isaac. To do youre wille I am redy,
Where so ever ye go or ride,
If I may oght overtake youre wille,
Syn I have trespast I wold be bet.
Abraham. Isaac!
Isaac. What, sir?
Abraham. Good son, be stille.
Isaac. Fader!
Abraham. What, son?
Isaac. Think on thi get,
What have I done?
Abraham. Truly, none ille.
Isaac. And shall be slayn?
Abraham. So have I het.
Isaac. Sir, what may help?
Abraham. Certes, no skille.
Isaac. I aske mercy.
Abraham. That may not let.
Isaac. When I am dede, and closed in clay,
Who shalle then be youre son?
Abraham. A, Lord, that I shuld abide this day.
Isaac. Sir, who shalle do that I was won?

Abraham. Speke no siche wordes, son, I the pray.
Isaac. Shalle ye me slo?
Abraham. I trow I mon;
Lyg stille, I smyte.
Isaac. Sir, let me say.
Abraham. Now, my dere child, thou may not shon.
Isaac. The shynyng of youre bright blayde
It gars me quake for ferd to dee.
Abraham. Therfor groflynges thou shalle be layde,
Then when I stryke thou shalle not se.
Isaac. What have I done, fader, what have I saide?
Abraham. Truly, no kyns ille to me.
Isaac. And thus gyltles shalle be arayde.
Abraham. Now, good son, let siche wordes be.
Isaac. I luf you ay.
Abraham. So do I thee.
Isaac. Fader!
Abraham. What, son?
Isaac. Let now be seyn
For my moder luf.
Abraham. Let be, let be!
It wille not help that thou wold meyn;
Bot ly stylle tille I com to the,
I mys a lytylle thyng I weyn.
He spekes so rufully to me
That water shotes in both myn eeyn,
I were lever than alle warldly wyn,
That I had fon hym onys unkynde,
But no defawt I faund hym in;
I wold be dede for hym or pynde,
To slo hym thus I thynk grete sy n
So rufulle wordes I with hym fynd;
I am fulle wo that we shuld twyn,
For he wille never oute of my mynd.
What shal I to hys moder say?
For wher is he tyte wille she spyr;
If I telle hir, ron away,
Hir answere bese belife—"nay, sir!"
And I am ferd hir for to flay,
I ne wote what I shalle say tille hir.
He lyys fulle stille there as he lay,
For to I com dar he not styr.

Deus. Angelle hy with alle thi mayn,
To Abraham thou shalle be sent;
Say, Isaac shalle not be slayn,
He shalle lif and not be brent.
My bydyng standes he not agane,
Go, put hym out of his intent;
Byd hym go home agane,
I know welle how he ment.
Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am redy,
Thi bidyng shalle be magnyfyed;
I shalle me spede ful hastely,
The to obeye at every tyde;
Thy wille, Thy name, to glorifye,
Over alle this warld so wide,
And to Thi servand now in hy,
Good, trew, Abraham, wille I glyde.
Abraham. Bot myght I yit of wepyng sese,
Tille I had done this sacrifice;
It must nedes be, withoutten lesse,
Thof alle I carpe on this kyn wise,
The more my sorow it wille increes;
When I look to hym I gryse;
I wille ryn on a res,
And slo hym here, right as he lyse.
Angelus. Abraham! Abraham!
Abraham. Who is ther now?
War, let the go.
Angelus. Stand up, now, stand;
Thi good wille eom I to alow,
Therfor I byd the hold thi hand.
Abraham. Say, who bad so? any bot thou?
Angelus. Yei, God; and sendes this beest to thyn offerand.
Abraham. I speke with God latter, I trow,
And doyng he me commaund.
Angelus. He has persavyd thy mekenes
And thi good wille also, iwis;
He wille thou do thi son no distres,
For he has graunt to thee his blys.
Abraham. Bot wote thou welle that it is
As thou has sayd?
Angelus. I say the yis.
Abraham. I thank Thee, Lord, welle of goodnes,
That alle thus has relest me this;

To speke with the have I no space
Withe my dere son tille I have spokyn;
My good son, thou shal have grace,
On the now wille I not be wrokyn,
Ryse up now, with thi frely face.
Isaac. Sir, shalle I lif?
Abraham. Yei, this to tokyn.

Et osculatur eum.

Son thou has scapid a fulle hard grace,
Thou shuld have beyn bothe brent and brokyn.
Isaac. Bot, fader, shalle I not be slayn?
Abraham. No, certes, son.
Isaac. Then am I glad;
Good sir, put up your sword agayn.
Abraham. Nay, hardely, son be thou not adrad.
Isaac. Is alle forgeyn?
Abraham. yei, son, certan.
Isaac. For ferd, sir, was I nere hand mad.

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Isaac. Com nere son and kys me,
That I may feyle the smelle of the;
The smelle of my son is lyke
To a feld with flouris, or hony bike.
Where art thou, Esaw, my son?
Jacob. Here, fader, and askes youre benyson.
Isaac. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,
God of heven and I gif the;
God gif the plente grete,
Of wyne, of oylle, and of whete;
And graunt thi childre alle
To worshipe the, bothe grete and smalle;
Who so the blyssys blyssed be he,
Who so the waris wared be he.
Now has thou my grete blyssyng,
Love the shalle alle thyne ofspryng,
Go now wheder thou has to go.

Decedet Jacob.

Jacob. Graunt mercy, sir, I wille do so.
Esaw. Have, ete, fader, of myn huntyng;
And gif me sythen your blyssyng.
Isaac. Who is that?
Esaw. I, youre son;
Esaw brynges you venyson.
Isaac. Who was that was right now here,
And broght me bruet of a dere?
I ete welle, and blyssyd hym,
And he is blyssyd iche a lym.
Esaw. Alas! I may grete and sob.
Isaac. Thou art begylyd thrughe Jacob,
That is thyne awne german brother.
Esaw. Have ye kepyd me none other
Blyssyng then ye set hym one?
Isaac. Sich an other have I none;
Bot God gif the to thyn handband

The dew of heven and frute of land;
Other then this can I not say.
Esaw. Now, alas, and walo-way!
May I with that tratoure mete
My fader's dayes shalle com with grete,
And my moder's also,
May I hym mete I shalle hym slo.
Rebecca. Isaac, it were my deth
If Jacob weddeth in kynd of Hethe;
I wille send him to Aran,
There my brothere dwellys, Laban;
And there may he serve in peasse
Tille his brother's wrath wille seasse.
Why shuld I apon a day
Loyse bothe my sonnes? better nay.
Isaac. Thou says soth, wife, calle hym heder,
And let us telle hym where and wheder;
That he may fle Esaw,
That us bothe hetes bale to brew.
Rebecca. Jacob, son, thi fader and I
Wold speke with the; com, stand us by.
Out of contry must thou fle
That Esaw slo not the.
Jacob. Wheder ward shuld I go, dame?
Rebecca. To Mesopotameam;
To my brothere, and thyn eme,
That dwellys besyde Jordan streme;
And ther may thou with hym won,
To Esaw, myne other son,
Forget, and alle his wrath be dede.
Jacob. I wille go, fader, at youre rede.
Isaac. Yei, son, do as thi moder says,
Com kys us bothe, and weynd thi ways.

Et osculatur.

Jacob. Have good day, sir and dame.
Isaac. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame.
Rebecca. And gif the grace good man to be,
And send me glad tythynges to the.

EXPLICIT ISAAC.

SEQUITUR JACOB.

Jacob. Help me Lord, Adonay,
And hald me in the right way
To Mesopotameam,
For I cam never or now where I am,
I cam never here in this contre,
Lord of heven thou help me,
For I have maide me, in this strete,
Sore bonys and warkand feete.
The son is downe, what is best?
Her purpose I alle nyght to rest,
Under my hede this ston shalle ly,
A nyghtes rest take wille I.

Deus. Jacob, Jacob, thi God I am;
Of thi forfader Abraham,
And of thi fader Isaac;
I shall the blys for thare sake.
This land that thou slepys in
I shalle the gif, and thi kyn,
I shalle thi seede multyply,
As thyk as powder on erthe may ly.
The kynd of the shalle sprede wide,
From eest to west on every syde,
From the southe unto the northe,
Alle that I say I shalle forthe.
And alle the folkes of thyne ofspryng,
Shal be blyssyd of thi blyssyng.
Jacob, have thou no kyns drede,
I shalle the clethe, I shall the fede.
Whartfulle shalle I make thi gate,
I shal the help erly and late,
And alle in qwart shalle I bryng the
Home agane to thi countre.
I shalle not faylle, be thou bold,
Bot I shalle do as I have told.

Hic vigilet.

Jacob. A Lord! what may this mene?

What have I herd in slepe and sene?
That God leynyd him to a steghe,
And spake to me, it is no leghe;
And now is here none othere gate,
Bot Godes howse and heven's yate.
Lord, how dredfulle is this stede,
Ther I layde downe my hede.
In Godes lovyng I rayse this stone,
And oylle wille I putt theron;
Lord of heven, that alle wote,
Here to the I make a hote.
If thou gif me mete and foode,
And close to body, as I behoved,
And bryng me home to kythe and kyn,
By the way that I walk in,
Withe out skathe and inquarte,
I promyse to the, with stedfast hart,
As thou art Lord and God myne,
And I Jacob, thi trew hyne,
This stoyne I rayse in sygne to day
Shalle I hold holy kyrk for ay,
And of alle that newes me
Right wys tend shall I gif the.

Hic egrediatur Jacob de Aran in terram nativitatis suæ.

A, my fader, God of heven,
That saide to me, thrughe thi steven,
When I in Aran was dwelland,
That I shuld turne agane to land
Ther I was both fed and borne,
Warnyd thou me lord beforne,
As I went toward Aran
Withe my staff, and passyd Jordan,
And now I com agane to kythe,
Withe two ostes of men me withe.
Thou hete me, Lord, to do welle with me,
To multyplye my seede as sand of see;
Thou save me, Lord, thrughe vertew,
From venjance of Esaw,
That he slo not, for old greme,
These moders with thare barne to me.

Rachelle. Oure anguyshe, sir, is many fold,
Syn that oure messyngers us told
That Esaw wold you slo,
With foure hundreth men and mo.

Jacob. For sothe, Rachelle, I have hym sent
Of many beestes sere present,
May tyde he wille our giftes take,
And right so shalle his wrath slake;
Where ar oure thynges, ar thay past Jordan?
Lya. Go and look, sir, as ye can.

Hic scrutatur superlectile, et luctetur angelus cum eo.

Deus. The day sprynges, now lett me go.
Jacob. Nay, nay, I wille not so.
Bot thou blys me or thou gang;
If I may I shall hold the lang.
Deus. In tokynyng that thou spekes with me,
I shalle toche now thi thee,
That halt shalle thou ever more,
Bot thou shalle fele no sore;
What is thy name thou me telle?
Jacob. Jacob.
Deus. Nay, but Israelle;
Syn thou to me siche strengthe may kythe,
To men of erth thou must be stythe.
Jacob. Ei! what is thy name?
Deus. Whi askes thou it?
Wonderfulle, if thou wil wyt.
Jacob. A, blys me, Lord!
Deus. I shall the blys,
And be to the fulle pressyce,
And gyf the my blyssyng for ay,
As Lord and hé that alle may.
I shalle grayth thi gate,
And fulle welle ordeyn thi state;
When thou has drede, thynk on me,
And thou shal fulle welle saynyd be,
And look thou trow welle my sayes;
And fare welle now, the day dayes.
Jacob. Now have I a new name, Israelle;
This place shalle Fanuelle,
For I have seyn in this place,
God of heven face to face.
Rachelle. Jacob, lo we have tythand
That Esaw is here at hand.

Hic dividit turmas in tres partes.

Jacob. Rachelle, stand thou in the last eschelle,

For I wold thou were savyd wele;
Calle Joseph and Benjamin,
And let them not fro the twyn.
If it be so that Esaw
Us before alle—to hew,
Ye that ar here the last
Ye may be savyd if ye fle fast.

Et vadat Jacob osculandus Esaw, venit Jacob, flectit genua exorando Deum et levando, occurrit illi Esaw in amplexibus.

Jacob. I pray the, Lord, as thou me het,
That save me and my gete.
Esaw. Welcome, brother, to kyn and kythe,
Thi wife and childre that comes the with.
How has thou faren in far land?
Telle me now som good tythand.
Jacob. Welle, my brother Esaw,
If that thi men no bale me brew.

Dicit servis suis.

Esaw. Wemo, felows, hold youre hend,
Ye se that I and he ar frend,
And frenship here wille we fulfille,
Syn that it is Godes wille.
Jacob. God yeld you, brother, that it so is
That thou thi hyne so wold kys.
Esaw. Nay, Jacob, my dere brothere,
I shalle the telle alle anothere,
Thou art my Lord thrugh destyny;
Go we togeder both thou and I,
To my fader and his wife,
That lofys the, brother, as thare lyfe.

EXPLICIT JACOB.

Moyses. Prophetam excitabit Deus de fratribus vestris;
Omnis anima, quæ non audierit prophetam illum, exterminabitur de populo suo;
Nemo propheta sine honore nisi in patriâ suâ.
Alle ye folk of Israelle,
Herkyn to me, I wille you telle
Tythynges farly goode;
Alle woteys how it be felle
Wherfor Adam was dampnyd to helle,
He, and alle his blode.
Therfor wille God styr and rayse
A prophete, in som man dayes,
Of oure brethere kyn;
And alle trowes as he says,
And wille walk in his ways,
From helle he wille them twyn.
When his tyme begynnys to day,
I rede no man from hym dray,
In way, ne stand on strut,
For he that wille not here his saghe,
He be shewed as an out-laghe,
And from his folkes be putt.
I warne you welle that same prophete
Shalle com here after ward, fulle swete,
And many mervels shew;
Man shalle falle tille his feete,
For cause he can bales beete,
Thrughe his awn thew.
Alle that wille in trowth ren
Shalle he save, I warne you then,
Trust shalle his name be.
Bot alle over wille man prophete ken
With worshipe, amanges men,
Bot in his awne countre.
Herkyns alle bothe yong and old,
God that has alle in wold,

Gretys you bi me ;
His commaundementes ar ten,
Behold ye that ar his men,
Here ye may them se.
His commaundements, that I have broght,
Looke that ye hold thaym noght
For tryfyls, ne for fables ;
For ye shalle welle understand
That God wrote theym with his hand
In thyse same tables ;
Ye that thyse in hart wille hald,
Unto heven shalle ye be cald,
That is fyrst to com ;
And ye that wille not do so,
Tille helle pyne mon ye go,
And byde a bytter dome.
Do now as I shalle you wys ;
The fyrst commaundement is this,
That I shalle you say,
Make no God of stok ne stone,
And trow in none God bot oone,
That mayde bothe nyghte and day.
Another bydes thou shall not swere,
For no mede, ne for no dere,
Falsly, bi Godes name ;
If thou swere wrongwosly,
Wit thou welle and wytterly,
Thou art worthi grete blame.
The thyrd is thou shalle welle yheme
Thi holy day, and serve to wheme
God withe alle thi hart.
The fourt commaundement is bi taylle,
Fader and moder worship thou shalle,
In povert and in qwarte.
The fyft commaundes thou shalle forsake
Fornycacyon, and take the a make,
And lyf in rightewys state.
The sext commaundes thou shal not be
Man sloer, for gold ne fee,
Ne for luf, ne for hate.
The seventhe commaundes that thou shalle leve,
And nather go to stele ne reve,
For more then for les.
The aght bydes both old and yong,
That thay be traw of thare tong,

And bere no fals witnes.
The nenthe bydes the, bi thi lif,
Thou desyre not thi neghbur's wife,
Ne mayden that is his.
The tent bides the, for no case,
Desyre not wranwosly thyng thi neghbur has;
Do thus and do no mys.
I am the same man that God chase,
And take the ten commaundements of peasse,
In the monte Synay;
Thise wordes, I say, ar no les,
My name is callyd Moyses;
And have now alle good day.

David. Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes servient ei.

Herkyn, alle, that here may,
And perceyf welle what I shalle say,
Alle withe righwisnes.
Loke ye put it not away,
Bot thynk theron bothe nyghte and day,
For it is sothefastnes.
Jesse son ye wot I am,
David is my right name,
And I bere crowne;
Bot ye me trow ye ar to blame,
Of Israel, bothe wyld and tame,
I have in my bonden.
As God of heven has gyffen me wit,
Shalle I now syng you a fytt,
Withe my mynstrelsy;
Loke ye do it welle in wrytt,
And theron a knot knytt,
For it is prophecy.
Myrthe I make tille alle men,
Withe my harp, and fyngers ten,
And warn them that thay glad,
For God wille that his son down send
That wroght Adam with his hend
And heven and erth mayde.
He wille lyght fro heven towre,
For to be man's saveyoure,
And save that is forlorne;
For that I harp, and myrth make,
Is for he wille manhede take,
I telle you thus beforne;

And thider shalle he ren agane,
As gyant of mych mayne,
Unto the hyest sete;
Ther is nawther kyng, ne swayn,
Then no thyng that may hym layn,
Ne hyde from his hete.
He shalle be Lord and Kyng of alle,
Tylle hys feete shalle kynges falle,
To offer to hym wytterly;
Blyssyd be that swete blome,
That shalle save us at his com,
Joyfulle may we be.
Riche gyftes thay shalle hym bryng,
And tille hym make offeryng,
Kneland on thare kne;
Welle were hym that that lordyng,
And that dere derlyng,
Myght bide on lyfe and se.
Men may know hym bi his marke,
Myrthe and lovyng is his warke,
That shalle he luf most.
Lyght shalle be born that tyme in darke,
Both to lawd man and to clark,
The luf of rightewys Gost.
Therfor bothe emperoure and kyng,
Ryche and poore, bothe old and yong,
Temper welle youre gle,
Agans that kyng lyght downe,
For to lowse us of pryson,
And make us alle free.

Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam, et salutare tuum da nobis.

Thou shew thi mercy, Lord, tylle us,
For to Thou com to helle we trus,
We may not go beside;
Lord, when thi wille is for to dele
Tylle us thi salve and thi hele,
Whom we alle abyde.
Now have I songen you a fytt,
Loke in mynd that ye have it,
I rede with my myghte;
He that maide us alle with his wytt,
Sheld us alle from helle pytt,
And graunt us heven lyghte.

Sibilla propheta. Judicii signum tellus sudore madescit,

E cælo rex adveniet per secla futurus,
Scilicet in carne præsens ut judicet orbem.
Who so wylle here tythynges glad,
Of hym that alle this warld made,
Here me wytterly;
Sibille sage is my name,
Bot ye me here ye ar to blame,
My word is prophecy.
Alle men was slayn thrughe Adam syn,
And put to pyne that never shalle blyn,
Thrughe falsnes of the feynd;
A new kyng comes from heven to fyght
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,
So is his mercy heynd.
Alle the warld shalle he deme,
And that have servyd hym to wheme
Myrthe thaym mon betyde;
Alle shalle se hym withe thare ee,
Ryche and poore, low and hye,
No man may hym hyde;
Bot thay shalle in thare fleshe ryse,
That every man shalle whake and gryse,
Agans that ilk dome.
Withe his santes, many oone,
He shalle be sene in fleshe and bone,
That kyng that is to com.
Alle that shalle stand hym before,
Alle shalle be les and more,
Of oone eld icheon.
Angels shalle qwake then for ferd,
And fyre shalle bren this mydylle-erd,
Yei, erth and alle ther apon.
Shalle nothyng here in erthe be kend,
Bot it shalle be strewyd and brend,
Alle waters and the see.
Sythen shalle bothe hille and dale
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,
And alle shalle even be.
At hys commyng shalle bemys blaw,
That men may his commyng knaw,
Fulle sorowfulle shalle be that blast;
Ther is no man that herys it,
Bot he shalle qwake for alle his witt,
Be he never so stedfast.
Then shalle helle gape and gryn,

That men may know thare dome ther in,
Of that hye justyce ;
That ille have done to helle mon go,
And to heven the other also,
That has been rightwys.
Therfor, I rede ilk a man,
Kepe as welle as he can,
Fro syn and fro mysdede.
My prophecy now have I told,
God you save, bothe yong and old,
And help you at youre nede.

Daniel. Cum venerit Sanctus Sanctorum cesabit unctio vestra.

God that maide Adam and Eve,
Whils thay dyd welle, he gaf them leve
In paradise to dwelle ;
Sone when thay that appylle ete,
Thay were dampned, sone and skete,
Unto the pyne of helle,
Thrughe sorow and paynes ever new ;
Therfor wylle God apon us rew,
And his son downe send
Into erthe, flesh to take,
That is alle for oure sake,
Oure trespas to amend.
Flesh withe fleshe wille be boghte,
That he lose not that he has wroghte
Withe hys awne hend ;
Of a madyn shalle he be borne,
To save alle that ar forlorne,
Ever more witheoutten end.*

* This Pageant is apparently unfinished, a portion of the bottom of fol. 19, b and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.

INCIPIT PHARAO.

Pharao. Peas, of payn that no man pas;
But kepe the course that I commaunde,
And take good hede of hym that has
Youre helthe alle holy in hys hande;
For kyng Pharro my fader was,
And led thys lordshyp of thys land,
I am hys havre as age wylle has,
Ever in stede to styr or stand.
Alle Egypt is myne awne
To leede aftyr my law,
I wold my myghte were knowne
And honoryd, as hit awe.
Fulle low he shalle be thrawne
That harkyns not my sawe,
Hanged hy and drawne,
Therfor no boste ye blaw;
Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse,
To alle the people of thys empyre.
Looke no man put hym self in preasse,
Bot that wylle do as I desyre,
And of youre wordes look that ye seasse.
Take tent to me, youre soferand syre,
That may youre comfort most increasse,
And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.
Primus Miles. My Lord, if any here were,
That wold not wyrk youre wylle.
If we myghte com thaym nere,
Fulle soyn we shuld theym spylle.
Pharao. Thrughe out my kyngdom wold I ken,
And kun hym thank that wold me telle,
If any were so waryd men
That wold my fors down felle.
Secundus Miles. My Lord, ye have a manner of men
That make great mastres us emelle;

The Jues that won in Gersen,
Thay ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.
Thay multyplye fulle fast,
And sothly we suppose
That shalle ever last,
Oure lordshyp for to lose.
Pharao. Why, how have thay syche gawdes
begun?
Ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?
Primus miles. Yei, Lord, fulle felle folk ther
was fun
In kyng Pharao, youre fader's, dayes.
Thay cam of Josephe, was Jacob son,
He was a prince worthy to prayse,
In sythen in ryst have thay ay ron;
Thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,
Thay wylle confound you cleyn,
Bot if thay soner seasse.
Pharao. What, devylle, is that thay meyn
That thay so fast increesse?
Secundus Miles. How thay increes fulle welle
we ken,
As oure faders dyd understand;
Thay were bot sexty and ten
When thay fyrst cam in to thys land,
Sythen have sojerned in Gersen
Four hundred wynter, I dar warand;
Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men
Moo then ccc thousand,
Wythe outen wyfe and chyld,
Or hyrdes that kepe thare fee.
Pharao. How thus myghte we be begyled?
Bot shalle it not be;
For wythe quantyse we shalle thaym quelle,
So that thay shalle not far sprede.
Primus Miles. My Lord, we have hard oure
faders telle,
And clerkes that welle couthe rede,
Ther shuld a man walk us amelle
That shuld fordo us and oure dede.
Pharao. Fy on hym, to the devylle of helle,
Sych destyny wylle we not drede;
We shalle make mydwyfes to spylle them
Where any Ebrew is borne,
And alle menkynde to kylle them,

So shalle they soyn be lorne.
And as for elder have I none awe,
Syche bondage shalle I to theym beyde,
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,
And to do alle unhonest deyde;
So shalle these laddes be holden law,
In thraldom ever thare lyfe to leyde.
Secundus Miles. Now, certes, thys was a sotelle saw,
Thus shalle these folk no farthere sprede.
Pharao. Now help to hald theym downe,
Look I no fayntnes fynde.
Primus Miles. Alle redy, Lord, we shalle be bowne,
In bondage thaym to bynde.

Tunc intrat Moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.

Moyses. Gret God, that alle thys warld began,
And growndyd it in good degre,
Thou mayde me, Moyses, unto man,
And sythen thou savyd me from the se,
Kyng Pharao had commawndyd than,
Ther shuld no man chyld savyd be;
Agans hys wylle away I wan;
Thus has God showed hys might for me.
Now am I set to kepe,
Under thys montayn syde,
Byschope Jettyr shepe,
To better may betyde;
A, Lord, grete is thy myght!
What man may of yond mervelle meyn?
Yonder I se a selcowth syght,
Syche on in warld was never seyn;
A bush I se burnand fulle bryght,
And ever elyke the leyfes ar greyn,
If it be wark of warldely wyght,
I wylle go wyt wythoutyn weyn.
Deus. Moyses, Moyses!

Hic properat ad rubum, et dicit ei Deus,

Moyses com not to nere,
Bot stylle in that stede thou dwelle,
And harkyn unto me here;
Take tent what I the telle.
Do of thy shoyes in fere,
Wyth mowth as I the melle,

The place thou standes in there
Forsoth, is halowd welle.
I am thy Lord, withouten lak,
To lengthe thi lyfe even as I lyst,
I am God that som tyme spake
To thyn elders, as thay wyst;
To Abraham, and Isaac,
And Jacob, I sayde shulde be blyst,
And multytude of them to make,
So that thare seyde shuld not be myst.
Bot now thys kyng, Pharao,
He hurtys my folk so fast,
If that I suffre hym so,
Thare seyde shuld soyne be past;
Bot I wylle not so do,
In me if thay wylle trast
Bondage to brynge thaym fro.
Therfor thou go in hast,
To do my message have in mynde
To hym, that me syche harme mase;
Thou speke to hym wythe wordes heynde,
So that he let my people pas
To wyldernes, that thay may weynde
To worshyp me as I wylle asse.
Agans my wylle if that thay leynd,
Ful soyn hys song shalle be, alas.

Moyses. A, Lord! pardon me, wyth thy leyf,
That lynage luffes me noght,
Gladly thay wold me greyf,
If I syche bodworde broght.
Good Lord, lette som othere frast,
That has more fors the folke to fere.

Deus. Moyses, be thou nott abast,
My bydyng shalle thou boldly bere;
If thay with wrong away wold wrast,
Outt of the way I shalle the were.

Moyses. Good Lord, thay wylle not me trast
For alle the othes that I can swere;
To never sych noytes new
To folk of wykyd wylle,
Wyth outen tokyn trew,
Thay wylle not tent ther-tylle.

Deus. If that he wylle not understand
Thys tokyn trew that I shalle sent,
Afore the kyng cast down thy wand,

And it shalle turne to a serpent,
Then take the taylle agane in hand,
Boldly up look thou it hent,
And in the state thou it fand
Thou shal it turne by myne intent;
Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,
And as a lepre it shal be lyke,
And hole agane with outen harme;
Lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.
And if he wylle not suffre then
My people for to pas in peasse,
I shalle send venyance ix or ten,
Shalle sowe fulle sore or seasse.
Bot ye Ebrewes, won in Jessen,
Shalle not be merkyd with that measse;
As long as thay my lawes wylle ken
Thare comforthe shalle ever increasse.

Moyses. A, Lord, to luf the aght us welle
That makes thi folk thus free,
I shalle unto thaym telle
As thou has told to me.
Bot to the kyng, Lord, when I com,
If he aske what is thy name,
And I stand stylle, both deyf and dom,
How shuld I skake withoutten blame?

Deus. I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'
I am he that is the same;
If thou can nother muf nor mom
I shalle sheld the from shame.

Moyses. I understand fulle welle thys thyng,
I go, Lord, with alle the myght in me.

Deus. Be bold in my blyssyng,
Thi socoure shalle I be.

Moyses. A, Lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,
That I may truly talys telle;
To my freyndes now wylle I fare,
The chosyn childre of Israelle,
To telle theym comforthe of thare care,
In dawngere ther as thay dwelle.
God manteyn you evermare,
And mekylle myrthe be you emelle.

Primus Puer. A, master Moyses, dere!
Oure myrthe is alle mowrnyng;
Fulle hard halden ar we here,
As carls under the kyng.

Secundus Puer. We may mowrn, both more and myn,
Ther is no man that oure myrth mase,
Bot syn we ar alle of a kyn
God send us comforth in thys case.
Moyses. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn;
God wylle delyver you thrughe his grace,
Out of this wo he wylle you wyn,
And put you to youre pleassyng place.
For I shalle carp unto the kyng,
And fownd fulle soyn to make you free.
Primus Puer. God grant you good weyndyng,
And evermore with you be.
Moyses. Kyng Pharao, to me take tent.
Pharao. Why, boy, what tythynges can thou telle?
Moyses. From God hym self hyder am I sent
To foche the chyldre of Israelle;
To wyldernes he wold thay went.
Pharao. Yei, weynd the to the devylle of helle,
I gyf no force what he has ment,
In my dangere, herst thou, shalle thay dwelle;
And, fature, for thy sake,
Thay shalbe pent to pyne.
Moyses. Then wylle God venyance take
Of the, and of alle thyn.
Pharao. On me? fy on the lad, out of my land!
Wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay?
Say, whence is yond warlow with his wand
That thus wold wyle oure folk away?
Primus Myles. Yond is Moyses, I dar warand,
Agans alle Egypt has beyn ay,
Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand;
Now wylle he mar you if he may.
Pharao. Fy on hym! nay, nay, that dawnce is done;
Lurdan, thou loryd to late.
Moyses. God bydes the graunt my bone,
And let me go my gate.
Pharao. Bydes God me? fals loselle, thou lyse!
What tokyn told he? take thou tent.
Moyses. He sayd thou shuld dyspyse

Bothe me, and hys commaundement ;
Forthy, apon thys wyse,
My wand he bad, in thi present,
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse
How it shuld turne to oone serpent.
And in hys holy name
Here I lay it downe ;
Lo, syr, here may thou se the same.
Pharao. A, ha, dog ! the devylle the drowne !
Moyses. He bad me take it by the taylle,
For to prefe hys powere playn,
Then sayde, wythouten faylle,
Hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn.
Lo, sir, behold.
Pharao. Wyth yl a haylle !
Certes this is a sotelle swayn,
Bot thyse boyes shalle abyde in baylle,
Alle thi gawdes shalle thaym not gayn ;
Bot wars, both morne and none,
Shalle thay fare, for thi sake.
Moyses. I pray God send us venyange sone,
And on thi warkes take wrake.
Primus Miles. Alas, alas ! this land is lorne !
On lyfe we may [no] longer leynd ;
Syche myschefe is fallen syn morne,
Ther may no medsyn it amend.
Pharao. Why cry ye so ? laddes, lyst ye skorne ?
Secundus Miles. Syr kyng, syche care was never kend,
In no mans tyme that ever was borne.
Pharao. Telle on, belyfe, and make an end.
Primus Miles. Syr, the waters that were ordand
For men and bestes foyde,
Thrughe outt alle Egypt land,
Ar turnyd into reede bloyde ;
Fulle ugly and fulle ylle is hytt,
That bothe freshe and fayre was before.
Pharao. O, ho ! this is a wonderfulle thyng to wytt,
Of alle the warkes that ever were.
Secundus Miles. Nay, Lord, ther is anothere yit,
That sodanly sowys us fulle sore ;

For todes and froskes may no man yflt,
Thay venom us so, bothe les and more.
Primus Miles. Greatte mystes, sir, ther is bothe morne and noyn,
Byte us fulle bytterly;
We trow that it be done
Thrughe Moyses, oure greatte enmy.
Secundus Miles. My Lord, bot if this menye may remefe
Mon never myrthe be us amang.
Pharao. Go, say to hym we wylle not grefe,
Bot thay shalle never the tytter gayng.
Primus Miles. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe
To leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,
So that we mend of oure myschefe.
Moyses. Fulle welle, I wote, thyse wordes ar wrang;
Bot hardely alle that I heytt
Fulle sodanly it shalle be seyn,
Uncowth mervels shalbe meyt
And he of malyce meyn.
Secundus Miles. A, Lord, alas, for doylle we dy!
We dar look oute at no dowre.
Pharao. What, ragyd the dwylle of helle, alys you so to cry?
Primus Miles. For we fare wars then ever we fowre;
Grete loppys over alle this land thay fly,
And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,
And in every place oure bestes dede ly.
Secundus Miles. Hors, ox, and asse,
Thay falle downe dede, syr, sodanly.
Pharao. We, lo, ther is no man that has
Half as myche harme as I.
Primus Miles. Yis, sir, poore folk have mekylle wo,
To se thare catalle thus out cast.
The Jues in Gessen fayre not so,
Thay have lykyng for to last.
Pharao. Then shalle we gyf theym leyf to go
To tyme this perelle be on past,
Bot, or thay flytt oght far us fro,
We shalle them bond twyse as fast.
Secundus Miles. Moyses, my Lord gyffes leyf
Thi meneye to remeve.

Moyses. Ye mon hafe more myschefe
Bot if thyse talys be trew.
Primus Miles. A, Lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.
Pharao. What, dwylle, is grevance grofen agayn?
Secundus Miles. Ye, sir, sich powder apon us dryfys,
Where it abides it makes a blayn;
Meselle makes it man and wyfe,
Thus ar we hurt with haylle and rayn.
Syr, unys in montanse may not thryfe,
So has frost and thoner thaym slayn.
Pharao. Yei, bot how do thay in Gessen,
The Jues, can ye me say?
Primus Miles. Of alle these cares no thyng thay ken,
Thay feylle noghte of our afray.
Pharao. No? the ragyd, the dwylle, sytt thay in peasse?
And we every day in doute and drede?
Secundus Miles. My lord, this care will ever encrese,
To Moyses have his folk to leyd;
Els be we lorne, it is no lesse,
Yit were it better that thai yede.
Pharao. Thes folk shall flyt no far,
If he go welland wode.
Primus Miles. Then wille it sone be war,
It were better thay yode.
Secundus Miles. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.
Pharao. Yei, dwille, wille it no better be?
Primus Miles. Wyld wormes ar layd over all this land,
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre.
Secundus Miles. Agans that storme may no man stand;
And mekylle more mervelle thynk me,
That thise iij dayes has bene durand
Siche myst, that no man may other se.
Primus Miles. A, my Lord!
Pharao. Haghe!
Secundus Miles. Grete pestilence is comyn;
It is like ful long to last.

Pharao. Pestilence? in the dwilys name!
Then is oure pride over past.
Primus Miles. My lord, this care lastes lang,
And wille to Moyses have his bone;
Let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,
It may not help to hover ne hone.
Pharao. Then wille we gif theym leyf to gang;
Syn it must nedes be doyn;
Perchauns we salle thaym fang
And mar them or to morne at none.
Secundus Miles. Moyses, my lord he says
Thou shalle have passage playn.
Moyses. Now have we lefe to pas,
My freyndes, now be ye fayn;
Com furthe, now salle ye weynd
To land of lykyng you to pay.
Primus Puer. Bot kyng Pharao, that fals feynd,
He will us eft betray;
Fulle soyn he wille shape us to sheynd,
And after us send his garray.
Moyses. Be not abast, God is oure freynd,
And alle oure foes wille slay;
Therfor com on with me,
Have done and drede you noght.
Secundus Puer. That Lord blyst might he be,
That us from baylle has broght.
Primus Puer. Siche frenship never we fand;
Bot yit I drede for perels alle,
The Reede See is here at hand,
Ther shal we byde to we be thralle.
Moyses. I shalle make way ther with my wand,
As God has sayde, to sayf us alle;
On aythor syde the see mon stand,
To we be gone, right as a walle.
Com on wyth me, leyf none behynde,
Lo fownd ye now youre God to pleasse.

Hic pertransient mare.

Secundus Puer. O, Lord! this way is heynd;
Now weynd us all at easse.
Primus Miles. Kyng Pharao! thyse folk ar gone.
Pharao. Say, ar ther any noyes new?
Secundus Miles. Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, ever-ichon.

Pharao. How says thou that ?
Primus Miles. Lord, that taylle is trew.
Pharao. We, out tyte, that they were tayn ;
That ryett radly shall thay rew,
We shalle not seasse to thay be slayn,
For to the see we shall thaym sew ;
So charge youre chariottes swythe,
And ferstly look ye folow me.
Secundus Miles. Alle redy, lord, we ar fulle blythe
At youre byddyng to be.
Primus Miles. Lord, at youre byddyng ar we bowne
Oure bodys boldly for to beyd,
We shalle not seasse, bot dyng alle downe,
To alle be dede withouten drede.
Pharao. Heyf up youre hertes unto Mahowne,
He wille be nere us in oure nede ;
Help, the raggyd dwylle, we drowne !
Now mon we dy for alle oure dede.

Tunc merget eos mare.

Moyses. Naw ar we won from alle oure wo,
And savyd out of the see ;
Lovyng gyf we God unto,
Go we to land now merely.
Primus Puer. Lofe we may that Lord on hyght,
And ever telle on this mervelle ;
Drownyd he has Kyng Pharao myght,
Lovyd be that Lord Emanuelle.
Moyses. Heven, thou attend, I say in syght,
And erthe my wordys ; here what I telle.
As rayn or dew on erthe doys lyght
And waters herbys and trees fulle welle,
Gyf lovyng to Goddes mageste,
Hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew,
Honowred be he in trynyte,
To hym be honowre and verteu.
AMEN.

EXPLICIT PHARAO.

INCIPIT CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

Imperator. Be stylle, beshers, I commawnd
you,
That no man speke a word here now
Bot I my self alon;
And if ye do, I make a vow,
Thys brand abowte youre nekys shalle bow,
For-thy be stylle as ston:
And looke ye grefe me noght,
For if ye do it shalle be boght,
I swere you by Mahowne;
I wote welle if ye knew me oght,
To slo you alle how lytylle I roght,
Ston stylle ye wold syt downe.
For alle is myn that up standys,
Castels, towers, townys, and landys,
To me homage thay bryng;
For I may bynd and lowse of band,
Every thyng bowys unto my hand,
I want none erthly thyng.
I am lord and syr over alle,
Alle bowys to me, both grete and smalle,
As lord of every land;
Is none so comly on to calle,
Who so this agan says, fowlle shalle he falle,
And therto here my hand.
For I am he that myghty is,
And hardely alle hathennes
Is redy at my wylle;
Both ryche, and poore, more and les,
At my lykyng for to redres,
Whether I wylle save or spylle.
Cæsar August I am cald,
A fayrer cors for to behald,
Is not of bloode and bone,
Ryche ne poore, young ne old,
Sycke an othere as I am told,
In alle thys warld is none.

But oone thyng doys me fulle myche care,
I trow my land wylle sone mysfare
For defawte of counselle lele;
My counsellars so wyse of lare,
Help to comforthe me of care,
No wyt from me ye fele.
As I am man moost of renowne,
I shalle you gyf youre waryson
To help me if ye may.
Primus Consultus. To counselle you, lord, we ar bowne,
And for no man that lyfys in towne
Wylle we not let, perfay;
Youre messyngere I reede ye calle,
For any thyng that may befalle,
Byd hym go hastely.
Thrugh out youre landys over alle,
Amang youre folk, bothe grete and old,
Youre gyrthe and peasse to cry;
For to commaunde bothe yong and old,
None be so hardy ne so bold,
To hold of none bot you;
And who so dothe, put them in hold,
And loke ye payn theym many fold.
Imperator. I shalle, I make a vowe;
Of thys counselle welle payde am I,
It shalle be done fulle hastely,
Wythe outen any respytt.
Secundus Consultus. My lord abyde awhyle, for why,
A word to you I wold cleryfy.
Imperator. Go on, then, telle me tytt.
Secundus Consultus. Alle redy, lord, now permafay,
Thys have I herd syn many a day,
Folk in the contre telle;
That in this land shuld dwelle a may,
She whiche salle bere a chylde, thay say,
That shalle youre force downe felle.
Imperator. Downe felle? dwylle! what may this be?
Out, harow, fulle wo is me!
I am fulle wylle of reede!
A, fy, and dewyls! whens cam he,
That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste?

Ere shuld I be his dede.
For, certys, then were my worshyp lorne,
If syche a swayn, a snoke horne,
Shuld thus be my suffrane;
May I wyt when that boy is borne,
In certan, had the dwylle hit sworne,
That gadlyng shuld agane.
Primus Consultus. Do way, lord, greyf you ot so,
Youre messyngere ye cause furth go
Aftyr youre cosyn dere,
To speke with you a word or two,
The best counselle that lad to slo,
Fulle soyn he can you lere;
For a wyse man that knyght men know.
Imperator. Now I assent unto thi saw,
Of witt art thou the welle;
For alle the best men of hym blowys,
He shalle never dystroy my lawes,
Were he the dwylle of helle.
Com Lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare
On my message furth to fare,
Go tytt to sir Syryn;
Say sorow takys me fulle sare,
Pray hym to comforth me of care,
As myn awne dere cosyn;
And bot if thou com agane to nyght,
Look I se the never in syght,
Never where in my land.
Nuncius. Yis, certes, lord, I am fulle lyght,
Or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,
To bryng hym by the hand.
Imperator. Yai, boy, and as thou luffes me dere,
Luke that thou spy, bothe far and nere,
Ever alle in yche place,
If thou here any saghes sere,
Of any carpyng, far and nere,
Of that lad where that thou gase.
Nuncius. Alle redy, lord, I am fulle bowne,
To spyr and spy in every towne,
After that wykkyd queyd;
If I here any runk or rowne,
I shalle fownd to crak thare crowne,
Over alle, in ylk a stede;

And therfor, lord, have now good day.
Imperator. Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,
That weldes water and wynde;
And specyally, here I the pray,
To spede the as fast as thou may.
Nuncius. Yis, lord, that shalle ye fynde.
Mahowne the sane and se, sir Syryne,
Cæsar, my lord, and youre cosyn,
He gretes you welle by me.
Sirinus. Thou art welcom to me and myn,
Com nere and telle me tythandes thyn,
Tyte, what thay may be.
Nuncius. My lord prays you, as you luf hym dere,
To com to hym, if youre wylle were,
To speke with hym a whyle.
Sirinus. Go grete hym welle, thou messyngere,
Say hym I com, and that right nere,
Behynd the not a myle.
Nuncius. Alle redy, lord, at youre byddyng,
Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,
And save the by see and sand.
Imperator. Welcom, bawshere, say what tythyng,
Do telle me tyte, for any thyng,
What herd thou in my land?
Nuncius. I herd no thyng, lord, but goode;
Syr Syryn, that I after yode,
He wylle be here this nyght.
Imperator. I thank the by Mahownes bloode;
Thise tythynges mekylle amendes my mode,
Go rest, thou worthy wyght.
Sirinus. Mahowne so semely on to calle,
He save the, lord of lordes alle,
Syttyng with thi meneye.
Imperator. Welcom, sir Syrynne, to this halle,
Be syde my self here sytt thou shalle,
Com up belyf to me.
Sirinus. Yis, lord, I am at youre talent.
Imperator. Wherfor, sir, I after the sent,
I shalle the say stille right;
And therfor take to me intent,
I am in poynt for to be shent.
Sirinus. How so, for Mahownes myght?
Imperator. Syr, I am done to understand,

That a qweyn here, in this land,
Shalle bere a chyld I wene,
That shall be crowned kyng lyfand,
And alle shalle bow unto his hand;
Thise tythynges dothe me teyne.
He shalle commaunde bothe ying and old,
None be so hardy ne so bold
To gyf servyce to me;
Then wold my hart be cold
If siche a beggere shold
My kyngdom thus reyf me;
And therfor, sir, I wold the pray,
Thy best counselle thou wold me say,
To do what I am best;
For securly, if that I may,
If he be fonden I shalle hym slay,
Aythere by eest or west.

Syrinus. Now wot ye, lord, what that I reede,
I counselle you, as ete I brede,
What best therof may be;
Gar serche youre land in every stede,
And byd that boy be done to dede,
Who the fyrst may hym see;
And also I reede that ye gar cry,
To fleme wyth alle that Belamy,
That shuld be kyng with crowne,
Byd yeh man com to you holly,
And bryng to you a heede penny,
That dwellys in towere or towne;
That this be done by the thyrde day,
Then may none of his freyndes say,
Bot he has mayde homage.
If ye do thus, sir, permafay,
Youre worship shalle ye wyn for ay,
If thay make you trowage.

Imperator. I thank you, sir, as myght I the,
For thyse tythynges that thou tellys me,
Thy counselle shalle avaylle;
Lord and syre of this cowntre,
Withouten ende here make I the,
For thy good counselle;
My messyngere, leke thou be bowne,
And weynd belyf from towne to towne,
And be my nobylle swane,
I pray the, as thou luffes Mahowne,

And also for thy waryson,
That thou com tytt agane.
Commaunde the folk, holly, ichon,
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,
To hold holly on me,
And lowtt me as thare lord alone;
And who wylle not thay shalle be slone,
This brand thare baylle shalle be.
Therfor thou byd both old and ying,
That ich man know me for his kyng,
For drede that I thaym spylle.
That I am lord, and in tokynyng,
Byd ich man a penny bryng,
And make homage me tylle.
To my statutes who wylle not stand,
Fast for to fle outt of my land,
Byd thaym, withoutten lyte;
Now by Mahowne, God alle welldand,
Thow shalle be mayde knyghte with my hand,
And therfor hye the tyte.

Nuncius. Alle redy, lord, it shalle be done;
Bot I wote welle I com not sone,
And therfor be not wroth;
I swere you, sir, by son and moyne,
I com not here by fore eft none,
Wheder ye be leyfe or lothe;
Bot hafe good day, now wylle I wynd,
For longer here may I not leynd,
Bot grathe me furth my gate.

Imperator. Mahowne that is curtes and heynd,
He bryng thi jornay welle to eynd,
And wysh the that alle wate.

EXPLICIT CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

INCIPIT ANNUNCIACIO.

Deus. Sythen I have mayde alle thyng of noght,
And Adam with my handes hath wroght,
Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,
And gyffen hym joy in paradyse,
To won ther in, as that I wend,
To that he dyd that I defend;
Then I hyme put out of that place,
Bot yit, I myn, I hight hym grace;
Oylle of mercy I can hym heyt,
And tyme also his baylle to beytt.
For he has boght his syn fulle sore,
Thise v thowsand yeris and more,
Fyrst in erth, and sythen in helle;
Bot long therin shalle he not dwelle.
Outt of payn he shalle be boght,
I wylle not tyne that I have wroght.
I wylle make redempcyon,
As I hyght for my person,
Alle wythe reson and with right,
Both thrugh mercy and thrugh myght.
He shalle not, therfor, ay be spylt,
For he was wrangwysly begylt;
He shalle out of preson pas,
For that he begyled was
Thrugh the edder, and his wyfe,
Thay gart hym towche the tree of lyfe,
And ete the frute that I forbed,
And he was dampned for that dede.
Ryghtwysnes wille we make;
I wylle that my son manhede take,
For reson wylle that ther be thre,
A man, a madyn, and a tre;
Man for man, tre for tre,
Madyn for madyn; thus shalle it be.
My son shalle in a madyn light,

Agens the feynd of helle to fight;
Wythouten wem, as son thrugh glas,
And she madyn as she was.
Both God and man shalle he be,
And she moder and madyn fre.
To Abraham I am in dett
To safe hym and his gett;
And I wylle that alle prophecye
Be fulfyllyd here by me.
For I am Lord and lech of heyle,
My prophecys shalle be funden leyle;
As Moyses sayd, and Isay,
Kyng David, and Jeromy,
Abacuk, and Danielle,
Sybylls sage, that sayde ay welle,
And myne othere prophetes alle,
As thay have said it shalle befalle.
Ryse up, Gabrielle, and weynd
Unto a madyn that is heynd,
To Nazareth in Galilee,
Ther she dwellys in that cytee.
To that vyrgyn and to that spouse,
To a man of David house,
Josephe also he is namyd by,
And the madyn name Mary.
Angelle must to Mary go,
For the feynd was Eve so;
He was foule and layth to syght,
And thou art angelle fayr and bright.
And hayls that madyn, my lemman,
As heyndly as thou can;
Of my behalf thou shalle hyr grete,
I have hyr chosen, that madyn swete,
She shalle conceyf my derlyng,
Thrughe thy word and hyr heryng.
In her body wylle I lyghte,
That is to me clenly dyght;
She shalle of hyr body bere
God and man wythouten dere.
She shalle be blyssyd withouten ende;
Graythe the Gabrielle, and weynd.

Gabrielle. Haylle Mary, gracyouse,
Haylle madyn and Godes spouse,
Unto thee I lowte;
Of alle vyrgyns thou art qwene,

That ever was, or shalle be seyn,
Wythouten dowte.
Haylle, Mary, and welle thou be,
My lord of heven is wyth the,
Wythouten end;
Haylle, woman most of mede,
Goodly lady, have thou no drede,
That I commend.
For thou has fonden alle thyn oone,
The grace of God, that was out gone,
For Adam plyght.
This is the grace that the betydys,
Thou shalle conceyve within thy sydys
A chyld of myghte;
When he is comen, that thi son,
He shalle take cyrcumsyeyon,
Calle hym Jesum;
Myghtfulle man shalle he be that,
And Godes son shalle he hat,
By his day com.
My Lord, also, shalle gyf hym tylle
Hys fader sete David, at wylle,
Therin to sytte;
He shalle be kyng in Jacob kyn,
Hys kyngdom shalle never blyn,
Lady, welle thou wytt.
Maria. What is thi name?
Gabriel. Gabrielle;
Godes strengthe and his angelle,
That comys to the.
Maria. Ferly gretyng thou me gretys;
A child to bere thou me hetys,
How shuld it be?
I cam never by man's syde,
Bot has avowed my madyn hede,
From fleshly gett.
Therfor I wote not how
That this be brokyn as a vow
That I have hett;
Never the les, welle I wote,
To wyrk thi word and hold thi hote
Mightfulle God is,
Bot I ne wote of what manere,
Therfor I pray the, messyngere,
That thou me wyshe.

Gabrielle. Lady, this is the prevate;
The Holy Gost shalle light in the,
And his vertue,
He shalle umshade and fulfylle
That thi madynhede shalle never spylle,
Bot ay be new;
The child that thou shalle bere, madame,
Shalle Godes son be callid by name;
And se, Mary,
Elesabeth, thi cosyn, that is cald geld,
She has conceyffed a son in elde,
Of Zacary;
And this is, who wylle late,
The sext monethe of hyr conceytate,
That geld is cald.
No word, lady, that I the bryng,
Is unmyghtfulle to heven kyng,
Bot alle shalle hald.
Maria. I lofe my Lord alle weldand,
I am his madyn at his hand,
And in his wold;
I trow bodword, that thou me bryng,
Be done to me in alle thyng,
As thou has told.
Gabrielle. Mary, madyn heynd,
Me behovys to weynd,
My leyf at the I take.
Maria. Far to my freynd,
Who the can send,
For mankynde sake.
Josephe. Alle myghty God, what may this be!
Of Mary my wyfe mervels me,
Alas, what has she wroght?
A, hyr body is grete and she with childe,
For me was she never fylyd,
Therfor myn is it noght.
I irke fulle sore with my lyfe,
That ever I wed so yong a wyfe,
That bargan may I ban,
To me it was a carefulle dede,
I myght welle wyt that yowthede
Wold have lykyng of man.
I am old, sothly to say,
Passed I am alle pervay play,
The gams fro me ar gone.

It is ille cowpled of youth and elde,
I wote welle, for I am unwelde,
Som othere has she tane.
She is with chyld, I wote never how,
Now, who wold any woman trow?
Certes, no man that can any goode;
I wote not in the warld what I shald do,
Bot now then wylle I weynd hyr to,
And wytt who owe that foode.
Haylle, Mary, and welle ye be.
Why, bot woman, what chere with the?
Maria. The better, sir, for you.
Josephe. So wold I, woman, that ye wore;
Bot certes, Mary, I rew fulle sore
It standes so with the now.
Bot of a thyng frayn the I shalle,
Who owe this child thou gose with alle?
Maria. Syr, ye, and God of heven.
Josephe. Myne, Mary? do way thi dyn;
That I shuld ought have parte therin
Thou nedes it not to neven;
Wherto nevyns thou me therto?
I had never with the to do,
How shuld it then be myne?
Whos is that chyld, so God the spede?
Maria. Syr, Godes and yowrs, with outen drede.
Josephe. That word had you to tyne,
For it is right fulle far me fro,
And I forthynkes thou has done so
Thise ille dedes bedene;
And if thou speke thi self to spylle,
It is fulle sore agans my wylle,
If better myght have bene.
Maria. At Godes wylle, Josephe, must it be,
For certanly bot God and ye
I know none othere man;
For fleshly was I never fylyd.
Josephe. How shuld thou thus then be with chyld?
Excuse the welle thou can;
I blame the not, so God me save,
Woman, maners if that thou have,
Bot certes I say the this,
Welle wote thou, and so do I,

Thi body fames the openly,
That thou has done amys.
Maria. Yee, God he knowys alle my doyng.
Josephe. We, now, this is a wonder thyng,
I can noght say therto ;
Bot in my hart I have greatt care,
And ay the longer mare and mare,
For doylle what shalle I do ?
Godes and myn she says it is,
I wylle not fader it, she says amys,
For shame yit shuld she let,
To excuse her velany by me ;
With hir I thynk no longer be,
I rew that ever we met.
And how we met ye shalle wyt sone,
Men use yong chyldren for to done
In temple for to lere ;
Soo dyd thay hir, to she wex more
Then othere madyns wyse of lore,
Then byshopes sayd to hir
" Mary, the behowfys to take
Som yong man to be thi make,
As thou seys other have,
In the temple which thou wylle neven ;"
And she sayd, none, bot God of heven,
To hym she had hir tane,
She wold none othere for any saghe ;
Thay sayd she must, it was the lagh,
She was of age thertille.
To the temple thay somond old and ying,
Alle of Juda ofspryng,
The law for to fulfille.
Thay gaf iche man a white wand,
And bad us bere them in oure hande,
To offre with good intent ;
Thay offerd thare yerdes up in that tyde,
For I was old I stode be syde,
I wyst not what thay ment,
Thay lakyd oone thay sayde in hy,
Alle had offerd thay sayd bot I,
For I ay withdroghe me.
Furthe with my wande thay mayd me com,
In my hand it floryshed with blome ;
Then sayde thay all to me,
" If thou be old mervelle not the,

For God of heven thus ordans he,
Thi wand shewys openly ;
It florishes so, withouten nay,
That the behovys wed Mary the May ;"
A sory man then was I,
I was fulle sory in my thoght,
I sayde for old I myght noght
Hir have never the wheder ;
I was unlykely to hir so yong,
Thay sayde ther helpyd none excusyng,
And wed us thus togeder.
When I alle thus had wed hir thare,
We and my madyns home can fare,
That kynges doghters were ;
Alle wroght thay sylk to fynd them on,
Mary wroght purpylle, the oder none,
Bot othere colers sere ;
I left thaym in good peasse wenyd I,
Into the contre I went on hy,
My craft to use with mayn ;
To gett oure lyfyng I must nede,
On Marie I prayd them take good hede,
To that I cam agane.
Nine monethes was I fro that myld,
When I cam home she was with chyld,
Alas, I sayd for shame !
I askyd ther women who that had done,
And thay me sayde an angelle sone,
Syn that I went from hame ;
An angelle spake with that wyght,
And no man els, bi day nor nyght,
" Sir, therof be ye bald."
Thay excusyd hir thus sothly,
To make hir clene of hir foly,
And babyshed me that was old.
Shuld an angelle this dede have wroght,
Siche excusyng helpys noght,
For no craft that thay can ;
A hevenly thyng, for sothe, is he,
And she is erthly, this may not be,
It is som othere man.
Certes, I forthynk sore of hir dede,
Bot it is long of yowth-hede,
Alle siche wanton playes ;
For yong women wylle nedes play them,

With yong men if old forsake them,
Thus it is sene always.
Bot Marie and I playd never so sam,
Never togeder we used that gam,
I cam hir never so nere;
She is as clene as cristalle clyfe
For me, and shalbe whyls I lyf,
The law wylle it be so.
And then am I cause of hir dede,
For-thi then can I now no rede,
Alas, what I am wo!
And sothly, if it so befalle,
Godes son that she be with alle,
If siche grace myght betyde,
I wote welle that I am not he,
Whiche that is worthi to be
That blyssed body besyde,
Nor yit to be in company;
To wyldernes I wille for-thi
Enfors me for to fare,
And never longer with hir dele,
Bot stylly shalle from hir stele,
That mete shalle we no mare.

Angelus. Do wa, Joseph, and mend thy thoght,
I warne the welle, and weynd thou noght,
To wyldernes so wylde;
Turne home to thi spouse agane,
Look thou deme in hir no trane,
For she was never fylde.
Wyte thou no wyrkyng of workes wast,
She has consavyd the Holy Gast,
And she shalle bere Godes son,
For-thi with hir, in thi degre,
Meek and buxom looke thou be,
And with hir dwelle and wone.

Josephe. A, Lord, I lof the alle alon,
That vowches safe that I be oone
To tent that chyld so ying,
I that thus have ungrathly gone,
And untruly taken apon
Mary, that dere darlyng.
I rewe fulle sore that I have sayde,
And of hir byrdyng hir upbrade,
And she not gylty is;
For-thi to hir now wylle I weynde,

And pray hir for to be my freynde,
And aske hir forgyfnes.
A, Mary, wyfe, what chere?
Maria. The better, sir, that ye ar here;
Thus longe where have ye lent?
Josephe. Certes, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,
That wrangwysley hase taken apon;
I wyst never what I ment;
Bot I wote welle, my leman fre,
I have trespast to God and the,
Forgyf me, I the pray.
Maria. Now alle that ever ye sayde me to
God forgyf you, and I do,
Withe alle the myght I may;
Josephe. Gramercy, Mary, thi good wylle;
So kyndly forgyfes that I sayde ylle,
When I can the upbrade;
Bot welle is hym hase siche a fode,
A, meke wyf, with-outen goode,
He may welle hold hym payde.
A, what I am light as lynde!
He that may bothe lowse and bynde,
And every mys amend,
Leyn me grace, powere, and myght,
My wyfe and hir swete yong wight
To kepe, to my lyfes ende.

EXPLICIT ANUNCIACIO BEATÆ MARIÆ.

INCIPIT SALUTACIO ELIZABETH.

Maria. My lord of heven, that syttys he,
And alle thyng seys withe eee,
The safe, Elezabethe.
Elezabethe. Welcom, Mary, blyssed blome,
Joyfulle am I of thi com
To me, from Nazarethe.
Maria. How standes it with you, dame, of quart?
Elezabethe. Welle, my doghter and dere hart,
As can for myn elde.
Maria. To speke with you me thoght fulle lang,
For ye with childe in elde gang,
And ye be cald geld.
Elezabethe. Fulle lang shalle I the better be,
That I may speke my fylle with the,
My dere kyns woman;
To wytt how thi freyndes fare,
In thi countre where thay ar,
Therof telle me thou can,
And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.
Maria. Welle, dame, gramercy youre askyng
For good I wote ye spyr.
Elezabethe. And Joachym, thy fader, at hame,
And Anna, my nese, and thi dame,
How standes it with hym and hir?
Maria. Dame, yit ar thay bothe on lyfe,
Bothe Joachym and Anna his wyfe.
Elezabethe. Els were my hart fulle sare.
Maria. Dame, God that alle may,
Yeld you that you say,
And blys you therfore.
Elezabethe. Blyssed be thou of alle women,
And the fruyte that I welle ken,
Within the wombe of the;
And this tyme may I blys,
That my lordes moder is

Comen thus unto me.
For syn that tyme fulle welle I wote,
The stevyn of angelle voce it smote,
And rang now in myne ere;
A selcouthe thyng is me betyde,
The chyld makys joy, as any byrd,
That I in body bere.
And als, Mary, blyssed be thou,
That stedfastly wold trow,
The wordes of our heven kyng;
Therfor alle thyng now shalle be kend,
That unto the were sayd or send,
By the angelle gretyng.
Maria. Magnificat anima mea Dominum;
My saulle lufes my lord abuf,
And my gost glades with luf,
In God, that is my hele;
For he has bene sene agane,
The buxumnes of his bane,
And kept me madyn lele.
Lo, therof what me shalle betyde,
Alle nacyons on every syde,
Blyssyd shalle me calle;
For he that is fulle of myght,
Mekylle thyng to me has dyght,
His name be blyssed over alle;
And his mercy is also,
From kynde to kynde tylle alle tho
That ar hym dredand.
Myght in his armes he wroght,
And dystroed in his thoght,
Prowde men and hyghe berand.
Myghty men furthe of sete he dyd,
And he hyghtyned in that stede
The meke men of hart;
The hungre withe alle good he fyld,
And left the rich outt shyld,
Thaym to unquart.
Israelle has under law,
His awne son in his awe,
By menys of his mercy;
As he told before by name,
To oure fader, Abraham,
And sayd of his body.
Elezabethe, myn awnt dere,

My lefe I take at you here,
For I dwelle now fulle lang.
Elezabethe. Wylle thou now go, Godes fere?
Com kys me, doghter, with good chere,
Or thou hend gang;
Fare welle now, thou frely foode,
I pray the be of comfurthe goode,
For thou art fulle of grace;
Grete welle alle oure kyn of bloode,
That lord, that the with grace infude,
He save alle in this place.

EXPLICIT SALUTACIO ELEZABETH.

INCIPIT PAGINA PASTORUM.

Primus Pastor. Lord, what thay ar weylle that hens ar past,
For thay noght feylle theym to downe cast;
Here is mekylle unceylle, and long has it last,
Now in hart, now in heylle, now in weytt, now in blast,
Now in care,
Now in comfurthe agane,
Now in fayre, now in rane,
Now in hart fulle fane,
And after fulle sare.
Thus this warld, as I say, farys on ylk syde,
For after oure play com sorows unryde,
For he that most may, when he syttes in pryde,
When it comys on assay is kesten downe wyde,
This is seyn;
When ryches is he,
Then comys poverte,
Hors man Jak cope
Walkys then, I weyn:
I thank it God, hark ye what I mene,
For even or for od I have mekylle tene,
As hevy as a sod I grete with myn eene,
When I nap on my cod for care that has bene,
And sorow.
Alle my shepe ar gone,
I am not left oone,
The rot has theym slone,
Now beg I and borow.
My handes may I wryng and mowrnyng make,
Bot if good wille spryng, the countre forsake,
Fermes thyk ar comyng, my purs is bot wake,
I have nereland nothyng to pay nor to take;
I may syng
Withe purs penneles,
That makes this hevynes;
Wo is me this dystres,

And has no helpyng.
Thus sett I my mynde truly to neven,
By my wytt to fynde to cast the warld in seven;
My shepe have I tynde by the moren fulle even;
Now if hap wille grynde, God from his heven
Send grace.
To the fare wille I me,
To by shepe, perde,
And yit may I multyple,
For alle this hard case.

Secundus Pastor. Benste, benste, be us emang,
And save alle that I se here in this thrang,
He save you and me over twhart and endlang,
That hang on a tre, I say you no wrang,
Cryst save us
From alle myschefys,
From robers and thefys,
From those mens grefys,
That oft ar agans us.
Both bosters and bragers God kepe us fro,
That with thare long dagers dos mekylle wo,
From alle bylle hagers with colknyfes that go,
Siche wryers avd wragers gose to and fro
For to crak.
Who so says hym agane,
Were better be slane;
Bothe ploghe and wane
Amendys wille not make.
He wille make it as prowde a lord as he were
With a hede lyke a clowde felterd his here,
He spekys on lowde with a grym bere,
I wold not have trowde so galy in gere
As he glydys.
I wote not the better,
Nor whedder is gretter,
The lad or the master,
So stowtly he strydys.
If he hask me oght that he wold to his pay,
Fulle dere bese it boght if I say nay;
Bot God that alle wroght, to the now I say,
Help that thay were broght to a better way
For thare sawlys,
And send theym good mendyng
With a short endyng,
And with the to be lendyng

When that thou eallys.
How, Gyb, good morne; wheder goys thou?
Thou goys over the corne, Gyb, I say, how!
Primus Pastor. Who is that? Johne Horne!
I make God a vowe;
I say not in skorne, Thom, how farys thou?
Secundus Pastor. Hay, ha!
Ar ye in this towne?
Primus Pastor. Yey, by my crowne.
Secundus Pastor. I thoght by your gowne
This was youre aray.
Primus Pastor. I am ever elyke, wote I never what it gars,
Is none in this ryke a shephard farys wars.
Secundus Pastor. Poore men ar in the dyke, and oft tyme mars,
The warld is slyke, also helpars
Is none here.
Primus Pastor. It is sayde fulle ryfe,
"A man may not wyfe
And also thryfe,
And alle in a yere."
Secundus Pastor. Fyrst must us crepe and sythen go.
Primus Pastor. I go to by shepe.
Secundus Pastor. Nay, not so;
What, dreme ye or slepe? where shuld thay go?
Here shalle thou none kepe.
Primus Pastor. A, good sir, ho!
Who am I?
I wylle pasture my fe
Where so ever lykes me,
Here shalle thou theym se.
Secundus Pastor. Not so hardy;
Not oone shepe taylle shalle thou bryng hedyr.
Primus Pastor. I shalle bryng, no faylle, a hundrethe togedyr.
Secundus Pastor. What, art thou in aylle? longes thou ought whedir?
Primus Pastor. Thay shalle go, saunce faylle; go now, belle weder!
Secundus Pastor. I say, tyr!
Primus Pastor. I say, tyr, now agane!
I say skyp over the plane.
Secundus Pastor. Wold thou never so fane,

Tup, I say, whyr!
Primus Pastor. What, wylle thou not yit, I say, let the shepe go?
Whap!
Secundus Pastor. Abyde yit.
Primus Pastor. Wilt thou, bot so?
Knafe, hens I byd flytt, as good that thou do,
Or I shalle the hytt on thi pate, lo,
Shalle thou reylle;
I say, gyf the shepe space.
Secundus Pastor. Syr, a letter of youre grace,
Here comys Slaw-pase
Fro the mylne whele.
Tercius Pastor. What a do, what a do is this you betweyn?
A, good day, thou, and thou.
Primus Pastor. Hark what I meyn
You to say;
I was bowne to by store,
Drofe my shepe me before,
He says not oone hore
Shalle pas by this way;
Bot and he were wood this way shalle thay go.
Tercius Pastor. Yey, bot telle me, good, where ar youre shepe, lo?
Secundus Pastor. Now, sir, by my hode, yet se I no mo,
Not syn I here stode.
Tercius Pastor. God gyf you wo
And sorow,
Ye fyshe before the nett,
And stryfe on this bett,
Siche folys never I mett
Evyn or at morow.
It is wonder to wyt where wytt shuld be fownde,
Here ar old knafys yit standys on this grownde;
These wold by thare wytt make a shyp be drownde,
He were welle qwytt had sold for a pownde
Siche two.
Thay fyght and thay flyte
For that at comys not tyte;
It is far to byd hyte
To an eg or it go.
Tytter want ye sowlle then sorow I pray;

Ye brayde of Mowlle that went by the way.
Many shepe can she polle bot oone had she ay,
Bot she happynyd fulle fowlle, hyr pycher, I say,
Was broken;
"Ho, God," she sayde,
Bot oone shepe yit she hade,
The mylk pycher was layde,
The skarthis was the tokyn.
Bot syn ye ar bare of wysdom to knawe,
Take hede how I fare, and lere at my lawe;
Ye nede not to care if ye folow my sawe,
Hold ye my mare, this sek thou thrawe
On my bak;
Whylst I, with my hand,
Lawse the sek band,
Com nar and by stand
Both Gyg and Jak;
Is not alle shakyn owte and no meylle is therin?
Primus Pastor. Yey, that is no dowte.
Tercius Pastor. So is youre wyttes thyn.
And ye look welle abowte, nawther more nor myn,
So gase your wyttes owte evyn as com in;
Geder up
And seke it agane.
Secundus Pastor. May we not be fane!
He has told us fulle plane
Wysdom to sup.
Jak Garcio. Now God gyf you care, folys all sam;
Saghe I never none so fare but the foles of Gotham.
Wo is hir that you bare, youre syre and youre dam,
Had she broght furthe an hare, a shepe, or a lam,
Had bene welle.
Of alle the foles I can telle,
From heven unto helle,
Ye thre bere the belle;
God gyf unceylle.
Primus Pastor. How pastures oure fee? say me, good Pen.
Garcio. Thay ar gryssed to the kne.
Secundus Pastor. Fare falle the!
Garcio. Amen!
If ye wille ye may se, youre bestes ye ken.

Primus Pastor. Sytt we downe alle thre, and drynk shalle we then.
Tercius Pastor. Yey, torde,
I am lever ete;
What is drynk with oute mete?
Gett mete, gett,
And sett us a borde,
Then may we go dyne our bellys to fylle.
Secundus Pastor. Abyde unto syne.
Tercius Pastor. Be God, sir, I nylle!
Secundus Pastor. I am worthy the wyne, me thynk it good skylle,
My servyse I tyne, I fare fulle ylle,
At youre mangere.
Primus Pastor. Thus go we to mete,
It is best that we trete,
I lyst not to plete
To stand in thi dangere;
To hast ever been curst syn we met togeder.
Tercius Pastor. Now in faythe, if I durst, ye ar even my broder.
Secundus Pastor. Syrs, let us cryb furst for oone thyng or oder,
That thise wordes be purst, and let us go foder
Our mompyns;
Lay furthe of oure store,
Lo here browne of a bore.
Primus Pastor. Set mustard afore,
Oure mete now begyns;
Here a foote of a cowe welle sawsed, I wene,
The pestelle of a sowe that powderd has bene,
Two blodynges, I trow, a leveryng betwene;
Do gladly, syrs, now, my breder bedene,
With more.
Both befe, and moton
Of an ewe that was roton;
Good mete for a gloton,
Ete of this store.
Secundus Pastor. I have here in my maylle sothen and rost
Even of an ox taylle, that wold not be lost;
Ha, ha, goderhaylle! I let for no cost,
A good py or we faylle, this is good for the frost
In a mornyng.
And two swyne gronys,

Alle a hare bot the lonys,
We myster no sponys
Here, at oure mangyng.
Tercius Pastor. Here is to recorde the leg of a goys,
With chekyns endorde, pork, partryk, to roys;
A tart for a lorde, how thynk ye this doys?
A calf lyver skorde with the veryose,
Good sawse,
This is a restorete
To make a good appete.
Primus Pastor. Yee speke alle by clerge,
I here by your clause;
Cowthe ye by youre gramery reche us a drynk
I shuld be more mery, ye wote what I thynk.
Secundus Pastor. Have good aylle of kely, bewar now, I wynk,
For and thou drynk drely in thy polle wylle it synk.
Primus Pastor. A, so;
This is boyte of oure baylle,
Good halsom aylle.
Tercius Pastor. Ye hold long the skaylle,
Now lett me go to.
Secundus Pastor. I shrew those lyppys bot thou leyff me som parte.
Primus Pastor. Be God, he bot syppys, begylde thou art;
Behold how he kyppys.
Secundus Pastor. I shrew you so smart,
And me on my hyppys, bot if I gart
Abate.
Be thou wyne, be thou aylle,
Bot if my brethe faylle,
I shalle sett the on saylle;
God send the good gate.
Tercius Pastor. Be my dam saulle, Alyce, it was sadly dronken.
Primus Pastor. Now, as ever have I blys, to the botham is it sonken.
Secundus Pastor. Yit a botelle here is.
Tercius Pastor. That is welle spoken!
By my thryft we must kys.
Secundus Pastor. That had I forgoten.
Bot hark!

Who so can best syng
Shalle have the begynnyng.
Primus Pastor. Now prays at the partyng
I shalle set you on warke;
We have done oure parte and songyn righte
weylle,
I drynk for my parte.
Secundus Pastor. Abyde, lett cop reylle.
Primus Pastor. Godes forbot, thou spart, and
thou drynk every deylle.
Tercius Pastor. Thou has dronken a quart,
therfor choke the the deylle.
Primus Pastor. Thou rafys;
And it were for a soghe
Ther is drynk enoghe.
Tercius Pastor. I shrew the handes it droghe,
Ye be bothe knafys.
Primus Pastor. Nay we knaves alle, thus thynk
me best,
So, sir, shuld you calle.
Secundus Pastor. Furth let it rest;
We wille not bralle.
Primus Pastor. Then wold I we fest
This mete who shalle into panyere kest.
Tercius Pastor. Syrs, herys,
For oure saules let us do
Poore men gyf it to.
Primus Pastor. Geder up, lo, lo,
Ye hungre begers frerys.
Secundus Pastor. It draes nere nyght, trus, go
we to rest;
I am even redy dyght, I thynk it the best.
Tercius Pastor. For ferde we be fryght a crosse
let us kest,
Cryst crosse, benedyght, eest and west,
For dreede.
Jesus o'Nazorus,
Crucyefixus,
Marcus, Andreas,
God be our spede!
Angelus. Herkyn, hyrdes, awake, gyf lovyng ye
shalle,
He is borne for youre sake, lorde perpetualle;
He is comen to take and rawnson you alle,
Youre sorowe to slake, kyng emperialle,

He behestys;
That chyld is borne
At Bethelem this morne,
Ye shalle fynde hym beforne
Betwix two bestys.

Primus Pastor. A, Godys dere dominus, what was that sang?
It was wonder curiose with smalle notes emang;
I pray to God save us now in this thrang,
I am ferd by Jesus somewhat be wrang;
Me thoght,
Oone scremyd on lowde,
I suppose it was a clowde,
In myn erys it sowde,
By hym that me boght!

Secundus Pastor. Nay, that may not be, I say you certan,
For he spake to us thre as he had been a man;
When he leinyd on this lee my hart shakyd than,
An angelle was he telle you I can,
No dowte.
He spake of a barne,
We must seke hym, I you warne,
That betokyns yond starne,
That standes yonder owte.

Tercius Pastor. It was marvelle to se, so bright as it shone,
I wold have trowyd, veraly, it had bene thoner flone;
Bot I saghe with myn ee, as I lenyd to this stone,
It was a mery gle, siche hard I never none,
I recolde.
As he sayde in a skreme,
Or els that I dreme,
We shuld go to Bedleme,
To worship that lorde.

Primus Pastor. That same childe is he that prophetes of told,
Shuld make them fre that Adam had sold.

Secundus Pastor. Take tent unto me, this is inrold,
By the wordes of Isae, a prynce most bold
Shalle he be,
And kyng with crowne,

Set on David trone,
Sich was never none,
Seyn with oure ee.
Tercius Pastor. Also Isay says, oure faders us told
That a vyrgyn shuld pas of Jesse, that wold
Bryng furthe, by grace, a floure so bold;
That vyrgyn now has these wordes uphold
As ye se;
Trust it now we may
He is borne this day,
Exiet virga
De radice Jesse.
Primus Pastor. Of hym spake more Sybylle as I weyn,
And Nabugodhonsor, from oure faythe alyene,
In the fornace where thay wore thre childre sene,
The fourt stode before, Godes son lyke to bene.
Secundus Pastor. That fygure
Was gyffen by revelacyon
That God wold have a son
This is a good lesson,
Us to consydure.
Tercius Pastor. Of hym spake Jeromy, and Moyses also,
Where he saghe hym by a bushe burnand, lo,
When he cam to espy if it were so,
Unburnyd was it truly at commyng therto,
A wonder.
Primus Pastor. That was for to se
Hir holy vyrgynyte,
That she unfylyd shuld be,
Thus can I ponder,
And shuld have a chyld sich was never sene.
Secundus Pastor. Pese, man, thou art begyld! thou shalle se hyr with eene,
Of a madyn so myld greatt mervelle I mene;
Yee, and she unfyld, a vyrgyn clene,
So soyne.
Primus Pastor. Nothyng is inpossybylle
Sothly that God wylle;
It shalbe stabylle
That God wylle have done.
Secundus Pastor. Abacuc and Ely prophesyde so,

Elezabeth and Zachare, and many other mo,
And David as veraly is witnes therto,
Johne Baptyste sewrly, and Daniel also.
Tercius Pastor. So sayng,
He is Godes son alon,
Without hym shalbe none,
His sete and his trone
Shalle ever be lastyng;
Virgille in his poetre sayde in his verse,
Even thus by gramere as I shalle reherse;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto,
Jam rediet virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
Secundus Pastor. Weme, tord, what speke ye here in myn eeres?
Telle us no clerge, I hold you of the freres,
Ye preche;
It semys by youre Laton
Ye have lerd youre Caton.
Primus Pastor. Herk, syrs, ye fon,
I shalle you teche;
He sayde from heven a new kynde is send,
Whom a vyrgyn to neven, oure mys to amend,
Shalle conceyve fulle even, thus make I an end;
And yit more to neven, that samyne shalle bend
Unto us,
With peasse and plente,
With ryches and menee,
Good luf and charyte
Blendyd amanges us.
Tercius Pastor. And I hold it trew, for ther shuld be,
When that kyng commys new, peasse by land and se.
Secundus Pastor. Now brethere, adew, tak tent unto me,
I wold that we knew of this song so fre
Of the angelle;
I hard by hys steven,
He was send downe fro heven.
Primus Pastor. It is trnthe that ye neven,
I hard hym welle spelle.
Secundus Pastor. Now, by God that me boght! it was a mery song;
I dar say that he broght foure and twenty to a long.

Tercius Pastor. I wold it were soght that same
us emong.
Primus Pastor. In fayth I trow noght so many
he throng
On a heppe ;
Thay were gentylle and smalle,
And welle tonyd with alle.
Tercius Pastor. Yei, bot I can theym alle,
Now lyst, I lepe.
Primus Pastor. Brek outt youre voce, let se as
ye yelp.
Tercius Pastor. I may not for the pose bot I
have help.
Secundus Pastor. A, thy hert is in thy hose.
Primus Pastor. Now, in payn of a skelp,
This sang thou not lose.
Tercius Pastor. Thou art an ylle qwelp
For angre,
Secundus Pastor. Go to now, begyn.
Primus Pastor. He lyst not welle ryn,
Tercius Pastor. God lett us never blyn,
Take at my sangre.
Primus Pastor. Now an ende have we doyn of
oure song this tyde.
Secundus Pastor. Fayr falle thi growne, welle
has thou hyde.
Tercius Pastor. Then furthe lett us ron, I wylle
not abyde.
Primus Pastor. No sych makethe mone that
have I aspyde ;
Never the les
Let hold oure beheste.
Secundus Pastor. That hold I best.
Tercius Pastor. Then must we go eest,
After my ges.
Primus Pastor. Wold God that we myght this
yong bab see !
Secundus Pastor. Many prophetes that syght
desyryd veralee
To have seen that bright.
Tercius Pastor. And God so hee
Wold shew us that wyght, we myght say, perde,
We had sene
That many sant desyryd,

With prophetys inspyryd,
If thay hym requyryd,
Yit closyd ar thare eene.
Secundus Pastor. God graunt us that grace,
Tercius Pastor.. God so do.
Primus Pastor. Abyde, syrs, a space; lo, yonder, lo!
It commys on a pase yond sterne us to.
Secundus Pastor. It is a grete blase, oure gate let us go,
Here he is.
Tercius Pastor. Who shalle go in before?
Primus Pastor. I ne rek, by my hore.
Secundus Pastor. Ye ar of the old store,
It semys you, iwis.
Primus Pastor. Haylle, kyng I the calle! haylle, most of myght!
Haylle, the worthyst of alle! haylle, duke! haylle, knyght!
Of greatt and smalle thou art Lord by right,
Haylle, perpetualle! haylle, faryst wyght!
Here I offer;
I pray the to take
If thou wold, for my sake,
With this may thou lake,
This lytylle spruse cofer.
Secundus Pastor. Haylle, lytylle tyne mop! rewarder of mede!
Haylle, bot oone drop of grace at my nede;
Haylle, lytylle mylk sop! haylle, David sede!
Of oure crede thou art crop, haylle, in God hede!
This balle
That thou wold resave,
Lytylle is that I have,
This wylle I vowche save,
To play the with alle.
Tercius Pastor. Haylle, maker of man! haylle, swetyng!
Haylle, so as I can, haylle, praty mytyng!
I cowche to the than for fayn nere gretyng,
Haylle, Lord! here I ordan now at oure metyng,
This botelle.
It is an old by-worde,
It is a good bowrde,

For to drynk of a gowrde,
It holdes a mett potelle.
Maria. He that alle myghtes may, the makere of heven,
That is for to say my son that I neven,
Rewarde you this day, as he sett alle on seven,
He graunt you for ay his blys fulle even
Contynuyng;
He gyf you good grace,
Telle furth of this case,
He spede youre pase,
And graunt you good endyng.
Primus Pastor. Fare welle, fare Lorde! with thy moder also.
Secundus Pastor. We shalle this recorde where as we go.
Tercius Pastor. We mon alle be restorde, God graunt it be so!
Primus Pastor. Amen, to that worde syng we therto
On hight,
To joy alle sam,
With myrthe and gam,
To the lawde of this lam
Syng we in syght.

EXPLICIT UNA PAGINA PASTORUM.

INCIPIT ALIA EORUNDEM.

Primus Pastor. Lord, what these weders ar
cold, and I am ylle happyd;
I am nere hande dold, so long have I nappyd;
My legys thay fold, my fyngers ar chappyd,
It is not as I wold, for I am al lappyd
In sorow.
In stormes and tempest,
Now in the eest, now in the west,
Wo is hym has never rest
Myd day nor morow.
Bot we sely shepardes, that walkys on the
moore,
In fayth we are nere handes outt of the doore;
No wonder as it standys if we be poore,
For the tylthe of oure landes lyys falow as the
floore,
As ye ken.
We ar so hamyd,
For-taxed and ramyd,
We ar mayde hand tamyd,
Withe thyse gentlery men.
Thus thay refe us oure rest, Oure Lady theym
wary,
These men that ar lord fest thay cause the
ploghe tary.
That men say is for the best we fynde it contrary,
Thus ar husbandes opprest, in point to myscary,
On lyfe.
Thus hold thay us hunder,
Thus thay bryng us in blonder,
It were greatte wonder,
And ever shuld we thryfe.
For may he gett a paynt slefe or a broche now
on dayes,
Wo is hym that hym grefe, or onys agane says,
Dar no man hym reprefe, what mastry he mays,
And yit may no man lefe oone word that he says

No letter.
He can make purveance,
With boste and bragance,
And alle is thrughe mantenance
Of men that are gretter.
Ther shalle com a swane as prowde as a po,
He must borow my wane, my ploghe also,
Then I am fulle fane to graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne, anger, and wo,
By nyght and day;
He must have if he langyd
If I shuld forgang it,
I were better be hangyd
Then oones say hym nay.
It dos me good, as I walk thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk in maner of mone.
To my shepe wylle I stalk and herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk, or sytt on a stone
Full soyne.
For I trowe, parde,
Trew men if thay be,
We gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

Secundus Pastor. Benste and Dominus! what may this bemeyne?
Why fares this warld thus oft have we not sene.
Lord, thyse weders ar spytus, and the weders fulle kene.
And the frost so hydus thay water myn eeyne,
No ly.
Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snaw, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete
It is not alle esy.
Bot as far as I ken, or yit as I go,
We sely wodmen are mekylle wo;
We have sorow then and then, it fallys oft so,
Sely Capyll, oure hen, both to and fro
She kakyls,
Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne or to clok,
Wo is hym is of oure cok,
For he is in the shekyls.
These men that ar wed have not alle thare wylle,

When they ar fulle hard sted thay syghe fulle stylle ;
God wayte thay ar led fulle hard and fulle ylle,
In bower nor in bed thay say noght ther tylle,
This tyde.
My parte have I fun,
I know my lessun,
Wo is hym that is bun,
For he must abyde.
Bot now late in oure lyfys, a marvel to me,
That I thynk my hart ryfys siche wonders to see.
What that destany dryfys it shuld so be,
Som men wylle have two wyfys, and som men thre,
In store.
Som ar wo that has any ;
Bot so far can I,
Wo is hym that has many,
For he felys sore.
Bot yong men of wowyng, for God that you boght,
Be welle war of wedyng, and thynk in youre thoght
' Had I wyst' is a thyng it servys of noght ;
Mekylle stylle mowrnyng has wedyng home broght
And grefys,
With many a sharp showre,
For thou may cache in an owre
That shalle savour fulle sowre
As long as thou lyffys.
For, as ever red I pystylle, I have oone to my fere,
As sharp as thystylle, as rugh as a brere,
She is browyd lyke a brystylle, with a sowre, loten, chere ;
Had she oones wett hyr whystyll she couth syng fulle clere
Hyr pater noster.
She is as greatt as a whalle,
She has a galon of galle,
By hym that dyed for us alle !
I wald I had ryn to I lost hir.

Primus Pastor. God looke over the raw, fulle defly ye stand.

Secundus Pastor. Yee, the deville in thi maw,
so tariand,
Saghe thou awro of Daw?
Primus Pastor. Yee, on a ley land
Hard I hym blaw, he commys here at hand,
Not far;
Stand stylle.
Secundus Pastor. Qwhy?
Primus Pastor. For he commys hope I.
Secundus Pastor. He wylle make us both a ly
Bot if we be war.
Tercius Pastor. Crystes crosse me spede and
Sant Nycholas,
Ther of had I nede, it is wars then it was.
Whoso couthe take hede, and lett the warld pas,
It is ever in drede and brekylle as glas,
And slythys.
This warld fowre never so,
With mervels mo and mo,
Now in weylle, now in wo,
And alle thyng wrythys.
Was never syn Noe floode sich floodes seyn,
Wyndes and ranye so rude, and stormes so keyn,
Som stamerd, som stod in dowte, as I weyn,
Now God turne alle to good, I say as I mene,
For ponder.
These floodes so thay drowne,
Both in feyldes and in towne,
And berys alle downe,
And that is a wonder.
We that walk on the nyghtys oure catelle to kepe,
We se sodan syghtes when othere men slepe.
Yet me thynk my hart lyghtes, I se shrewys pepe,
Ye ar two alle wyghtes, I wylle gyf my shepe
A turne.
Bot fulle ylle have I ment,
As I walk on this bent,
I may lyghtly repent,
My toes if I spurne.
A, sir, God you save, and master myne!
A drynk fayn wold I have and somwhat to dyne.
Primus Pastor. Crystes curs, my knave, thou
art a ledyr hyne.
Secundus Pastor. What, the boy lyst rave,
abyde unto syne

We have mayde it.
Ylle thryfte on thy pate!
Thoughe the shrew cam late
Yit is he in state
To dyne, if he had it.
Tercius Pastor. Siche servandes as I, that swettys and swynkys,
Etys oure brede fulle dry, and that me forthynkys;
We ar oft weytt and wery when master-men wynkys,
Yit commys fulle lately both dyners and drynkys,
Bot nately.
Bothe oure dame and oure syre,
When we have ryn in the myre,
Thay can nyp at oure hyre,
And pay us fulle lately.
Bot here my trouthe, master, for the fayr that ye make
I shalle do therafter wyrk, as I take;
I shalle do a lytylle, sir, and emang ever lake,
For yit lay my soper never on my stomake
In feyldys.
Wherto shuld I threpe?
With my staff can I lepe,
And men say "lyght chepe
Letherly for-yeldys."
Primus Pastor. Thou were an ylle lad, to ryde on wowyng
With a man that had bot lytylle of spendyng.
Secundus Pastor. Peasse boy I bad, no more jangling,
Or I shall make the fulle rad, by the heven's kyng!
With thy gawdys;
Wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?
Tertius Pastor. Sir, this same day at morne
I them left in the corne,
When thay rang lawdys;
Thay have pasture good, thay can not go wrong.
Primus Pastor. That is right, by the roode, thyse nyghtes ar long;
Yit I wold, or we yode, oone gaf us a song.
Secundus Pastor. So I thoght as I stode, to myrth us emong.

Tercius Pastor. I graunt.
Primus Pastor. Lett me syng the tenory.
Secundus Pastor. And I the tryble so hye.
Tercius Pastor. Then the meyne fallys to me;
Lett se how ye chauntt.

Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus.

Mak. Now Lord, for thy naymes seven, that made both moyn and starnes
Welle mo then I can neven, thi wille, Lorde, of me tharnys;
I am alle uneven, that moves oft my harnes,
Now wold God I were in heven, for ther wepe no barnes
So stylle.
Primus Pastor. Who is that pypys so poore?
Mak. Wold God ye wyst how I foore!
Lo a man that walkes on the moore,
And has not alle his wylle.
Secundus Pastor. Mak, where has thou gone? tell us tythyng.
Tercius Pastor. Is he commen? then ylkon take hede to his thing.

Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.

Mak. What, ich be a wyoman, I telle you, of the king;
The self and the same, sond from a greatt lordyng,
And siche.
Fy on you, goythe hence,
Out of my presence,
I must have reverence,
Why, who be iche?
Primus Pastor. Why make ye it so qwaynt? Mak, ye do wrang.
Secundus Pastor. Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt? I trow that ye lang;
Tercius Pastor. I trow the shrew can paynt, the dewylle myght hym hang!
Mak. Ich shalle make complaynt, and make you alle to thwang
At a worde,
And tell evyn how ye doth.
Primus Pastor. Bot Mak, is that sothe?
Now take outt that sothren tothe
And sett in a torde.

Secundus Pastor. Mak, the dewille in your ee,
a stroke wold I leyne you.
Tercius Pastor. Mak, know ye not me? by
God I couthe teyle you.
Mak. God looke you alle thre, me thought I
had sene you,
Ye ar a fare compane.
Primus Pastor. Can ye now mene you?
Secundus Pastor. Shrew, jape;
Thus late as thou goys,
What wylle men suppoys?
And thou has an ylle noys
Of stelyng of shepe.
Mak. And I am trew as steylle alle men waytt,
Bot a sekenes I feylle that haldes me fulle haytt,
My belly farys not weylle, it is out of astate.
Tercius Pastor. Seldom lyys the devylle dede
by the gate.
Mak. Therfore
Fulle sore am I and ylle,
If I stande stone stylle;
I ete not an nedylle
Thys moneth and more.
Primus Pastor. How farys thi wyff? by my
hoode, how farys sho?
Mak. Lyys walteryng, by the roode, by the
fyere lo.
And a howse fulle of brude, she drynkys welle to,
Ylle spede othere good that she wylle do;
Bot so
Etys as fast as she can,
And ilk yere that commys to man
She brynges furthe a lakan,
And som yeres two.
Bot were I not more gracyus, and rychere befar,
I were eten outt of howse, and of harbar,
Yit is she a fowlle dowse, if ye com nar:
Ther is none that trowse, nor knowys a war,
Then ken I.
Now wylle ye se what I profer,
To gyf alle in my cofer
To morne at next to offer
Her hed mas penny.
Secundus Pastor. I wote so forwakyd is none
in this shyre:
I wold slepe if I takyd les to my hyere.

Tercius Pastor. I am cold and nakyd, and wold have a fyere.

Primus Pastor. I am wery for rakyd, and run in the myre.
Wake thou !

Secundus Pastor. Nay, I wylle lyg downe by,
For I must slepe truly.

Tercius Pastor. As good a man's son was I
As any of you.
Bot, Mak, com heder, betwene shalle thou lyg downe.

Mak. Then myght I lett you bedene : of that ye wold rowne,
No drede.
Fro my top to my too
Manus tuas commendo
Poncio Pilato,
Cryst crosse me spede.

Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit ;

Now were tyme for a man, that lakkys what he wold,
To stalk prively than unto a fold,
And neemly to wyrk than, and be not to bold,
For he myght aby the bargan, if it were told
At the endyng.
Now were tyme for to reylle ;
Bot he nedes good connselle
That fayn wold fare weylle,
And has bot lytylle spendyng.
Bot abowte you a serkylle, as rownde as a moyn,
To I have done that I wylle, tylle that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone stylle, to that I have doyne,
And I shall say thertylle of good wordes a foyne.
On hight
Over youre heydes my hand I lyft,
Outt go youre een, fordo your syght,
Bot yit I must make better shyft,
And it be right.
Lord, what thay slepe hard, that may ye alle here,
Was I never a shepard, bot now wylle I lere.
If the flok be skard, yit shalle I nyp nere,
How drawes hederward : now mendes oure chere

Fron sorow :
A fatt shepe I dar say,
A good flese dar I lay,
Eft whyte when I may,
Bot this wille I borow.
How, Gylle, art thou in ? Gett us som lyght.
Uxor Ejus. Who makys sich dyn this tyme of the nyght ?
I am sett for to spyn : I hope not I myght
Ryse a penny to wyn : I shrew them on hight.
So farys
A huswyff that has bene
To be rasyd thus betwene :
There may no note be sene
For sich smalle charys.
Mak. Good wyff, open the hek. Seys thou not what I bryng ?
Uxor. I may thole the dray the snek. A, com in, my swetyng.
Mak. Yee, thou thar not jek of my long standyng.
Uxor. By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.
Mak. Do way :
I am worthy my mete,
For in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swynke and swette
Alle the long day,
Thus it felle to my lott, Gylle, I had sich grace.
Uxor. It were a fowlle blott to be hanged for the case.
Mak. I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.
Uxor. Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says,
At last
Comys it home broken.
Mak. Welle knowe I the token,
Bot let it never be spoken ;
Bot com and help fast.
I would he were flayn ; I lyst welle ete :
This twelmothe was I not so fayn of oone shepe mete.
Uxor. Com thay or he be slayn, and here the shepe blete ?

Mak. Then myght I be tane: that were a cold swette.
Go spar
The gaytt doore.
Uxor. Yis Mak,
For and thay com at thy bak.
Mak. Then myght I by far alle the pak
The dewille of the war.
Uxor. A good bowrde have I spied, syn thou can none.
Here shalle we hym hyde, to thay be gone;
In my credylle abyde. Lett me alone,
And I shalle lyg besyde in chylbed and grone.
Mak. Thou red;
And I shalle say thou was lyght
Of a knave childe this nyght.
Uxor. Now welle is me day bright,
That ever I was bred.
This is a good gyse and a far cast;
Yit a woman avyse helpys at the last.
I wote never who spyse: agane go thou fast.
Mak. Bot I com or thay ryse, els blawes a cold blast.
I wylle go slepe.
Yit slepys alle this meneye,
And I shalle go stalk prevely,
As it had never bene I
That caryed thare shepe.
Primus Pastor. Resurrex à mortruis: have hald my hand.
Judas carnas dominus, I may not welle stand:
My foytt slepys, by Jesus, and I water fastand.
I thoght that we layd us fulle nere Yngland.
Secundus Pastor. A ye!
Lord, what I have slept weylle;
As fresh as an eylle:
As lyght I me feylle
As leyfe on a tre.
Tercius Pastor. Benste be here in. So my qwakys
My hart is outt of skyn, what so it makys.
Who makys alle this dyn? So my browes blakys,
To the dowore wylle I wyn. Harke felows, wakys!

We were fowre :
Se ye awre of Mak now ?
Primus Pastor. We were up or thou.
Secundus Pastor. Man, I gyf God a vowe,
Yit yede he nawre.
Tercius Pastor. Me thoght he was lapt in a wolfe skyn.
Primus Pastor. So are many hapt now namely within.
Secundus Pastor. When we had long napt, me thoght with a gyn
A fatt shepe he trapt, bot he mayde no dyn.
Tercius Pastor. Be stylle :
Thi dreme makes the woode :
It is bot fantom, by the roode.
Primus Pastor. Now God turne alle to good,
If it be his wylle.
Secundus Pastor. Ryse, Mak, for shame! thou lyges right lang.
Mak. Now Crystes holy name be us emang,
What is this for? Sant Jame, I may not welle gang.
I trow I be the same. A ! my nek has lygen wrang
Enoghe,
Mekille thank, syn yister even
Now, by Sant Strevyn
I was flayd with a swevyn
My hart out of sloghe.
I thoght Gylle began to crok, and travelle fulle sad,
Welner at the fyrst cok, of a yong lad,
For to mend oure flok : then be I never glad.
I have tow on my rok, more then ever I had.
A, my heede!
A house fulle of yong tharmes,
The dewille knok outt thare harnes.
Wo is hym has many barnes,
And therto lytylle brede.
I must go home, by youre lefe, to Gylle as I thoght.
I pray you look my slefe, that I steylle noght :
I am loth you to grefe, or from you take oght.
Tercius Pastor. Go furth, ylle myght thou chefe, now wold I we soght,

This morne,
That we had alle oure store.
Primus Pastor. Bot I wille go before,
Let us mete.
Secundus Pastor. Whore?
Tercius Pastor. At the crokyd thorne.
Mak. Undo this doore! who is here? how long shalle I stand?
Uxor Ejus. Who makys sich a bere? now walke in the wenyand.
Mak. A, Gylle, what chere? it is I, Mak, youre husbande.
Uxor. Then may we be here, the dewille in a bande,
Syr Gyle.
Lo, he commys with a lote
As he were holden in the throte.
I may not syt at my note,
A hand lang while.
Mak. Wylle ye here what fare she makys to gett hir a glose,
And do nocht but lakys and clowse hir toose.
Uxor. Why, who wanders, who wakys, who comys, who gose?
Who brewys, who bakys? what makes me thus hose?
And than,
It is rewthe to be holde,
Now in hote, now in colde,
Fulle wofulle is the householde
That wants a woman.
Bot what ende has thou mayde with the hyrdys, Mak?
Mak. The last worde that thay sayde, when I turnyd my bak,
Thay wold looke that thay have thare shepe alle the pak.
I hope thay wylle nott be welle payde, when thay thare shepe lak.
Perde.
Bot how so the gam gose,
To me they wylle suppose,
And make a foulle noyse,
And cry outt apon me.
Bot thou must do as thou hyght.

Uxor. I accorde me thertylle.
I shalle swedylle hym right in my credylle.
If it were a gretter slyght, yit couthe I help tylle.
I wylle lyg downe stright. Com hap me.
Mak. I wylle.
Uxor. Behynde.
Com Colle and his maroo,
Thay wille nyp us fulle naroo.
Mak. Bot I may cry out haroo,
The shepe if thay fynde.
Uxor. Harken ay when thay calle: thay wille com anone.
Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn oone,
Syng lullay thou shalle, for I must grone,
And cry outt by the walle an Mary and John,
For sore.
Syng lullay on fast
When thou heris at the last;
And bot I play a fals cast
Trust me no more.
Tercius Pastor. A, Colle, goode morne: why slepys thou nott?
Primus Pastor. Alas, that ever was I borne! we have a fowlle blott.
A fat wedir have we lorne.
Tercius Pastor. Mary, Godes forbott.
Secundus Pastor. Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.
Primus Pastor. Some shrewe.
I have soght with my doges
Alle Horbery shroges,
And of xv hoges
Fond I bot oone ewe.
Tercius Pastor. Now trow me if ye wille; by Sant Thomas of Kent,
Ayther Mak or Gylle was at that assent.
Primus Pastor. Peasse, man, be stille; I sagh when he went.
Thou sklanders hym ylle; thou aght to repent.
Goode spede.
Secundus Pastor. Now as ever myght I the,
If I shuld evyn here de,
I wold say it were he,
That dyd that same dede.

Tercius Pastor. Go we theder I rede, and ryn
on oure feete.
Shalle I never ete brede, the sothe to I wytt.
Primus Pastor. Nor drynk in my heede with
hym tylle I mete.
Secundus Pastor. I wylle rest in no stede, tylle
that I hym grete,
My brothere
Oone I wille hight:
Tylle I se hym in sight
Shalle I never slepe one nyght
Ther I do anothere.
Tercius Pastor. Wille ye here how thay hak,
oure syre, lyst, croyne.
Primus Pastor. Hard I never none crak so clere
out of toyne
Calle on hym.
Secundus Pastor. Mak! undo youre doore soyne.
Mak. Who is that spak, as it were noyne?
On loft,
Who is that I say?
Tercius Pastor. Goode felowse, were it day.
Mak. As far as ye may,
Good, spekes soft
Over a seke woman's heede, that is at maylle easse,
I had lever be dede or she had any dyseasse.
Uxor. Go to an othere stede; I may not welle
qweasse.
Ich fote that ye trode goys thorow my nese.
So hee!
Primus Pastor. Telle us, Mak, if ye may,
How fare ye, I say?
Mak. Bot ar ye in this towne to day?
Now how fare ye?
Ye have ryn in the myre, and ar weytt yit:
I shalle make you a fyre, if ye wille syt.
A nores wold I hyre; thynk ye on yit,
Welle qwitt is my hyre, my dreme this is itt.
A season,
I have barnes if ye knew,
Welle mo then enewe,
Bot we must drynk as we brew,
And that is bot reson.
I wold ye dynyd ar ye yade: me thynk that ye
swette.

Secundus Pastor. Nay, nawther menys oure mode, drynke nor mette.
Mak. Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode?
Tercius Pastor. Yes, oure shepe that we gett,
Ar stollyn as thay yode. Oure los is grette.
Mak. Syrs drynkes.
Had I bene thore
Some shuld have boght it fulle sore.
Primus Pastor. Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,
And that us forthynkes.
Secundus Pastor. Mak, som men trowes that it shuld be ye.
Tercius Pastor. Ayther ye or youre spouse; so say we.
Mak. Now if ye have suspowse to Gille or to me,
Com and rype oure howse, and then may ye se
Who had hir.
If I any shepe fott,
Aythor cow or stott,
And Gylle, my wyfe, rose nott
Here syn she lade hir.
As I am and true and lele, to God here I pray,
That this be the fyrst mele that I shalle ete this day.
Primus Pastor. Mak, as have I ceylle, aryse the, I say,
He lernyd tymely to steylle that couth not say nay.
Uxor. I swelt
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
Ye com to rob us for the nonys.
Mak. Here ye not how she gronys?
Your hartys shuld melt.
Uxor. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! negh hym not thore.
Mak. Wyst ye how she had farne, youre hartys wold be sore.
Ye do wrang, I you warne, that thus commys before
To a woman that has farne; bot I say no more.
Uxor. A my medylle!
I pray to God so mylde,
If ever I you begyld,

That I ete this chylde
That lyges in this credylle.
Mak. Peasse, woman, for Godes payn, and cry not so:
Thou spyllys thy brane, and makes me fulle wo.
Secundus Pastor. I trow oure shepe be slayn, what finde ye two?
Tercius Pastor. Alle wyrk we in vayn: as welle may we go.
But hatters
I can fynde no flesh,
Hard nor nesh,
Salt nor fresh,
Bot two tome platers.
Whik catelle bot this, tame nor wylde,
None, as have I blys, as lowde as he smylde.
Uxor. No, so God me blys, and gyf me joy of my chylde.
Primus Pastor. We have marked amys: I hold us begyld.
Secundus Pastor. Syr, don.
Syr, oure lady hym save,
Is youre chyld a knave?
Mak. Any lord myght hym have
This chyld to his son.
When he wakyns he kyppys, that joy is to se.
Tercius Pastor. In good tyme to hys hyppys, and in cele.
Bot who was hys gossyppys, so sone rede?
Mak. So fare falle thare lypps.
Primus Pastor. Hark now, a le.
Mak. So God thaym thank,
Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say,
And gentille John Horne, in good fay,
He made alle the garray,
With the greatt shank.
Secundus Pastor. Mak, freyndes wille we be, for we are alle oone.
Mak. We now I hald for me, for mendes gett I none.
Fare welle all thre: alle glad were ye gone.
Tercius Pastor. Fare wordes may ther be, but luf there is none
This yere.

Primus Pastor. Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?
Secundus Pastor. I trow not oone farthyng.
Tercius Pastor. Fast agayne wille I flyng,
Abyde ye me there.
Mak, take it to no grefe, if I com to thi barne.
Mak. Nay, thou does me greatt reprefe, and fowlle has thou farne.
Tercius Pastor. The child wille it not grefe, that lytylle day starne.
Mak, with youre lefe, let me gyf youre barne,
Bot vj pence.
Mak. Nay, do way: he slepys.
Tercius Pastor. Me thynk he pepys.
Mak. When he wakyns he wepys.
I pray you go hence.
Tercius Pastor. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, and lyft up the clowtt.
What the deville is this? he has a long snowte.
Primus Pastor. He is markyd amys. We wate ille abowte.
Secundus Pastor. Ille spon weft, I wys, ay commys foulle owte.
Ay, so?
He is lyke to oure shepe.
Tercius Pastor. How, Gyb! may I pepe?
Primus Pastor. I trow, kynde wille crepe
Where it may not go.
Secundus Pastor. This was a qwant gawde, and a far cast.
It was a hee frawde.
Tercius Pastor. Yee, syrs, wast.
Lett bren this bawde and bind hir fast.
A fols skawde hang at the last;
So shalle thou.
Wylle ye se how thay swedylle
His foure feytt in the medylle?
Sagh I never in a credylle
A hornyd lad or now.
Mak. Peasse byd I: what! lett be youre fare;
I am he that hym gatt, and yond woman hym bare.
Primus Pastor. What deville shall he hatt?
Mak, lo God makes ayre.

Secundus Pastor. Let be alle that. Now God gyf hym care,
I sagh.
Uxor. A pratty child is he
As syttes on a woman's kne;
A dylly downe, perde,
To gar a man laghe.
Tercius Pastor. I know hym by the eere marke: that is a good tokyn.
Mak. I telle you, syrs, hark: hys noys was broken.
Sythen told me a clerk, that he was forspokyn.
Primus Pastor. This is a false wark. I wold fayn be wrokyn:
Gett wepyn.
Uxor. He was takyn with an elfe:
I saw it myself.
When the clok stroke twelf
Was he forshapyn.
Secundus Pastor. Ye two ar welle feft, sam in a stede.
Tercius Pastor. Syn thay manteyn thare theft, let do thaym to dede.
Mak. If I trespas eft, gyrd of my heede.
With you wille I be left.
Primus Pastor. Syrs, do my reede.
For this trespas,
We wille nawther ban ne flyte,
Fyght nor chyte,
Bot have done as tyte,
And cast hym in canvas.
Lord, what I am sore, in poynt for to bryst.
In fayth I may no more, therfor wylle I ryst.
Secundus Pastor. As a shepe of vij. skore he weyd in my fyst.
For to slepe ay whore, me thynk that I lyst.
Tercius Pastor. Now I pray you,
Lyg downe on this grene.
Primus Pastor. On these theftes yit I mene.
Tercius Pastor. Wherto shuld ye tene?
So, as I say you?

Angelus cantat "Gloria in excelsis:" postea dicat.

Angelus. Ryse, hyrd men heynd, for now is he borne

That shall take fro the feynd that Adam had
lorne :
That warloo to sheynd, this nyght is he borne.
God is made youre freynd : now at this morne,
He behestys,
At Bedlem go se,
Ther lyges that fre
In a cryb fulle poorely,
Betwyx two bestys.
Primus Pastor. This was a qwant stevyn that
ever yit I hard.
It is a marvelle to nevyn thus to be skard.
Secundus Pastor. Of Godes son of hevyn he
spak up ward.
Alle the wod on a levyn, me thoght that he
gard
Appere.
Tercius Pastor. He spake of a barne
In Bedlem, I you warne.
Primus Pastor. That betokyns yonder starne.
Let us seke hym there.
Secundus Pastor. Say, what was his song ? hard
ye not how he crakyd it ?
This brefes to a long.
Tercius Pastor. Yee, mary, he hakt it.
Was no crochett wrong, nor no thyng that lakt it.
Primus Pastor. For to syng us emong, right as
he knakt it,
I can.
Secundus Pastor. Let se how ye croyne.
Can ye bark at the mone ?
Tercius Pastor. Hold youre tonges, have
done.
Primus Pastor. Hark after, than.
Secundus Pastor. To Bedlam he bad that we
shuld gang :
I am fulle fard that we tary to lang.
Tercius Pastor. Be mery and not sad : of myrth
is oure sang,
Ever lastyng glad to mede may we fang,
Withoutt noyse.
Primus Pastor. Hy we theder for-thy ;
If we be wete and wery,
To that chyld and that lady
We have it not to slose.

Secundus Pastor. We fynde by the prophecy—
let be youre dyn—
Of David and Isay, and mo then I myn;
Thay prophecyed by clergy, that in a vyrgyn
Shuld be lyght and ly, to slokyn oure syn
And slake it,
Oure kynde from wo;
For Isay sayd so,
Citè virgo
Concipiet a chyld that is nakyd.
Tercius Pastor. Fulle glad may we be, and
abyde that day
That lufly to se, that alle myghtes may.
Lord welle were me, for ones and for ay,
Myght I knele on my kne som word for to say
To that chylde.
Bot the angelle sayd
In a cryb was he layde;
He was poorly arayd
Both mener and mylde.
Primus Pastor. Patryarkes that has bene, and
prophetes beforne,
Thay desyrd to have sene this chylde that is
borne.
Thay ar gone fulle clene, that have thay lorne.
We shalle se hym, I weyn, or it be morne
To tokyn.
When I se hym and fele,
Then wote I fulle weylle
It is true as steylle
That prophetes have spokyn.
To so poore as we ar, that he wold appere,
Fyrst fynd, and declare by his messyngere.
Secundus Pastor. So we now lett us fare: the
place is us nere.
Tercius Pastor. I am redy and yare: go we in
fere
To that bright.
Lord, if thi wylles be,
We ar lewd alle thre,
Thou grauntt us somkyns gle
To comforth thi wight.
Primus Pastor. Haylle comly and clene; haylle
yong child!

Haylle maker, as I meyne, of a madyn so mylde.
Thou has waryd, I weyne, the warle so wylde,
The fals gyler of teyn, now goys he begylde.
Lo, he merys;
Lo, he laghys, my swetyng,
A welfare metyng,
I have holden my hetyng,
Have a bob of cherys.

Secundus Pastor. Haylle, sufferan savyoure, for thou has us soght:
Haylle frely foyde and floure, that alle thyng has wroght.
Haylle fulle of favoure, that made alle of noght!
Haylle! I kneylle and I cowre. A byrd have I broght
To my barne.
Haylle lytylle tyne mop,
Of oure crede thou art crop:
I wold drynk on thy cop,
Lytylle day starne.

Tercius Pastor. Haylle, derlyng dere, fulle of godhede,
I pray the be nere when that I have nede.
Haylle! swete is thy chere: my hart wold blede
To se the sytt here in so poore wede
With no pennys.
Haylle! put furthe thy dalle,
I bryng the bot a balle:
Have and play the with alle,
And go to the tenys.

Maria. The fader of heven, God omnypotent,
That sett alle on seven, his son has he sent.
My name couthe he neven and lyght or he went.
I conceyvyd hym fulle even, thrugh myght as he ment;
And new is he borne.
He kepe you fro wo:
I shalle pray him so;
Telle furth as ye go,
And myn on this morne.

Primus Pastor. Farewelle, lady, so fare to beholde,
With thy chylde on thi kne.

Secundus Pastor. Bot he lyges fulle cold.

Lord, welle is me: now we go, thou behold.
Tercius Pastor. For sothe alle redy, it semys to be told
Fulle oft.
Primus Pastor. What grace we have fun.
Secundus Pastor. Com furthe, now ar we won.
Tertius Pastor. To syng ar we bun:
Let take on loft.

EXPLICIT PAGINA PASTORUM.

INCIPIT OBLACIO MAGORUM.

Herodes. Peasse, I byd, bothe far and nere,
I warne you leyfe youre sawes sere,
Who that makes noyse whyls I am here,
I say, shalle dy;
Of alle this warld soothe far and nere
The lord am I.
Lord am I of every land,
Of towre and towne, of se and sand,
Agans me dar no man stand
That berys lyfe;
Alle erthly thyng bowes to my hand,
Both man and wyfe.
Man and wyfe that warne I you
That in this warld is lyfand now,
To Mahowne and me alle shalle bow,
Both old and ying;
On hym wylle I ich man trow,
For any thyng.
For any thyng it shalle be so,
Lord over alle where I go,
Who so says agane I shalle hym slo,
Where so he dwelle;
The feynd, if he were my fo,
I shuld hym felle.
To felle those fatures I am bowne,
And dystroy those doges in feyld and towne
That wille not trow on Sant Mahowne,
Oure God so swete;
Those fals faturs I shalle felle downe
Under my feete.
Under my feete I shalle thaym fare,
Those ladys that wille [not] lere my lare,
For I am myghty man ay whare,
Of ilk a pak;
Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,
Withoutten lak.
The myght of me may no man mene,

For alledos me any teyn,
I shalle dyng thaym downe bydeyn,
And wyrk thaym wo;
And on assay it shalle be seyn
Or I go.
And therfor wille I send and se
In alle this land, fulle hastely,
To looke if any dwelland be
In towre or towne
That wylle not hold holly on me,
And on Mahowne.
If ther be fonden any of tho,
With bytter payn I shalle theym slo;
My messynger, swyth looke thou go
Thrugh ilk countre,
In alle this land, both to and fro,
I commaunde the,
And truly looke thou spyr and spy
In every stede ther thou commys by
Who trowes not on Mahowne most myghty,
Oure God so fre,
And looke thou bryng theym hastely
Heder unto me.
And I shalle fownd thaym for to flay,
Those laddes that wille not lede oure lay;
Therfor, boy, now I the pray
That thou go tytt.
Nuncius. It shalle be done, Lord, if I may,
Withoutten lett;
And, certes, if I may any fynde,
I shalle not leyfe oone of them behynde.
Herodes. No, bot boldly thou thaym bynde
And with the leyde;
Mahowne that weldys water and wynde
The wishe and spede.
Nuncius. Alle peasse, lordynges, and hold you stylle,
To I have sayde what I wille,
Take goode hede unto my skylle,
Bothe old and ying;
In message that is commen you tyll
From Herode, the kyng.
He commaundes you everilkon,
To hold no kyng bot hym alon,
And othere God ye worship none

Bot Mahowne so fre;
And if ye do, ye mon be slone;
Thus told he me.

Tunc venit primus Rex equitans; et respiciens stellam dicet,

Primus Rex. Lord, of whom this light is lent,
And unto me this sight has sent,
I pray to thee, with good intent,
From shame me shelde;
So that I no harmes hent
By ways wylde.
Also I pray the specyally
Thou graunt me grace of company,
That I may have som beyldyng by,
In my travaylle;
And, certes, for to lyf or dy
I shalle not faylle,
To that I in som land have bene
To wyt what this starne may mene,
That has me led, with bemys shene,
Fro my cuntre;
Now weynd I wille, with outten weyn,
The sothe to se.

Secundus Rex. A! Lord! that is with outten ende!
Whens ever this selcouth light dyscende,
That thus kyndly has me kende
Oute of my land,
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,
Thus bright shynand?
Certes, I saghe never none so bright,
I shalle never ryst by day nor nyght,
To I wyt whens may com this lyght,
And from what place;
He that it send unto my sight
Leyne me that grace.

Primus Rex. A, Sir, wheder ar ye away?
Telle me, good sir, I you pray.

Secundus Rex. Certes, I trow, the sothe to say,
None wote bot I;
I have folowed yond starne veray
From Araby.
For I am kyng of that cuntre,
And Melchor ther calle men me.

Primus Rex. And kyng, sir, was I wont to be,

In Tars, at hame ;
Both of towne and cyte ;
Jaspar is my name ;
The light of yond starne saghe I thedyr.
Secundus Rex. That Lord be lovyd that send me hedyr,
We owe to love hym bothe togedyr,
That it to us wold send.
Tercius Rex. A, Lord ! in land what may this mene ?
So selcouthe sight was never sene,
Siche a starne, shynand so shene,
Saghe I never none ;
It gyffys lyght over alle, bedene,
By hym alone.
What it may mene that know I noght,
But yonder ar two, me thynk, in thoght,
I thank hym that thaym heder has broght,
Thus unto me ;
I shalle assay if thay wote oght
What it may be.
Lordynges, that ar leyf and dere,
I pray you telle me with good chere
Wheder ye weynd, on this manere,
And where that ye have bene ;
And of this starne, that shynys so clere,
What it may mene.
Primus Rex. Syr, I say you certanly,
From Tars for yond starne soght have I.
Secundus Rex. To seke yond lyght from Araby,
Sir, have I went.
Tercius Rex. Now hertely I thank hym for-thy,
That it has sent.
Primus Rex. Good sir, what cuntre cam ye fra ?
Tercius Rex. This light has led me fro Saba ;
And Balthesar, my name to say,
The sothe to telle.
Secundus Rex. And kynges, sir, ar we twa,
Ther as we dwelle.
Tercius Rex. Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,
I rede we ryde togeder, in fere,
Unto we wytt, on alle manere,
For good or ylle,
What it may mene this starne so clere
Shynand us tylle.

Primus Rex. A, lordynges! behold the lyght
Of yond starne, with bemys bright,
Forsothe I saghe never sich a sight
In no-kyns land;
A starne thus, aboute mydnyght,
So bright shynand.
It gyfys more light it self alone
Then any son that ever shone,
Or mone when he of son has ton
His light so clene;
Sich selcouthe sight have I sene none,
What so ever it meyn.

Secundus Rex. Behold, lordynges, unto his pase,
And se how nyghe the erth hit gase,
It is a tokyn that it mase
Of novelry;
A mervelle it is, good tent who tase,
Now here in hy.
For siche a starne was never ere seyn,
As wyde in warld as we have beyn,
For blasyng bemys, shynand fulle sheyn,
From hit ar sent;
Mervelle I have what it may meyn
In myn intent.

Tercius Rex. Certes, syrs, the sothe to say,
I shalle dyscry now, if I may,
What it may meyn yond starne veray,
Shynand tylle us;
It has bene sayde syn many a day
It shuld be thus.
Yond starne betokyns, welle wote I,
The byrthe of a prynce, syrs, securly,
That shawys welle the propheey
That it so be;
Or els the rewlys of astronomy
Dyssavys me.

Primus Rex. Certan Ballaam spekys of this thyng,
That of Jacob a starne shalle spryng
That shalle overcom kasar and kyng,
Withoutten stryfe;
Alle folk shalbe to hym obeyng
That berys the lyfe.
Now wote I welle this is the same,
In every place he shalle have hame,
Alle shalle hym bowe that berys name,

In ilk cuntre;
Who trowes it not thay ar to blame,
What so thay be.
Secundus Rex. Certes, lordynges, fulle welle wote I
Fulfyllyd is now the prophecy,
That prynce that shalle over com in hy
Kasar and Kyng,
This starne berith witnes, wytterly,
Of his beryng.
Tercius Rex. Now is fulfyllyd here, in this land,
That Balaam sayd, I understand
Now is he borne that se and sand
Shalle weyld at wylle.
That shewys this starne, so bright shynand,
Us thre untylle.
Primus Rex. Lordynges, I rede we weynd alle thre
For to wyrship that chyld so fre,
In tokyn that he kyng shalbe
Of alkyn thyng;
This now wylle I bere with me,
To myn offeryng.
Secundus Rex. Go we fast, syrs, I you pray,
To worshyp hym that if we may,
I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say,
Here in myn hende;
In tokyn that he [is] God veray,
With outten ende.
Tercius Rex. Syrs, as ye say right so I reede,
Hast we tytt unto that stede,
To wirship hym, as for oure hed,
With oure offeryng;
In tokyn that he shalbe ded
This myrr I bryng.
Primus Rex. Where is that kyng of Jues land,
That shalbe lord of se and sand,
And folk shalle bow unto his hand,
Both more and myn?
To wyrship hym with oure offerand
We wylle not blyn.
Secundus Rex. We shalle not rest, even nor morne,
Unto we com ther he is borne.
Tercius Rex. Folowe this light, els be we lorne,
For sothe, I trow,
That frely to we com beforne,
Syrs, go we now.

Nuncius. Mahowne, that is of greatt pausty,
My lord, sir Herode, the save and se.
Herodes. Where has thou bene so long fro me
Vyle stynkand lad?
Nuncius. Lord, gone youre herand in this cuntre,
As ye me bad.
Herod. Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewille the hang;
Why has thou dwelt away so lang?
Nuncius. Lord ye wyte me alle with wrang.
Herodes. What tythynges say.
Nuncius. Som good som ylle mengyd emang.
Herod. How? I the pray,
Do telle me fast how thou has farne;
Thy waryson shalle thou not tharne.
Nuncius. As I cam walkand, I you warne,
Lord, by the way,
I met three kynges sekeand a barne,
Thus can thay say.
Herodes. To seke a barne! for what thyng?
Told thay any new tythyng?
Nuncius. Yey, Lord! thay sayd he shuld be kyng
Of towne and towre;
Forthy thay went, with thare offeryng,
Hym to honoure.
Herod. Kyng! the dewille! but of what empyre?
Of what land shuld that lad be syre?
Nay, I shalle with that trature tyre,
Sore shalle he rewe.
Nuncius. Lord, by a starne, as bright as fyre,
This kyng thay knew;
It led thaym outt of thare cuntre.
Herod. We, fy! fy! dewyls, on thame alle thre,
He shalle never have myght to me,
That new borne lad;
When thare wytt in a starne shuld be
I hold thaym mad.
Those lurdans wote not what thay say,
Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay,
Ther dyd no tythynges many a day,
Sich harme me to;
For wo my wytt is alle away,
What shalle I do?
Why, what the dewylle is in thare harnes!
Is there wytt alle in the starnes?
These tythynges mar my mode in ernes,

And of this thyng
To wytt the sothe fulle sore me yarnes,
Of this new kyng.
Kyng! what the dewylle other then I!
We, fy on dewylls! fy, fy!
Certes, that boy shalle dere aby,
His ded is dight;
Shalle he be kyng thus hastely?
Who the dewylle made hym knyght?
Alas, for shame, this is a skorne,
They fynde no reson thaym beforne,
Shuld that brodelle that late is borne
Be most of mayn?
Nay, if the dewylle of helle had sworne,
He shall agane.
Alas, alas! for doylle and care
So mekylle sorow had I never are,
If it be sothe, for ever mare
I am undoyn;
At good clerkes and wyse of lare
I wylle wytt soyn.
Bot fyrst yit wille I send and se
The answere of those lurdans thre;
Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,
And make the yare,
Go byd those kynges com speke with me,
That told thou of are.
Say I have greatt herand thaym tylle.
Nuncius. It shalbe done, lord, at youre wylle,
Your byddyng shalle I soyn fulfylle
In ilk cuntre.
Herod. Mahowne the shelde from alle kyns ylle,
For his pauste.
Nuncius. Mahowne you save, sir kynges thre,
I have message to you preve,
From Herode, kynge of this cuntre,
That is oure chefe;
And, lo sirs, if ye trow not me
Ye rede this brefe.
Primus Rex. Welcom be thou, belamy!
What is his wylle telle us in hy.
Nuncius. Certes, sir, that wote not I,
Bot thus he sayde to me
That ye shuld com fulle hastely
To hym alle thre,

For nede herand he sayd me so.
Secundus Rex. Messyngere, before thou go,
And telle thi Lord we ar alle thro
His wylle to do;
Both I and my felose two
Shalle com hym to.
Nuncius. Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.
Herodes. Welcom be thou, messyngere,
How has thou farne syn thou was here?
Thou telle me tytt.
Nuncius. Lord, I have traveld far and nere
Withoutten lett,
And done youre herand, sir, sothely,
Thre kynges with me broght have I,
Fro Saba, Tars, and Araby,
Then have thay soght.
Herodes. Thi waryson shalle thou have for-thy,
By hym me boght;
And, certanly, that is good skylle;
And syrs, ye ar welcom me tylle.
Tercius Rex. Lord, thi bydyng to fulfylle
Are we fulle thro.
Herodes. A, mekylle thank of youre good wylle
That ye wylle so.
For, certes, I have covett greattly,
To speke with you, and here now why;
Telle me, I pray you specyally
For any thyng,
What tokynyng saw ye on the sky
Of this new kyng?
Primus Rex. We saghe his starne ryse in the eest,
That shalle be kyng of man and best,
For-thy, lord, we have not cest
Syn that we wyst,
With oure gyftys, riche and honest,
To bere that blyst.
Secundus Rex. Lord, when that starne rose us
beforne
Ther by we knew that chyld was borne.
Herodes. Out, alas, I am forlorne
For ever mare!
I wold be rent and alto torne
For doylle and care!
Alas, alas, I am fulle wo!
Syr kynges, syt downe, and rest you so;

By scrypture, syrs, what say ye two ?
Withoutten lytt ;
What ye can say ther to
Let se now tytt.
These kynges do me to understand
That borne is newly, in this land,
A kyng that shalle weld se and sand,
Thay telle me so ;
And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde
Youre bookes go to,
And looke grathly, for any thyng,
If ye fynd oght of sich a kyng.

Primus Consultus et Doctor. It shalbe done at youre bydyng,
By hym me boght,
And soyn we shalle you tythynges bryng
If we fynde oght.

Secundus Consultus et Doctor. Soyn shalle we wyt, lord, if I may,
If oght be wretyn in oure lay.

Herodes. Now, masters, therof I you pray
On alle manere.

Primus Consultus. Com forthe, let us assay,
Oure bookes bothe in fere.

Secundus Consultus. Certes, sir, lo, here fynd I
Welle wretyn in a prophecy,
How that profett Isay,
That never begyld,
Tellys that a madyn of hir body
Shalle bere a chyld.

Primus Consultus. And also, sir, to you I telle
The mervellest thyng that ever felle,
Hyr madyn hede with hir shalle dwelle,
As dyd beforne ;
That child shalle hight Emanuelle
When he is borne.

Secundus Consultus. Lord, this is sothe, securely,
Wytnes the profett Isay.

Herodes. Outt, alas ! for doylle I dy,
Long or my day !
Shalle he have more pausty then I ?
A waloway !
Alas, alas, I am forlorne !
I wold be rent and alto torne,
Bot look yit, as ye did beforne,

For luf of me;
And telle me where that boy is borne,
Onone let se.
Primus Consultus. Alle redy, lord, with mayn and mode.
Herod. Have done belyfe, or I go wode,
And, certes, that gadlyng were as good
Have grevyd me noght;
I shalle se that brodelle bloode,
By hym that me has boght.
Secundus Consultus. Micheas the prophett, withoutten nay,
How that he tellys I shalle you say,
In Bedlem, land of Juda,
As I say you,
Out of it a duke shalle spra;
Thus fynd we now.
Primus Consultus. Sir, thus we fynd in prophecy,
Therfor we say you, securely,
In Bedlem, we say you truly,
Borne is that kyng.
Herod. The dewille hang you high to dry,
For this tythyng!
And certes ye ly, it may not be.
Secundus Consultus. Lord, we wytnes it truly,
Here the sothe youre self may se,
If ye can rede.
Herod. A, walaway! fulle wo is me!
The dewille you spede.
Primus Consultus. Lord it is sothe alle that we say,
We fynd it wretyn in our lay.
Herodes. Go hens, harlottes, in twenty dewille way,
Fast and belyfe!
Mighty Mahowne, as he welle may,
Let you never thryfe.
Alas, wherto were I a crowne?
Or is cald of greatt renowne?
I am the fowlest borne downe
That ever was man;
And namely with a fowlle fwalchon,
That no good can.
Alas, that ever I shuld be knyght,
Or holdyn man of mekylle myght,
If a lad shuld reyfe me my ryght
Alle thus me fro;

Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,
Or it were so.
Ye nobylle kynges, harkyns as heynd,
Ye shalle have save condythe to weynd,
Bot com agane with me to leynd,
Syrs, I you pray;
Ye shalle me fynd a faythfulle freynd,
If ye do swa.
If it be sothe, this new tythyng,
Som worship wold I do that kyng,
Therfor I pray you that ye bryng
Me tythyngs soyn.

Primus Rex. Alleredy, lord, at youre bydyng
It shalbe doyn.

Secundus Rex. Alas, in world how have we sped!
Where is the lyght that us has led?
Some clowde, for sothe, that starne has cled
From us away;
In strong stowre now ar we sted,
What may we say?

Tercius Rex. Wo worth Herode, that corsyd wyght!
Wo worth that tyrant day and nyght!
For thrughe hym have we lost that sight
And for his gyle,
That shoyn to us with bemys so bright
With in a whyle.

Here lyghtes the kynges of thare horses.

Primus Rex. Lordynges, I red we pray alle thre
To that Lord, whose natyvyte
The starne betokyned that we can se,
Alle with his wylle;
Pray we specyally that he
Wold show it us untylle.

Here knele alle the thre kynges downe.

Secundus Rex. Thou chyld, whose myght no tong may telle,
As thou art Lord of heven and helle,
Thy nobylle starne Emanuelle
Thou send us yare;
That we may wytt by fyrthe and felle
How we shalle fare.

Tercius Rex. A, to that chyld be ever honoure,
That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,

And lent us lyght to oure socoure,
On this manere;
We love the, Lord of towne and towre,
Holly in fere.

Here ryse thay alle up.

We owe to love hym over alle thyng,
That thus has send us oure askyng,
Behold yon starne has made shynyng,
Syrs, securly;
Of this chyld shalle we have knowyng
I hope in hy.

Secundus Rex. Lordynges dere, drede thar us noght,
Oure greatt travelle to end is broght,
Yond is the place that we have soght
From far cuntre;
Yond is the chyld that alle has wroght,
Behold and se.

Tercius Rex. I red we make offeryng, alle thre,
Unto this chyld of greatt pauste,
And worship hym with gyftys fre
That we have broght;
Oure boytt of baylle ay wylle he be,
Welle have we soght.

Primus Rex. Haylle be thou, maker of alle kyn thyng,
That boytt of alle oure baylle may bryng;
In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,
And shalbe ay,
Resayf this gold to myn offeryng,
Prynce, I the pray.

Secundus Rex. Haylle, overcomer of kyng and of knyght,
That fourmed fysh, and fowylle in flyght,
For thou art Godes Son most of myght,
And alle weldand;
I bryng the rekyls, as is right,
To myn offerand.

Tercius Rex. Haylle, kyng in kythe, cowrand on kne,
Haylle, oone-fold God in persons thre,
In tokyn that thou dede shalbe
By kyndly skylle,
To thy gravyng this myr of me
Resave the tylle.

Maria. Syr kynges, make cumforth you betweyn,
And mervelle not what it may mene,
This chyld, that on me borne has bene,
Alle baylle may blyn;
I am his moder and madyn clene
Withoutten syn.
Therfor, lordynges, where so ye fare,
Boldly looke ye telle ay whare
How I this blyst of bosem bare
That best shalbe;
And madyn cleyn, as I was are,
Thrughe his pauste.
And truly, syrs, looke that ye trow
That othere lord is none at-lowe,
Bothe man and beest to hym shalle bowe,
In towne and feyld;
My blyssyng, syrs, be now with you
Where so ye beyld.
Primus Rex. A, lordynges dere! the sothe to say,
We have made a good jornay,
We love this lord that shalle last ay
Withe outten ende;
He is oure beyld, both nyght and day,
Where so we weynd.
Secundus Rex. Lordynges, we have traveld lang,
And restyd have we lytylle emang,
For-thi, I red now or we gang
With alle oure mayn
Let us fownde a slepe to fang;
Then were I fayn.
For in greatt stowres we have ben sted;
Lo here a lytter redy cled.
Tercius Rex. I love my Lord, we have welle sped,
To rest with wyn;
Lordynges, syn we shalle go to bed
Ye shalle begyn.
Angelus. Syr curtes kynges, to me tak tent,
And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd,
From God his self thus am I sent
To warne you, as your faythfulle freynd,
How Herode kyng has malyce ment,
And shapys with shame you for to sheynd;
And so that ye no harmes hent
By othere ways God wylle ye weynd
Into youre awne cuntre;

And if ye ask hym boyn,
For this dede that ye have done,
Youre beyld ay wylle he be.
Primus Rex. Wakyns, wakyns, lordynges dere!
Oure dwellyng is no longer here,
An angelle spake tylle us in fere,
Bad us, as heynd,
That we ne shuld, on no manere,
Home by Herode weynd.
Secundus Rex. Alle myghty God in trynyte,
With hart enterely thank I the,
That thyn angelle send tylle us thre
And kend us so,
Oure fals fo man for to fle,
That wold us slo.
Tercius Rex. We aght to love hym more and myn,
That comly kyng of alle man-kyn,
I rew fulle sore that we shalle twyn
On this manere;
For commen we have, withe mekylle wyn,
By wayes sere.
Primus Rex. Twyn must us nedys, syrs, permafay,
And ilk-on weynd by dyvers way,
This wylle me lede, the sothe to say,
By my cuntre;
For-thy, lordynges, now have good day,
God with you be!
Secundus Rex. Certes, I must pas by se and sand,
This is the gate, I understand,
That wylle me lede unto my land
The right way;
To God of heven I you commaunde,
And have good day.
Tercius Rex. This is the way that I must weynd,
Now God tille us his socoure send,
And he, that is withoutten end
And ay shalbe,
Save us from fowndyng of the feynd,
For his pauste.

EXPLICIT OBLACIO TRIUM MAGORUM.

INCIPIT FUGACIO JOSEPH ET MARIÆ IN ÆGYPTUM.

Angelus. Awake, Joseph, and take intent,
T hou ryse and slepe no mare,
If thou wylle save thy self unshent
Fownde the fast to fare;
I am an angelle to the sent,
For thou shalle no harmes hent,
To cach the outt of care.
If thou here longer lent,
For rewthe thou mon repent,
And rew it wonder sare.
Josephus. A, myghtefulle God, what ever this ment,
So swete of toyn?
Angelus. Lo, Joseph, it is I, an angelle send to the.
Josephus. We, leyf, I pray the why? what is thy wylle with me?
Angelus. Hens behufys the hy,
And take with the Mary,
Also hyr chyld so fre;
For Herode dos to dy
Alle knave chyldren, securly,
Withe in two yere that be of eld.
Josephus. Alas, fulle wo is me!
Where may we beyld?
Angelus. Tylle Egypp shalle thou fare
With alle the myght thou may;
And, Josephe, hold the thare,
Tylle I wytt the at say.
Josephus. This is a febylle fare,
A seke man and a sare
To here of siche a fray;
My bonys ar bursyd and bare,
For to do I wold it ware
Comen my last day
Tylle ende;

I ne wote which is the way
How shalle we weynde.
Angelus. Ther of have thou no drede,
Weynd furth and leyf thi dyn;
The way he shalle you lede
The kyng of alle man-kyn.
Josephus. That heynd to us take hede,
For I had lytylle nede
Siche bargans to begyn;
No wonder if I wede,
I that may do no dede
How shuld I theder wyn
For eld?
I am fulle bare and thyn,
And alle unweld;
My fors me falys to fare,
And sight that I shuld se.
Mary, my darlyng dere,
I am fulle wo for the!
Maria. A, leyf Joseph, what chere?
Youre sorow on this manere
It mekille mervels me.
Josephus. Oure noyes ar neghand nere
If we dwelle longer here;
For-thi behofes us fle,
And flytt.
Maria. Alas! how may this be,
What ever menys it?
Josephus. It menys of sorow enoughe.
Maria. A, dere Joseph, how so?
Josephus. As I lay in a swogh,
Fulle sad slepand and thro,
An angelle to me drogh,
As blossom bright on bogh,
And told betwix us two,
That Herode wroght greatt wogh,
And alle knave children slogh
In land that he myght to,
That feynd;
And he thy son wold slo
And shamely sheynd.
Maria. My son? alas, for care!
Who may my doyllys dylle?
Wo worthe fals Herode are!
My son why shuld he spylle?

Alas! I lurk and dare!
To slo this barne I bare
What wight in warld had wylle?
His hart shuld be fulle sare
Sichon for to fare,
That never yit dyd ylle;
Me thoght.
Josephus. Now leyfe Mary, be stylle,
This helpys noght,
It is no boytt to grete,
Truly withoutten trayn
Oure baylle it may not boytt,
Bot welle more make oure payn.
Maria. Alas, how shuld I lete?
My son that is so swete
Is soght for to be slayn;
Fulle gryle may I grete
My fomen and I mete;
Telle me, Josephe, with mayn,
Youre red.
Josephus. Shortly swedylle us this swayn,
And fle hys dede.
Maria. His ded wold I not se
For alle this warld to wyn;
Alas fulle wo were me
In two if we shuld twyn;
My chyld so bryght of ble,
To slo hym were pyte,
And a fulle hedus syn.
Were Josephe, what red ye?
Josephus. Tylle Egyp weynd shalle we,
For-thi let be thi dyn,
And cry.
Maria. How shalle we theder wyn?
Josephus. Fulle welle wote I
The best wyse that we may;
Hast us outt of this here.
Ther is noght els to say
But tytt pak up our gere,
For ferd of this affray,
Lett us weynd hens away,
Or any do us dere.
Maria. Greatt God, as he welle may,
That shope both nyght and day,
From wandrethe he us were

And shame ;
My chyld how shuld I bere
So far from hame ?
Alas I am fulle wo,
Was never wyght so wylle !
Joseph. God wote I may say so,
I have mater ther tylle,
For I may unythe go ;
To lede of land siche two,
No wonder if I be wylle ;
And sythen has many a fo.
A, why wylle no ded me slo ?
My lyfe I lyke ylle
And sare ;
He that alle doyls may dylle
He heylle my care.
So wylle a wyght as I,
In warld was never man ;
Howsehold and husbandry
Fulle sore I may it ban.
That bargan dere I by,
Yong men bewar red I,
Wedyng makys me alle wan.
Take me thi brydylle, Mary,
Tent thou to that page grathly
Withe alle the craft thou can
And may ;
He that this warld beban
Wyshe us the way.
Maria. Alas, fulle wo is me,
Is none so wylle as I !
My hart wold breke in thre
My son to se hym dy.
Josephus. We, leyf Mary, let be,
And nothyng drede thou the
Bot hard hens lett us hy ;
To save thi food so fre
Fast furthe now lett us fle,
Dere leyf ;
To mete with his enmy
It were a greatt myschefe,
And that wold I not wore,
Away if we myght wyn ;
My hart wold be fulle sore
In two to se you twyn.

Tylle Egypp lett us fare,
This pak tylle I com thare
To bere I shalle not blyn,
For-thi have thou no care,
If I may help the mare
Thou fyndes no fawte me in,
I say.
God blys you more and myn,
And have now alle good day.

EXPLICIT FUGACIO JOSEPH ET MARIÆ IN ÆGYPTUM.

INCIPIT MAGNUS HERODES.

Nuncius. Moste myghty Mahowne meng you with myrthe,
Both of burgh and of towne by fellys and by fyrthe,
Both kyng with crowne and barons of birthe,
That radly wylle rowne, many greatt grithe
Shalle be happ;
Take tenderly intent
What sondes ar sent,
Els harmes shalle ye hent
And lothes you to lap.
Herode the heynd kyng by grace of Mahowne,
Of Jury jourmontyng sternly with crowne,
On lyfe that ar lyfyng in towre and in towne,
Gracyus you gretyng, commaundys you be bowne
At his bydyng;
Luf hym with lewte,
Drede hym that doughty,
He charges you be redy
Lowly at his lykyng.
What man apon mold menys hym agane
Tytt teyn shalle be told, knyght, sqwyere, or swayn,
Be he never so bold byes he that bargan,
Twelf thousand fold more then I sayn
May ye trast;
He is worthy wonderly,
Selcouthly sorry;
For a boy that is borne her by
Standes he abast.
A kyng thay hym calle, and that we deny,
How shuld it so falle greatt mervelle have I;
Therfor over alle shalle I make a cry
That ye busk not to bralle nor lyke not to ly
This tyde;
Carpys of no kyng
Bot Herode, that lordyng,

Or busk to youre beyldyng
Youre heedes for to hyde.
He is kyng of kynges kyndly I knowe,
Chefe lord of lordynges, chefe leder of law,
Ther wates on his wynges, that bold bost wylle blaw,
Greatt dukes downe dynges for his greatt aw,
And hym lowtys.
Tuskane and Turky,
Alle Jude and Italy,
Ceecylle and Surry,
Drede hym and doytys.
From Paradyse to Padwa, to Mownt Flascon,
From Egyp to Mantua, unto Kemp towne,
From Sarceny to Susa to Grece it abowne,
Both Normandy and Norwa lowtys to his crowne;
His renowne
Can no tonge telle,
From heven unto helle;
Of hym can none spelle
Bot his cosyn Mahowne.
He is the worthyest of alle barnes that are borne,
Free men ar his thralle fulle teynfully torne,
Begyn he to bralle many men cache skorne,
Obey must we alle or els be ye lorne
Att onys.
Downe dyng of youre knees,
Alle that hym seys,
Dysplesyd he beys,
And byrkyn many bonys.
Here he commys now, I cry, that lord I of spake;
Fast afore wylle I hy radly on a rake,
And welcom hym worshipfully, laghyng with lake,
As he is most worthy, and knele for his sake
So low;
Down dernly to falle,
As renk most ryalle,
Haylle, the worthyest of alle,
To the must I bow!
Haylle, luf lord! lo the letters have I layde,
I have done I couth do and peasse have I prayd,
Mekylle more therto opynly dysplayd,
Bot romoure is rasyd so that boldly thay brade
Emanges thame,
Thay carp of a kyng,
Thay seasse not sich chateryng.

Herodes. Bot I shalle tame thare talkyng,
And let thame go hang thame,
Stynt, brodels, youre dyn ; yei, every ychon
I red that ye harkyn to I begone,
For if I begyn I breke ilka bone,
And pulle fro the skyn the carcas anone,
Yei, perde !
Sesse alle this wonder,
And make us no blonder,
For I ryfe you in sonder
Be ye so hardy.
Peasse both yong and old at my bydyng I red,
For I have alle in wold, in me standes lyfe and dede ;
Who that is so bold I brane hym thrughe the hede,
Spede not or I have told what I wylle in this stede ;
Ye wote not
Alle that I wille mefe,
Styr not bot ye have lefe,
For if ye do I clefe
You smalle as flesh to pott.
My myrthes ar turned to teyn, my mekenes into ire,
And alle for oone I weyn with in I fare as fyre,
May I se hym with eyn I shalle gif hym his hyre,
Bot I do as I meyn I were a fulle lewde syre
In wonys ;
Had I that lad in hand,
As I am kyng in land,
I shuld with this steylle brand
Byrkyn alle his bonys.
My name sprynges far and nere, the doughtyest men me calle
That ever ran with spere, a lord and kyng ryalle,
What joy is me to here a lad to sesse my stalle !
If I this crowne may bere that boy shalle by for alle ;
I anger ;
I wote not what dwille me alys,
Thay teyn me so with talys,
That by Gottes dere nalys,
I wylle peasse no langer.
What dewlle ! me thynk I brast for anger and for teyn,
I trow thyse kynges be past that here with me has beyn,
Thay promysed me fulle fast or now here to be seyn,
For els I shuld have cast an othere sleght, I weyn ;
I telle you,

A boy thay sayd thay soght,
With offeryng that thay broght,
It mefys my hart right noght
To breke his nek in two.
Bot be thay past me by, by Mahowne in heven,
I shalle, and that in hy, set alle on sex and seven,
Trow ye a kyng as I wyll suffre thaym to neven
Any to have mastry bot my self fulle even?
Nay leyfe!
The dewille me hang and draw,
If I that loselle knaw,
Bot I gif hym a blaw,
That lyfe I shalle hym reyfe.
For parels yit I wold wyst if thay were gone,
And ye therof her told I pray you say anone,
For and thay be so bold, by God that syttys in trone,
The payn can not be told that thay shalle have ilkone,
For ire;
Sich panys hard never man telle,
For ugly and for felle,
That Lucyfere in helle
Thare bonys shalle alle-to tyre.

Primus Miles. Lord, thynk not ille if I telle you how thay ar past,
I kepe not layn, truly, syn thay cam by you last,
An othere way in hy thay soght, and that fulle fast.

Herodes. Why, and ar thay past me by? we, out, for then I brast.
We, fy!
Fy on the dewille! where may I byde?
Bot fyght for teyn and alto chyde!
Thefys, I say ye shuld have spyde
And tald when thay went by;
Ye ar knyghtys to trast, nay losels ye ar and thefys,
I wote I yelde my gast so sore my hart it grefys.

Secundus Miles. What nede ye be abast? there ar no greatt myschefys
For these maters to gnast.

Tercius Miles. Why put ye sich reprefys
Without cause?
Thus shuld ye not thrett us,
Ungaynly to bete us,
Ye shuld not rehett us,

Withoutt othere sawes.
Herodes. Fy, losels and lyars, lurdans ilkon,
Tratoures and welle wars, knafys bot knyghtes none,
Had ye bene worth youre eres thus had thay not
gone;
Gett I those land lepars I breke ilka bone;
Fyrst vengeance
Shalle I se on thare bonys;
If ye byde in these wonys
I shalle dyng you with stonys,
Yei ditizance dontance.
I wote not where I may sytt for anger and for teyn,
We have not done alle yit if it be as I weyn;
Fy, dewille, now how is it? as long as I have eyn
I thynk not for to flytt, bot kyng I wylle be seyn
For ever.
Bot stand I to quart,
I telle you my hart,
I shalle gar thaym start,
Or els trust me never.
Primus Miles. Syr, thay went sodanly or any man
wyst,
Els had mett we thei, perdy, and may ye tryst.
Secundus Miles. So bold nor so hardy agans our
lyst,
Was none of that company durst mete me with fyst
For ferd.
Tercius Miles. Ille durst thay abyde,
Bot ran thaym to hyde,
Myght I thaym have spyde
I had made thaym a berd;
What couth we more do to save youre honoure?
Primus Miles. We were redy therto, and shalle be
ilk howre.
Herod. Now syn it is so ye shalle have favoure,
Go where ye wylle, go by towne and by towre,
Goys hens;
I have maters to melle
With my prevey counselle;
Clerkys, ye bere the belle,
Ye must me encense.
Oone spake in myn eers a wonderfulle talkyng,
And sayd a madyn shuld bere anothere to be kyng;
Syrs, I pray you inquere in alle wrytyng,
In Vyrgylle, in Homere, and alle other thyng,

Bot Legende,
Sekys poece, tayllys;
Lefe Pystyls and Grales,
Mes, Matyns, noght avalys,
Alle these I defende;
I pray you telle heyndly now what ye fynde.
Primus Consultus. Truly, sir, prophecy it is not blynd;
We rede thus by Isay he shalbe so kynde
That a madyn, sothely, whiche never synde,
Shalle hym bere,
Virgo concipiet
Natumque pariet,
Emanuelle is hete,
His name for to lere,
"God is with us," that is forto say.
Secundus Consultus. And othere says thus, tryst me ye may,
Of Bedlem a gracyus lord shalle spray,
That of Jury myghtyus kyng shalbe ay,
Lord myghty,
And hym shalle honoure
Both kyng and emperoure.
Herodes. Why, and shuld I to hym cowre?
Nay ther thou lyys lyghtly.
Fy, the dewylle the spede and me, bot I drynk onys!
This has thou done in dede to anger me for the nonys.
And thou knafe, thou thy mede shalle have, by cokes dere bonys.
Thou can not half thi crede; outt, thefys, fro my wonys!
Fy, knafys!
Fy, dotty-pols, with youre bookes,
Go kast thaym in the brookys,
Withe siche wylys and crokes
My wytt away rafys!
Hard I never sich a trant that a knafe so sleght
Shuld com lyke a sant and refe me my right,
Nay he shalle on slant, I shalle kylle hym downe stryght;
War I say, lett me pant, now thynk I to fyght
For anger;
My guttys wille outt thryng
Bot I this lad hyng,

Withoutt I have a vengyng
I may lyf no langer.
Shuld a carllein, a knafe, bot of oone yere age,
Thus make me to rafe?
Primus Consultus. Syr, peasse this outrage,
A way let ye wafe alle sich langage
Your worship to safe; is he oght bot a page
Of a yere?
We two shalle hym teyn
With oure wyttys betweyn,
That if ye do as I meyn
He shalle dy on a spere.
Secundus Consultus. For drede that he reyn do as we red;
Thrugh outt Bedlem, and ilk othere stede,
Make knyghtes ordeyn and put unto dede
Alle knave chyldren of two yerys brede,
And withe in;
This chyld may ye spylle
Thus at youre awn wille.
Herodes. Now thou says here tylle
A right nobylle gyn!
If I lyf in land good lyfe, as I hope,
Thus dar I the warand to make the Pope.*
O, my hart is rysand now in a glope!
For this nobylle tythand thou shalle have a drope
Of my good grace;
Markys, rentys, and powndys,
Greatt castels and groundys,
Thrughe alle sees and sandys
I gyf the the chace,
Now wylle I proceed and take venjance;
Alle the flowre of knyghte hede calle to legeance,
Bewshere, I the byd, it may the avance.
Nuncius. Lord, I shalle me spede and bryng, perchaunce,
To thy syght.
Hark, knyghtys, I you bryng
Here new tythyng;
Unto Herode kyng
Hast with alle youre myght;
In alle the hast that ye may in armowre fulle bright,
In youre best aray looke that ye be dight.

* This word is erased from the original.

Primus Miles. Why shuld we fray?
Secundus Miles. This is not alle right.
Tercius Miles. Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that we fight.
Nuncius. I pray you
As fast as ye may
Com to hym this day.
Primus Miles. What, in oure best aray?
Nuncius. Yei, syrs, I pray you.
Secundus Miles. Som what is in hand, what ever it meyn.
Tercius Miles. Tarry not for to stand ther or we have beyn.
Nuncius. Kyng Herode alle weldand, welle be ye seyn,
Youre knyghtes ar comand in armoure fulle sheyn,
At youre wylle.
Primus Miles. Haylle dughtyest of alle!
We are comen at youre calle
For to do what we shalle,
Youre lust to fulfylle.
Herodes. Welcom, lordynges, iwys, both greatt and smalle,
The cause now is this that I send for you alle,
A lad, a knafe, borne is that shuld be kyng ryalle,
Bot I kylle hym and his I wote I brast my galle;
Therfor, syrs,
Venjance shalle ye take
Alle for that lad sake,
And men I shalle you make
Where ye com ay where, syrs.
To Bedlem loke ye go and alle the coste aboute,
Alle knafe chyldren ye slo, and lordes ye shalbe stoute,
Of yeres if they be two and within, of alle that rowte
On lyfe lyefe none of tho that lygys in swedylle clowte,
I red you;
Spare no kyns bloode,
Lett alle ryn on floode,
If women wax woode;
I warn you, sirs, to spede you,
Hens now go youre way that ye were thore.
Secundus Miles. I wote we make a fray, bot I wylle go before.

Tercius Miles. A, thynk, syrs, I say, I mon whett lyke a hore.

Primus Miles. Sett me before ay, good enoghe for a skore,
Haylle heyndly,
We shalle for youre sake
Make a dolfulle lake.

Herodes. Now if ye me welle wrake
Ye shalle find me freyndly.

Secundus Miles. Go ye now tylle our noytt, and handylle thaym weylle.

Tercius Miles. I shalle pay thaym on the cote begyn I to reylle.

Primus Miles. Hark felose, ye dote, yonder commys unceylle ;
I hold here a grote she lykys me not weylle
Be we parte ;
Dame, thynk it not ylle
Thy knafe if I kylle.

Prima Mulier. What, thefe, agans my wylle ?
Lord, kepe hym in qwarte !

Primus Miles. Abyde now, abyde, no farther thou gose.

Prima Mulier. Peasse, thefe, shalle I chyde and make here a nose ?

Primus Miles. I shalle reyfe the thy pryde, kylle we these boyse.

Prima Mulier. Tyd may betyde kepe welle thy nose,
Fals thefe !
Have on loft on thy hode.

Primus Miles. What, hoore, art thou woode ?

Prima Mulier. Outt, alas, my chyldes bloode,
Outt for reprefe !
Alas for shame and syn, alas that I was borne !
Of wepyng who may blyn to se hir chylde forlorne ?
My comfurth and my kyn, my son thus alto torne,
Venjance for this syn I cry both evyn and morne.

Secundus Miles. Welle done !
Com hedyr, thou old stry,
That lad of thyne shalle dy.

Secunda Mulier. Mercy, Lord, I cry,
It is myn owne dere son.

Secundus Miles. No mercy thou mefe, it meudes the not, Mawd !

Secunda Mulier. Then the skalp shalle I clefe! lyst thou be clawd?
Lefe, lefe, now by lefe!
Secundus Miles. Peasse byd I, bawd!
Secunda Mulier. Fy, fy, for reprefe! fy, fulle of frawde!
No man!
Have at thy tabard,
Harlot and holard
Thou shalle not be sparde!
I cry and I ban!
Outt, morder, man, I say, strang tratoure and thefe!
Out, alas, and waloway! my childe that was me lefe,
My luf, my blood, my play, that never dyd man grefe,
Alas, alas, this day! I wold my hart shuld clefe
In sonder!
Venjance I cry and calle,
On Herode and his knyghtes alle,
Venjance, Lord, apon thaym falle,
And mekylle warldys wonder!
Tercius Miles. This is welle wroght gere that ever may be,
Comys heder ward here, ye nede not to fle.
Tercia Mulier. Wylle ye do any dere to my chyld and me?
Tercius Miles. He shalle dy, I the swere, his hart blood shalle thou se.
Tercia Mulier. God for-bede!
Thefe thou shedys my chyldes blood,
Out I cry, I go near wood,
Alas, my hart is alle on flood,
To se my chyld thus blede!
By God, thou shalt aby this dede that thou has done.
Tercius Miles. I red the not scry by son and by moyn.
Tercia Mulier. Have at the, I say, take the ther a foyn;
Out on the I cry, have at thi groyn,
An othere;
This kepe I in store.
Tercius Miles. Peasse now, no more.
Tercia Mulier. I cry and I rore
Out on the, mans mordere.
Alas my bab, myn innocent, my fleshly get, for sorow

That God me derly sent of bales who may me borow?
Thy body is alle-to rent, I cry bothe even and morow,
Venjance for thi blood thus spent, out I cry and horow!

Primus Miles. Go lightly!
Gett out of thise wonys
Ye trattys alle at onys,
Or by Cokes dere bonys
I mak you go wyghtly;
Thay ar flayd now I wote, they wille not abyde.

Secundus Miles. Lett us ryn fote hote, now wold I we hyde
And telle of this lott how we have betyde.

Tercius Miles. Thou can do thi note, that have I aspyde;
Go furth now,
Telle thou Herode oure taylle,
For alle our avaylle,
I telle you, saunce faylle,
He wylle us alow.

Primus Miles. I am best of you alle, and ever has bene,
The devylle have my saulle bot I be fyrst sene,
It fyttys me to calle my lord as I wene.

Secundus Miles. What nedys the to bralle? be not so kene
In this anger;
I shalle say thou dyd best
Save myself, as I gest.

Primus Miles. We, that is most honest.

Tercius Miles. Go, tary no langer.

Primus Miles. Haylle Herode, oure kyng, fulle glad may ye be,
Good tythyngs we bryng, harkyn now to me;
We have made rydyng thrugh outt Jure,
Welle wyt ye oone thyng, that morderd have we
Many thowsandes.

Secundus Miles. I held thaym fulle hote,
I payd them on the cote,
Thare damys I wote
Never bynde them in bandys.

Tercius Miles. Had ye sene how I fard when I cam emang them,
Ther was none that I spard bot lade on and dang them;

I am worthy a rewarde, where I was emanges them.
I stud and I stard, no pyte to hang them
Had I.
Herodes. Now by myghty Mahowne!
That is good of renowne,
If I bere this crowne
Ye shalle have a lady
Ilkon to hym layd and wed at his wylle.
Primus Miles. So have ye lang sayde, do som what ther tylle.
Secundus Miles. And I was never flayde, for good ne for ylle.
Tercius Miles. Ye myght hold you welle payde our lust to fulfylle,
Thus thynk me,
Withe tresure untold,
If it lyke that ye wold,
Bothe sylver and gold,
To gyf us greatt plente.
Herodes. As I am kyng crownde I thynk it good right,
Ther goys none on grownde that has siche a wyght,
A hundrethe thowsand pownde is good wage for a knyght,
Of penys good and rownde, now may ye go light
With store;
And ye knyghtys of oures
Shalle have castels and towres,
Both to you and to youres,
For now and ever more.
Primus Miles. Was never none borne by downes ne by dalys,
Nor yit us beforne, that had siche avalys.
Secundus Miles. We have castels and corne, mych gold in oure malys.
Tercius Miles. It wylle never be worne, withoutt any talys;
Haylle heyndly,
Haylle lord, haylle kyng,
We ar furthe foundyng.
Herodes. Now Mahowne he you bryng
Where he is lord freyndly;
Now in peasse may I stand, I thank the, Mahowne,
And gyf of my lande that longes to my crowne,

Draw therfor nere hande, both of burgh and of
towne,
Markys ilkon a thowsande, when I am bowne,
Shalle ye have.
I shalle be fulle fayn
To gyf that I sayn,
Wate when I com agayn
And then may ye crave.
I sett by no good now my hart is at easse,
That I shed so mekylle blode pes alle my ryches,
For to se this flode from the fote to the nese
Mefys nothing my mode, I laghe that I whese;
A Mahowne!
So light is my saulle
That alle of sugar is my galle,
I may do what I shalle,
And bere up my crowne.
I was castyn in care so frightly afrayd,
Bot I thar not dyspare, for low is he layd
That I most dred are, so have I hym flayd,
And els wonder ware and so many strayd
In the strete;
That oone shuld be harmeles,
And skape away hafles,
Where so many chyldes
Thare balys can not bete.
A hundreth thowsand I watt and fourty ar slayn,
And four thowsand, ther at me aght to be fayn,
Sich a morder on a flat shalle never be agayn,
Had I had bot oone bat at that hurdan
So yong,
It shuld have hene spokyn
How I had me wrokyn,
Were I dede and rotyn,
With many a tong.
Thus shalle I teche knavys ensampylle to take
In thare wyttys that ravys sich mastre to make,
Alle wantones wafys no langage ye crak,
No sufferan you savys, youre nekkys shalle I shak
In sonder;
No kyng ye on calle
Bot on Herode the ryalle,
Or els many oone shalle
Apon youre bodys wonder.

For if I here it spokyn when I com agayn
Youre branys bese brokyn, therfor be ye bayn,
Nothyng bese unlokyn, it shalbe so playn,
Begyn I to rekyn I thynk alle dysdayn
For daunche.
Sirs, this is my counselle,
Bese not to cruelle,
Bot adew to the devylle ;
I can no more Franche.

EXPLICIT MAGNUS HERODES.

INCIPIT PURIFICACIO MARIÆ.

Symeon. Mightfulle God, thou us glad,
That heven and erth and alle has mayde,
Bryng us to blys that never shalle fade,
As thou welle may;
And thynk on me that is unweld,
Lo! so I hobylle alle on held
That unethes may I walk for eld,
Now help, Lord, Adonay!
Bot yit I mervelle bothe evyn and morne,
Of old elders that were beforne,
Wheder thay be safe or lorne,
Where thay may be;
Abelle, Noye, and Abraham,
David, Danielle, and Balaam,
And alle othere mo by name,
Of sere degre.
I thank the Lord, with good intent,
Of alle thy sond thou me has sent,
That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,
Now many a yere;
For alle ar past now oonly bot I,
I thank the Lord God Almyghty!
For so old know I none, sothly,
Now lyfyng here.
For I am old Symeon,
So old on lyfe know I none,
That is mayde on flesh and bone,
In alle medylle-erd;
No wonder if I go on held,
The fevyrs, the flyx, make me unweld,
Myn armes, my lymmes, ar stark for eld,
And alle gray is my berd.
Myn ees are woren bothe marke and blynd,
Myn and is short, I want wynde,
Thus has age dystroed my kynd,
And reft myghtes alle;
Bot shortly mon I weynd away,

What tyme ne when I can not say,
For it is gone fulle many a day
Syn dede began to calle.
Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,
Bot oneths cralle I to the kyrk,
To I com home I am so irk
That farther may I noght;
Bot settys me downe and grankys and gronys,
And lyges and restys my wery bonys,
And alle nyght after grankes and groonys,
On slepe tylle I be broght.
Bot never the les, the sothe to say,
If I may nather by nyght ne day
For age nather styr ne play,
Nor make no chere,
Yit if I be never so old,
I myn fulle welle that prophetes told,
That now ar dede and layde fulle cold,
Sythen gone many a yere;
Thay sayde that God, fulle of myght,
Shuld send his son from heven bright,
In a madyn for to light,
Commen of David kyn;
Flesh and blood on hyr to take,
And becom man for oure sake,
Our redempcyon for to make,
That slayn were thrugh syn.
Bot, Lord, that us thy grace has hight,
Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,
And graunt me grace of lyfes light,
And let me never de,
To thou sich grace to me send
That I may handylle hym in my hend,
That shall come oure mys to amend
And se hym with myn ee.

Primus Angelus. Thou, Symeon, drede the noght,
My Lord, that thou has long besoght,
For thou has rightwys beyn;
Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,
With outen dede on lyfe to be
To thou thy Cryst have seyn.

Secundus Angelus. Than Symeon, harkyn a space,
I bryng the tythynges of solace,
For-thy, ryse up and gang
To the temple, thou shalle fynd thore

Godes son the before,
That thou has yernyd lang.
Symeon. Lovyd be my Lord in wylle and thoght,
That his servant forgettes noght,
When that he seys tyme;
Welle is me that I shalle dre
Tylle I have sene hym with myn ee
And no longer hyne.
Lovyd be my Lord in heven,
That thus has by his angelle steven
Warnyd me of his commyng;
Therfor wille I with intent
Put on me my vestment,
In worship of that kyng.
He shalbe welcom unto me,
That Lord shalle make us alle fre,
Kyng of alle man kyn;
For with his blood he shalle us boroo
Both from catyfdam and from soroo,
That was slayn thrugh syn.

Tunc pulsabunt.

A, dere God! what may this be?
Oure bellys ryng so solemply,
For whom soever it is,
Now certes, I can not understand,
Bot if my Lord God alleweldand
Be commen, that alle shalle wyse;
This noyse lyghtyns fulle welle myn hart,
Shalle I never rest, and I have quart,
Or I com ther anone;
Now welle were I an it so were,
For sich noyse hard I never ere,
Oure bellys ryng by thare oone.
Josephus. Mary, it begynnys to pas,
Fourty dayes syn that thou was
Delyvered of thy son;
To the temple I red we draw,
To clens the, and fulfylle the law,
As oure elders were won.
Therfor, Mary, madyn heynd,
Take thi chyld and let us weynd
The tempylle untylle;
And we shalle with us bryng
Thise turtyls two to oure offryng,

The law we wille fulfylle.
Maria. Joseph, that wylle I fulle welle,
That the law every deylle
Be fulfyllyd in me;
Lord, that alle myghtes may,
Gif us grace to do this day
That it be pleassyng to the.

Angeli cantant; Simeon.....

Primus Angelus. Thou, Symeon, rightwys and trew,
Thou has desyred both old and new,
To have a syght of Chryst Jesu,
As prophecy has told;
Oft has thou prayed to have a sight
Of hym that in a madyn light,
Here is that chyld of mekylle myght,
Now has thou that thou wold.
Secundus Angelus. Thou has desyryd it most of alle*
* * * * * *

* The end of this Mystery, and the commencement of the following, are wanting, a leaf or more of the manuscript being lost.

* * * * * * * *

That a madyn a barn shuld bere ;
And his name thus can thay telle,
Fro the tyme that he born were
He shalbe callyd Emanuelle,
Counselloure, and God of strengthe,
And wonderfulle also
Shalle he be callyd, of brede and lengthe
As far as any man may go.

Tercius Magister. Masters, youre resons ar right good,
And wonderfulle to neven,
Yit fynde I more by Abacuk ;
Syrs, lysten a whyle unto my steven.
Oure baylle, he says, shalle turn to boytt,
Her afterward som day ;
A wande shalle spryng fro Jessy roytt,
The certan sothe thus can he say.
And of that wande shalle spryng a floure,
That shalle spryng up fulle hight,
Ther of shalle com fulle swete odowre,
And therapon shalle rest and lyght
The Holy Gost, fulle mych of myght,
The Goost of wysdom and of wyt
Shalle beyld his nest, with mekylle right,
And in it brede and sytt.

Primus Magister. Bot when trew ye that this prophecy
Shalbe fulfyllyd in dede ?
That here is told so openly,
As we in scrypture rede.

Secundus Magister. A greatt mervelle for sothe it is,
To us to here of sich mastry,
A madyn to bere a chyld, iwys,
Without man's seyde, that were ferly.

Tercius Magister. The Holy Gost shalle in hyr lyght

And kepe hir madyn hede fulle clene,
Whoso may byde to se that sight
Thay ther not drede I wene.

Primus Magister. Of alle thise prophetes wyse of lore
That knew the prophecy, more and les,
Was none that told the tyme before,
When he shuld com to by us peasse.

Secundus Magister. Wheder he be commen or not,
No knowlege have we in certayn,
Bot he shalle com, that dowt we not,
Fulle prophetys have prechyd it fulle playn.

Tercius Magister. Mekylle I thynk that thise prophetys
Ar holden to God, that is on hight,
That have knowyng of his behetys,
And for to telle of his mekylle myght.

Tunc venit Jesus.

Jesus. Masters, luf be with you lent,
And mensk be unto this menezȝe.

Primus Magister. Son, hens away I wold you went,
For othere haft in hand have we.

Secundus Magister. Son, whosoever the hyder sent
Thay were not wyse, thus telle I the;
For we have othere tallys to tent
Then now with barnes bowrdand to be.

Tercius Magister. Son thou lyst oght lere to lyf by Moyses lay,
Com heder, and thou shalle here the sawes that we wylle say;
For in som mynde it may the bryng
To here our sawes red by rawes.

Jesus. To lere of you nedys me no thyng
For I knaw both youre dedys and sawes.

Primus Magister. Hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng
He wenys he kens more then he knawys,
Nay, certes, son, thou art oure ying
By clergy yit to know oure lawes.

Jesus. I wote as welle as ye how that youre lawes was wroght.

Secundus Magister. Com sytt, soyn shalle we se, for certys so semys it noght.

Tercius Magister. It were wonder if any wyght

Untille oure resons righte shuld reche,
And thou says thou has in sight
Oure lawes truly to telle and teche.
Jesus. The Holy Gost has on me lyght,
And anoynt me lyke a leche,
And gyffen to me powere and myght
The kyngdom of heven to preche.
Secundus Magister. Whensever this barne may be
That showys thise novels new?
Jesus. Certan, syrs, I was or ye,
And shalle be after you.
Primus Magister. Son, of thi sawes, as we have ceylle,
And of thi wytt is wonder thyng;
Bot never the les fully I feylle
That it may faylle in wyrkyng;
For David demys ever ilk deylle,
And thus he says of chylder ying,
"Ex ore infantium et lactantium perfecisti laudem."
Of thare mowthes, sayth David, wele
Oure Lord he has perfourmed lovyng;
Never the les, son, yit shuld thou lett
Herfor to speke in large,
For where masters ar mett
Chylder wordys ar not to charge.
For, certes, if thou wold never so fayn
Gif alle thi lyst to lere the law,
Thou art nawthere of myght ne mayn
To know it, as a clerk may knaw.
Jesus. Syrs, I say you in certan,
That sothfast shalle be alle my saw,
And powere have I plene and playn
To say and answere as me aw.
Primus Magister. Masters, what may this mene?
Mervelle methynk have I;
Where ever this barne has bene
That carps thus conandly.
Secundus Magister. In warld as wyde as we have went
Fand we never sich ferly fare;
Certes, I trow the barn be sent
Sufferanly to salfe our sare.
Jesus. Syrs, I shalle preve in your present
Alle the sawes that I sayde ar.

Tercius Magister. Which callys thou the fyrst commaundement,
And the most in Moyses lare.
Jesus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,
And half youre bookes on brede,
Let se, syrs, in youre saw
How right that ye can rede.
Primus Magister. I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng
That Moyses told us here untylle;
Honoure thi God over ilka thyng,
With alle thi wyt and alle thi wylle,
And alle thi hart in hym shalle hyng,
Erly and late, bothe lowde and stylle.
Jesus. Ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,
Bot fownd this to fulfylle;
The seconde may men profe
And clergy knaw therby,
Youre neghburs shalle ye lofe
Right as youre self truly.
Thise commaunded Moyses tylle alle men
In his commaundes clere,
In thise two bydyngys, shalle ye ken,
Hyngys alle the law we aght tc lere.
Who so fulfylles thise two then
Withe mayn and mode and good manere,
He fulfyllys truly alle ten
That after thaym folows in fere.
Then shuld we God honowre
With alle oure myght and mayn,
And luf welle ilk neghboure
Right as oure self certayn.
Primus Magister. Now, son, synthen thou has told us two,
Which ar the viij, can thou ought say?
Jesus. The thyrd bydys, where so ye go,
That ye shalle halow the holy day,
From bodely wark ye take youre rest,
Youre household looke the same thay do,
Both wyfe, chyld, servande, and beest.
The fourt is then in weylle and wo
Thi fader, thi moder, thou shalle honowre,
Not only with thi reverence
Bot in thare nede thou thaym socoure,
And kepe ay good obedyence.

The fyft bydys the no man slo,
Ne harme hym never in worde ne dede,
Ne suffre hym not to be in wo
If thou may help hym in his nede.
The sext bydys the thi wyfe to take,
Bot none othere lawfully,
Lust of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,
And drede ay God where so thou be.
The vij bydys the be no thefe feyr,
Ne nothyng wyn with trechery,
Oker, ne symony, thou com not nere,
Bot conscyence clere ay kepe truly.
The viij bydys the be true in dede
And fals wytnes looke thou none bere,
Looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,
Lest to thi saulle that it do dere.
The ix byddes the not desyre
Thi neghbur's wyfe ne his women,
Bot as holy kyrk wold it were
Right so thi purpose sett it in.
The x byddes the for nothyng
Thi neghbur's goodys yerne wrongwysly,
His house, his rent, ne his hafyng,
And Crysten fayth trow stedfastly.
Thus in tabyls shalle ye ken
Oure Lord to Moyses wrate,
Thise ar the commaundementes ten,
Who so wille lely layt.

Secundus Magister. Behald how he lege oure lawes,
And leryd never on booke to rede;
Fulle sotelle sawes me thynk he says
And also true, if we take hede.

Tercius Magister. Yei, lett hym furthe on his wayes,
For if he dwelle withoutten drede
The pepylle wille ful soyn hym prayse
Welle more then us for alle oure dede.

Primus Magister. Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang,
Sich spekyng wille we spare,
As he cam let hym gang,
And mefe us not no mare.

Tunc venient Josephus et Maria, et dicet Maria;

Maria. A, dere Josephe! what is youre red?
Of oure greatt baylle no boytt may be,
My hart is hevy as any lede

My semely son to I hym se.
Now have we soght in every sted,
Bothe up and downe, thise dayes thre,
And wheder he be whik or dede
Yit wote we not; so wo is me!
Josephus. Sorow had never man mare,
Bot mowrnyng, Mary, may not amend;
Farthermor I red we fare
To God som socoure send.
Abowtt the tempylle if he be oght
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.
Maria. A, certes, I se that we have soght,
In warld was never so semely a sight;
Lo, where he syttes, se ye hym noght
Amanges yond masters mekylle of myght?
Josephus. Blyssyd be he us heder broght!
In land now lyfes there none so light.
Maria. Now dere Joseph, as have ye seylle,
Go furthe and fetche youre son and myne;
This day is goyn nere ilka deylle,
And we have nede for to go hien.
Josephus. With men of myght can I not melle,
Then alle my travelle mon I tyne;
I can not with thaym, that wote ye welle,
Thay are so gay in furrys fyne.
Maria. To thaym youre erand forto say
Surely that thar ye dred no deylle,
Thay wille take hede to you alway
Be cause of eld, this wote I weylle.
Josephus. When I com ther what shalle I say?
For I wote not, as have I ceylle;
Bot thou wille have me shamyd for ay,
For I can nawthere crowke ne knele.
Maria. Go we togeder, I hold it best,
Unto yond worthy wyghtes in wede,
And if I se, as have I rest,
That ye wille not then must I nede.
Josephus. Go thou and telle thi taylle fyrst,
Thi son to se wille take good hede;
Weynd furthe, Mary, and do thi best,
I com behynd, as God me spede.
Maria. A, dere son, Jesus!
Sythen we luf the alone
Why dos thou tylle us thus,
And gars us make this mone?

Thi fader and I betwix us two,
Son, for thi luf has lykyd ylle,
We have the soght both to and fro
Were and sore, as wyghtes wylle.
Jesus. Wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so?
Oft tymes it has bene tald ye tylle
My fader warkys, for wele or wo,
Thus am I sent for to fulfylle.
Thise sawes, as have I eeylle,
I can welle understande,
I shalle thynk on them weylle
To fownd what is folowand.
Josephus. Now sothly, son, the sight of the
Has comforthed us of alle our care;
Com furthe, now, with thi moder and me
At Nazerethe I wold we ware.
Jesus. Be leyf then, ye lordynges fre,
For withe my freyndys now wylle I fare.
Primus Magister. Son, where so thou shalle abyde or be
God make the good man ever mare.
Secundus Magister. No wonder if thou, wife,
Of his fyndyng be fayn;
He shalle, if he have lyfe,
Prefe to a fulle good swayn.
Tercius Magister. Son, looke thou layn for good or ylle
The noyttes that we have nevened now;
And if thou lyke to abyde here stylle,
And with us won, welcom art thou.
Jesus. Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wylle!
No longer lyst I byde with you,
My freyndys thoght I shalle fulfylle,
And to thare bydyng baynly bow.
Maria. Fulle welle is me this tyde,
Now may we make good chere.
Josephus. No longer wylle we byde,
Fare welle alle folk in fere.

EXPLICIT PAGINA DOCTORUM.

INCIPIT JOHANNES BAPTISTA.

Johannes. God, that mayde bothe more and less,
Heven and erth, at his awne wylle,
And merkyd man to his lyknes
As thyng that wold his lyfe fulfylle,
Apon the erthe he send lightnes,
Bothe son and moyne lymett thertylle,
He save you alle from synfulnes,
And kepe you clene, both lowd and stylle.
Emang prophetys then am I oone
That God has send to teche his law,
And man to amend that wrang has gone
Both with exampylle and with saw.
My name, for sothe, is Baptyst Johne,
My fader Zacary ye knaw,
That was dombe and mayde great mone,
Before my byrthe, and stode in awe;
Elezabethe my moder was,
Awntt unto Mary madyn mylde,
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,
Certes, in her wombe so dyd hir chyld.
Yit the Jues inqueryd me has
If I be Cryst, thay ar begyld,
For Jesus shal amend man's trespas,
That with freylte of fylthe is fylyd.
I am send bot messyngere
From hym that alkyn mys may mend;
I go before bodword to bere,
And as forgangere am I send,
His ways to wyse, his lawes to lere,
Both man and wyfe that has offende.
Fulle mekylle barett mon he bere
Or tyme he have broght alle tylle ende,
Thise Jues shalle hyng hym on a roode,
Man's saulle to hym it is so leyfe,
And therapon shalle shede his bloode,
As he were tratoure or a thefe,
Not for his gylt bot for oure goode.

Because that we ar in myschefe;
Thus shalle he dy, that frely foode,
And ryse agane tylle our relefe.
In water clere then baptyse I
The pepylle that ar in this coste,
Bot he shalle do more myghtely,
And baptyse in the Holy Goost;
And with the bloode of his body
Weshe oure synnes bothe leste and moost,
Therfor, me thynk, bothe ye and I
Agans the feynde ar welle endoost.
I am not worthy for to lawse
The leste thwong that longes to his shoyne,
Bot God Almyghty, that alle knawes,
In erthe thi wille it must be done.
I thank the, Lord, that thi sede sawes
Emang man kynde to groyf so sone,
And every day that on erthe dawes
Feydys us with foode bothe even and none;
We ar, Lord, bondon unto the,
To luf the here both day and nyght,
For thou has send thi son so fre
To save man's saulle that dede was dight
Thrugh Adam syn and Eve foly,
That synnyd thrughe the feyndes myght;
Bot, Lord, on man thou has pyte,
And beyld thi barnes in heven so bright.

Primus Angelus. Harkyn to me, thou Johne Baptyst;
The Fader of heven he greetes the weylle,
For he has fon the true and tryst,
And dos thi dever every deylle;
Wyt thou welle his wille thus ist,
Syn thou art stabylle as any steylle,
That thou shalle baptyse Jesus Cryst
In flume Jordan, man's care to beylle.

Johannes. A, dere God! what may this be?
I hard a steven, bot noghte I saw.

Primus Angelus. Johne, it is I that spake to the,
To do this dede have thou none aw.

Johannes. Shuld I abyde to he com to me?
That that shalle never be, I traw;
I shalle go mete that Lord so fre
As far as I may se or knaw.

Secundus Angelus. Nay, Johne, that is not welle
fittand;
His fader wille thou must nedes wyrk."
Primus Angelus. John, be thou here abydand,
Bot when he commys be thou not yrk.
Johannes. By this I may welle understand
That chylder shuld be broght to kyrk,
For to be baptysyd in every land;
To me this law yit is it myrk.
Secundus Angelus. Johne, this place it is pleassyng,
And it is callyd flume Jordan;
Here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,
Bot where the fader wylle ordan
It is Godes wylle and his bydyng.
Johannes. By this, for sothe, welle thynk me than
His wark to be at his lykyng,
And ilk folk pleasse hym that they can,
Sen I must nedys his lyst fulfylle
He shalle be welcom unto me,
I yeld me holy to his wille,
Where so ever I abyde or be.
I am his servande, lowd and stylle,
And messyngere unto that fre,
Whethere that he wille save or spylle
I shalle not gruche in no degre.
Jesus. Johne, Godes servand and prophete,
My fader, that is unto the dere,
Has send me to the, welle thou wytt,
To be baptysyd in water clere;
For reprefe unto man's rytt
The law I wille fulfylle right here,
My fader ordynance thus is it,
And thus my wille is that it were.
I com to the baptym to take,
To whome my fader has mé sent,
With oyle and creme that thou shalle make
Unto that worthi sacrament.
And therfor, Johne, it not forsake,
Bot com to me in this present;
For now wille I no farther rake
Or I have done his commaundement.
Johannes. A, Lord! I love the for thi commyng,
I am redy to do his wille,
In word, in wark, in alle kyn thyng,
What soever he sendes me tylle;

This bewteose Lord to bryng to me
His awne servande, this is no skylle,
A knyght to baptyse his lord kyng,
My pauste may it not fulfylle.
And if I were worthy
For to fulfylle this sacrament,
I have no connyng, securly,
To do it after thyne intent;
And therfor, Lord, I ask mercy,
Hald me excusyd as I have ment,
I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,
My hart wille never to it assent.

Jesus. Of thi connyng, Johne, drede the noght;
My fader his selfe he wille the teche,
He that alle this warld has wroght,
He send the playnly forto preche;
He knawys man's hart, his dede, his thoght;
He wotes how far man's myght may reche,
Therfor heder have I soght,
My fader lyst may none appeche.
Behold, he sendys his angels two,
In tokyn I am both God and man,
Thou gyf me baptym or I go,
And dyp me in this flume Jordan.
Sen he wylle thus, I wold wytt who
Durst hym agan stand? Johne, com on than
And baptyse me for freynde or fo,
And do it, Johne, right as thou can.

Primus Angelus. Johne, be thou buxom and right bayn,
And be not gruchand in no thyng,
Me thynk thou aght to be fulle fayn
For to fulfylle my Lordes bydyng
Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,
Therfor to the this word I bryng,
My Lord has gyffen the powere playn,
And drede the noght of thi conyng.

Secundus Angelus. He sendes the herehis dere chyld,
Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,
That frely foode is made thi fere;
Withe syn his moder was never fylde,
Ther was never man neghyd hyr nere,

In word ne wark she was never wylde,
Therfor hir son thou baptyse here.
Primus Angelus. And, securly, I wille thou knaw
Whi that he commys thus unto the,
He commys to folfylle the law,
As pereles prynce most of pauste;
And therfor, Johne, do as thou awe,
And grnch thou never in this degre
To baptyse hym that thou here saw,
For wyt thou welle this same is he.
Johannes. I am not worthi to do this dede,
Never theles I wille be Godes servand;
Bot yit, dere Lord, sen I must nede
I wille do as thou has commaunde.
I tremylle and I whake for drede,
I dar not towche the with my hande,
Bot, certes, I wille not lose my mede;
Abyde, my Lord, and by me stande.
I baptyse the, Jesus, in hy
In the name of thi Fader fre,
In nomine Patris et Filii
Sen he wille that it so be,
Et Spiritûs altissimi,
And of the Holy Goost on he;
I aske the, Lord, of thi mercy,
Here after that thou wold blys me.
[Here I the anoynt also
With oyle and creme in this intent,
That men may wit, where so thay go,
This is a worthy sacrament.
Ther ar vj othere and no mo,
The whiche thi self to erth has sent,
And in true tokyn, oone of tho
The fyrst on the now is it spent.]*
Thou wyshe me, Lord, if I do wrang,
My wille it were forto do weylle;
I am ful ferd yit ay emang,
If I dyd right I shuld done knele.
Thou blys me, Lord, hens or thou gang,
So that I may thi frenship fele,
I have desyryd this sight ful lang,
For to dy now rek I no dele.

* The lines enclosed within brackets have been struck through; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "correctyd and not played."

Jesus. This beest, Johne, thou bere with the,
It is a beest fulle blyst ;

Hic tradat ei agnum Dei.

Johne, it is the lamb of me,
Beest none othere ist.
It may were the from adversyte,
And so look that thou tryst ;
By this beest knowen shalle thou be,
That thou art Johne Baptyste.

Johannes. For I have sene the lamb of God
Which weshys away syn of this warld,
And towchid hym, for even or od,
My hart therto was ay ful hard.
For that it shuld be better trowed
An angelle had me nere hand mard,
Bot He that rewlys alle with his rod
He blys me when I draw homward.

Jesus. I graunt the, Johne, for thi travale
Ay lastand joy in blys to byde,
And to alle those that trowys this taylle,
And saw me not yit gloryfyde.
I shalbe boytt of alle thare baylle,
And send them socoure on every syde ;
My fader and I may thaym avaylle,
Man or woman that leyfes thare pryde.
Bot, Johne, weynd thou forthe and preche
Agans the folk that doth amys,
And to the pepylle the trowthe thou teche,
To rightwys way look thou tham avys,
And as far as thi wyt may reche
Byd thaym be bowne to byde my blys ;
For at the day of dome I shalle thaym peche
That herys not the nor trowys not this.
Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I it hate,
For it I mon dy on a tre,
By prophecy fulle welle I wate ;
My moder certes that sight mon se,
That sorowfulle sight shalle make hir maytt,
For I was borne of hir body ;
Farwelle Johne, I go my gaytte,
I blys the with the Trynyte.

Johannes. Almyghty God in persons thre,
Alle in oone substance ay ingroost,
I thank the, Lord in mageste,
Fader and Son and Holy Goost.

Thou send thi son from heven so he
To Mary mylde into this cooste,
And now thou sendes hym unto me,
For to be baptysid in this oost.
Farwelle, the frelyst that ever was fed,
Farwelle floure more fresh, the floure de lyce,
Farwelle, stersman to theym that ar sted
In stormes, or in desese lyse,
Thi moder was madyn and wed;
Farwelle, pereles most of pryce,
Farwelle, the luflyst that ever was bred,
Thi moder is of helle emprise.
Farwelle, blissid bothe blood and bone.
Farwelle, the semelyst that ever was seyn,
To the Jesus I make make my mone,
Farwelle, comly of cors so cleyn.
Farwel gracyouse gome, where so thou gone,
Ful mekille grace is to the geyn,
Thou leyne us lyffyng on thi lone,
Thou may us mende more then we weyn.
I wylle go preche both to more and les
As I am chargyd securly;
Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,
Pryde, envy, slowthe, wrathe, and lechery.
Here God's service,* more and lesse;
Pleas God with praying, thus red I,
Be war when dethe comys with dystres,
So that ye dy not sodanly.
Dethe sparis none that lyf has borne,
Therfor thynk on what I you say;
Beseche youre God bothe even and morne
You for to save from syn that day.
Thynk how in baptym ye ar sworne
To be Godes servandes, withoutten nay;
Let never his luf from you be lorne,
God bryng you to his blys for ay. AMEN.

EXPLICIT JOHANNES BAPTISTA.

* The words "God's service, more and lesse," are written by a more recent hand upon an erasure.

INCIPIT CONSPIRACIO.

Pilatus. Pease, carles, I commaunde, unconand
I calle you;
I say stynt and stande or foulle myght befalle you
From this burnyshyd brande, now when I behald you
I red ye be shunand, or els the dwille skald you
At onys.
I am kyd as men knawes,
Leyf leder of lawes,
Seniours, seke to my sawes,
For bryssyng of youre bonys.
Ye wot not wel I weyn what wey is commen to
towne,
So comly cled and cleyn, a rewler of great renowne,
In sight if I were seyn the granser of great Mahowne,
My name Pylate has beyn, was never kyng with
crowne
More worthy;
My wysdom and my wytt
In sete here as I sytt,
Was never more lyke it,
My dedes thus to dyscry.
For I am he that may make or mar a man,
My self if I it say as men of cowrte now can;
Supporte a man to day, to-morne agans hym than,
On both parties thus I play and fenys me to ordan
The right;
Bot alle fals indytars,
Quest mangers and jurers,
And alle thise fals out rydars,
Ar welcom to my sigigt.
More nede had I never of sich servand now, I say
you,
So can I welle consider the trowthe I most displeas
you,
And therfor com I hedyr, of peas therfor I pray you,
Ther is a lurdan ledyr I wold shuld not dysmay you
A bowtt;

A prophete is he prasyd,
And great unright has rasyd,
Bot, be my banys here blasid,
His dethe is dight no dowtt.
He prechys the pepylle here, that fature fals Jesus,
That if he lyf a yere dystroy oure law must us,
And yit I stand in fere so wyde he wyrkys vertus,
No fawt can on him bere no lyfand leyde tylle us;
Bot sleyghtys
Agans hym shalle be soght,
That alle this wo has wroght,
Bot on his bonys it shalle be boght,
So shalle I venge our rightys.
That fatoure says that thre shuld ever dwelle in oone Godhede,
That ever was and shalle be sothfast in man hede,
He says of a madyn born was he, that never toke man's sede,
And that his self shalle dy on tre and man's sawlle out of prison lede;
Let hym alone,
If this be true in deyd,
His sheth shalle spryng and sprede,
And over com ever ylkone.

Cayphas. Syr Pilate, prynce of mekylle price,
That prevyd is withoutten pere,
And lordynges that oure laws in lyse,
On oure law now must us lere,
And of our warkys we must be wyse,
Or els is alle oure welthe in were,
Therfor say sadly youre avyse,
Of hedus harmes that we have here
Towchyng that tratoure strang,
That makys thus beleyf,
For if he may thus furthe gang,
It wille over greatly grefe.

Anna. Sir, our folk ar so afrayd,
Thrughe lesyns he losys oure lay;
Som remedy must be rayd,
So that he weynd not thus away.

Pilatus. Now certan, syrs, this was welle sayd,
And I assent right as ye say,
Som pervay poynt to be purvayd
To mar his might if we may;
And therfor, sirs, in this present,

What poynt so were to prase,
Let alle be at assent,
Let se what ilk man says.
Cayphas. Sir, I have sayd you here beforne
His soteltyes and grefes to sare,
He turnes oure folk both even and morne,
And ay makes mastres mare and mare.
Anna. Sir, if he skape it were great skorne,
To spylle hym tytt we wille not spare,
For if oure lawes were thus-gates lorne
Men wold say it were lake of lare.
Pilatus. For certan, syrs, ye say right weylle
For to wyrk witterly,
Bot yit some fawt must we feylle,
Wherfor that he shuld dy;
And therfor, syrs, let se youre saw,
For what thyng we shuld hym slo.
Cayphas. Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw
A thowsand wonders and welle moo
Of crokyd men, that we welle knaw,
How grathly that he gars them go,
And even he leges agans oure law,
Tempys oure folk and turnys us fro.
Anna. Lord, dom and deyf in oure present
Delyvers he by downe and daylle,
What hurtys or harmes thay hent
Fulle hastely he makes them haylle.
And for siche warkes as he is went
Of ilk welthe he may avaylle,
And unto us he takes no tent,
Bot ilk man trowes unto his taylle.
Pilatus. Yei, dwille! and dos he thus
As ye welle bere wytnes?
Sich fawte falle to us
Be oure dome for to redres.
Cayphas. And also, sir, I have hard say
An other noy that neghys us nere,
He wille not kepe oure sabate day
That holy shuld be halden here;
Bot forbedys far and nere
To wyrk at oure bydyng.
Pilatus. Now, by Mahown's bloode so dere,
He shalle aby this bowrdyng;
What, dwille, wille he be there?
This hold I great hethyng.

Anna. Nay, nay, welle more is ther ;
He callys hym self heven's kyng,
And says that he is so myghty
Alle rightwytnes to rewlle and red.
Pilatus. By Mahown's blood, that shalle he aby
Withe bytter baylls or I ett bred !
Primus Miles. Lord, the lothe Lazare of Betany
That lay stynkand in a sted,
Up he rasyd bodely
The fourt day after he was ded.
Secundus Miles. And for that he hym rasyd,
That had lyne dede so long a space
The people hym fulle mekylle prasyd
Over alle in every place.
Anna. Emanges the folk has he the name
That he is Godes son, and none els,
And his self says the same
That his fader in heven dwelles ;
That he shalle rewlle both wyld and tame,
Of alle sich meters thus he mels.
Pilatus. This is the dwyll's payn !
Who trowys sich talys as he tels ?
Cayphas. Yis, lord, have here my hand,
And ilk man beyldes hym as his brother,
Sich whaynt cantelys he can,
Lord, ye knew never siche an othere.
Pilatus. Why, and wotes he not that I have
Bold men to be his bayn ?
I commaunde bothe knyght and knave
Sesse not to that lad be slayn.
Primus Miles. Sir Pylate, mefe you now no more,
Bot mese youre hart and mend youre mode,
For bot if that loselle lere oure lore
And leyf his gawdes he were as goode ;
For in oure tempylle we wille not spare
To take that loselle, if he were woode.
Pilatus. In oure tempylle ? the dwille ! what dyd he thare ?
That shalle he by, by Mahoun's blood !
Secundus Miles. Lord, we wist not youre wylle,
With wrang ye us wyte ;
Had ye so told us tylle
We shuld have takyn hym tyte.
Pilatus. The dwille he hang you highe to dry !

Whi, wold ye lefe oure lay?
Go bryng hym heder hastely,
So that he weynd not thus away.
Cayphus. Sir Pilate, be not to hasty,
Bot suffer over oure Sabote day
In the mene tyme to spyr and spy
Mo of his mervels, if men may.
Anna. Yei, sir, and when this feaste is went
Then shalle his craftys be kyd.
Pilatus. Certes, syrs, and I assent
For to abyde then, as ye byd.

Tunc venit Judas.

Judas. Masters, myrth be you emang,
And mensk be to this meneye.
Cayphas. Go! othere gates thou has to gang
With sorow; who send after the?
Judas. Syrs, if I have done any wrang
At youre awne bydyng wille I be.
Pilatus. Go hence, harlot, hy mot thou hang!
Where in the dwille hand had we the?
Judas. Goode sir, take it to no grefe,
For my menyng it may avaylle.
Anna. We, lad, thou shuld ask lefe
To com in such counsaylle.
Judas. Sir, alle your counselle wille I ken;
Ye mene my master for to take.
Anna. A ha! here is oone of his men
That thus unwynly gars us wake.
Pilatus. La hond on hym, and hurl hym then
Emanges you, for his master's sake;
For we have maters mo then ten
That welle more myster were to make.
Cayphas. Set on hym buffettys sad
Sen he sich mastrys mase,
And teche ye sich a lad
To profer hym in siche a place.
Judas. Sir, my profer may both pleas and gay
To alle the lordes in this present.
Pilatus. We! go hens in xx dwille way!
We have no tome the for to tent.
Judas. Yis, the profete that has lost youre lay
By wonder warkes as he is went
If ye wille sheynd hym as ye say,
To selle hym you I wylle assent.

Pilatus. A, sir, hark, what says thou?
Let se and shew thi skylle.
Judas. Sir, a bargan bede I you,
By it if ye wille.
Anna. What is thi name? do telle in hy,
If we may wit if thou do wrang.
Judas. Judas Scarioth, so hight I,
That with the profet has dwellyd lang.
Pilatus. Sir, thou art welcom witterly,
Say what thou wille us here emang.
Judas. Not els but if ye wille hym by,
Do say me sadly or I gang.
Cayphas. Yis, freynd, in fathe wille we
Noght els, bot hartely say
How that bargan may be,
And we shalle make the pay.
Anna. Judas, forto hold the haylle,
And for to felle alle fowlle defame
Look that thou may avow thi saylle,
Then may thou be withoutten blame.
Judas. Sir, of my teyn gyf ye never taylle,
So that ye have hym here at hame;
His bowrdyng hes me broght in baylle,
And certes his self shalle have the same.
Cayphas. Sir Pylate, tentys here tylle,
And lightly leyf it noght,
Then may ye do youre wylle
Of hym that ye have boght.
Anna. Yei, and then may we be bold
Fro alle the folk to hald him fre;
And hald hym hard with us in hold,
Right as oone of your meneye.
Pilatus. Nou, Judas, sen he shalbe sold
How lowfys thou hym? belyfe let se.
Judas. For xxx pennys truly told,
Or els may not that bargan be;
So myche gart he me lose
Malycyusly and ylle,
Therfor ye shalle have chose
To by or let be stylle.
Anna. Gart he the lose? I pray the why,
Telle us now pertly or thou pas.
Judas. I shalle you say, and that in hy,
Every word right as it was.
In Symon house with hym sat I

With othere meneȝe that he has,
A woman cam to company,
Callyng hym lord, sayng alas!
For synnes that she had wroght
She wepyd sore always,
And an oyntment she broght
That precyus was to prayse.
She weshyd hym with her terys weytt,
And sen dryed hym with hir hare,
This fare oyntment, hir bale to beytt,
Apon his hede she put it thare,
That it ran alle abowte his feytt;
I thoght it was ferly fare,
The house was fulle of odowre sweytt.
Then to speke myght I not spare,
For, certes, I had not seyn
None oyntment half so fyne,
Ther at my hart had teyn
Siche tresoure for to tyne.
I sayd it was worthy to selle
Thre hundrethe pens in oure present,
For to parte poore men emelle,
Bot wille ye se wherby I ment?
The tent parte, truly to telle,
To take to me was myne intent,
For of the tresure that to us felle
The tent parte ever with me went;
And if iij hundreth be right told
The tent parte is even thryrty,
Right so he shalbe sold;
Say if ye wille hym by.

Pilatus. Now for certan, sir, thou says right wele,
Sen he wate the with sich a wrast,
For to shape hym som uncele,
And for his bost be not abast.

Anna. Sir, alle thyn askyng every dele
Here shalle thou hafe, therof be trast;
Bot looke that we no falshode fele.

Judas. Sir, with a profe may ye frast;
Alle that I have here hight
I shalle fulfille in dede,
And welle more at my myght
In tyme when I se nede.

Pilatus. Judas, this spekyng must be spar,
And neven it never nyght ne day;

Let no man wyt where that we war,
For ferdnes of a fowlle enfray.
Cayphas. Syr, therof let us moyte no mare,
We hold us payde, take ther thi pay.
Judas. This gart he me lose lang are,
Now ar we even for onys and ay.
Anna. This forwarde wille not faylle,
Therof we may be glad,
How wer the best counsaylle
In hast that we hym had.
Pilatus. We shalle hym have, and that in hy,
Fulle hastely here in this halle;
Sir knyghtys, that ar of dede dughty,
Stynt never in stede ne stalle
Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely
That fatur fals, what so befalle.
Primus Miles. Sir, be not abast therby,
For as ye byd wyrk we shalle.

Tunc dicet Sanctus Johannes.

Johannes Apostolus. Sir, where wille ye youre Pask ete?
Say us, let us dight youre mete.
Jesus. Go furth, Johne and Peter, to yond cyte,
When ye com there ye shalle then se
In the strete, as tyte, a man
Beryng water in a can,
The house that he gose to grith
Ye shalle folow and go hym with,
The lord of that house ye shalle fynde,
A sympylle man of cely kynde;
To hym ye shalle speke and say
That I com here by the way,
Say I pray hym, if his wille be,
A lytylle whyle to ese me,
That I and my dyscypyls alle
Myght rest a whyle in his halle,
That we may ete oure Paske thore.
Petrus. Lord, we shalle hy us before
To that we com to that cyte,
Youre Paske shalle ordand be.

Tunc pergent Johannes et Petrus ad civitatem, et obviet eis homo, etc.

Sir, oure master the prophett
Commys behynde in the strete,

And of a chamber he you prays
To ete and drynk ther in with easse.
Paterfamilias. Sirs, he is welcom unto me,
And so is alle his company;
With alle my hart and alle my wille
Is he welcom me untylle.
Lo here a chambre fast by,
Ther in to make youre mangery,
I shal warand fare strewed;
It shuld not els to you be shewed.

Tunc parent Johannes et Petrus mensam.

Johannes. Sir, youre mett is redy bowne,
Wille ye wesh and syt downe?
Jesus. Yei, gyf us water tylle oure hande,
Take we the grace that God has send;
Come furth, both oone and othere,
If I be master I wille be brother.

Tunc comedent, et Judas porrigit manum in discum cum Jesu.

Judas, what menys thou?
Judas. No thyng, Lord, but ete with you.
Jesus. Ete, brether, hardely,
For oone of you shalle betray.
Petrus. Lord, who ever that be may,
Lord, I shalle never the betray;
Dere master, is it oght I?
Jesus. Nay thou, Peter, certanly.
Johannes. Master is oght I he then?
Jesus. Nay, for trowthe, Johne, I the ken.
Andreas. Master, am I oght that shrew?
Jesus. Nay for sothe, thou Andrew.
Simon. Master, then is oght I?
Jesus. Nay, thou Simon, securly.
Philippus. Is it oght I that shuld do that dede?
Jesus. Nay Philyp, withoutten drede.
Thadeus. Was it oght I that hight Thadee?
Jacobus. Or we two Jamys?
Jesus. Nay none of you is he;
Bot he that ett with me in dysh
He shalle my body betray, iwys.
Judas. What then, wene ye that I it am?
Jesus. Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame;
Ichon of you shalle this nyght
For sake me, and fayn he myght.

Johannes. Nay certes, God forbeyd
That ever shuld we do that deyd!
Petrus. If alle, master, forsake the,
Shalle I never fro the fle.
Jesus. Peter, thou shalle thryse apon a thraw
Forsake me or the cok craw;
Take up this clethe and let us go,
For we have othere thynges at do.

Hic lavet pedes discipulorum.

Sit alle downe, and here and sees,
For I shalle weshe youre feet on knees.

Et mittens aquam in pelvim venit ad Petrum.

Petrus. Lord, shuld thou weshe feytt myne?
Thou art my Lord, and I thy hyne.
Jesus. Why I do it thou wote not yit;
Peter, herafter shalle thou wytt.
Petrus. Nay, master, I the heytt
Thou shalle never wesh my feytt.
Jesus. Bot I the wesh thou mon mys
Parte with me in heven's blys.
Petrus. Nay, Lord, or I that forgo,
Wesh heede, handes, and feytt also.
Jesus. Ye ar clene, bot not alle,
That shalle be sene when tyme shalle falle.
Who shalle be weshyn as I weyn
He thar not wesh his feytt clene;
And for sothe clene ar ye,
Bot not alle as ye shuld be.
I shalle you say take good hede
Whi that I have done the dede;
Ye calle me master, and lord by name,
Ye say fulle welle, for so I am;
Sen I both lord and master to you wold knele
To wesh youre fete, so must ye wele.
Now wot ye what I have done,
Ensampylle have I gyffen you to;
Loke ye do so eft sone,
Ichon of you wesh other fete, lo.
For he that servand is,
For sothe, as I say you,
Not more then his Lord he is,
To whome he servyce owe.
Or that this myght be gone

Alone wille ye leyf me,
For in this nyght ilkon
Ye shalle fro me fle;
For when the hyrd is smeten
The shepe shalle fle away,
Be skaterd wyde and byten;
The prophetes thus can say.
Petrus. Lord, if that I shuld dy
Forsake the shalle I noght.
Jesus. For sothe, Peter, I say to the
In so great drede shalle thou be broght
That, or the cok have crowen twyse,
Thou shalle deny me tymes thre.
Petrus. That shalle I never, lord, iwys;
Ere shall I with the de.
Jesus. Now loke youre hartes be grefyd noght,
Nawther in drede ne in wo,
Bot trow in God, that you has wroght,
And in me trow ye also;
In my fader house, for sothe,
Is many a wonnyng stede,
That men shalle have aftyr thare trowthe,
Soyn after thay be dede.
And here may I no longer leynd,
Bot I shalle go before,
And yit if I before you weynd,
For you to ordan thore,
I shalle com to you agane,
And take you to me,
That where so ever I am
Ye shalle be with me.
And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,
And lyfe that ever shalbe,
And to my fader comys none, iwys,
Bot oonly thorow me.
I wille not leyf you alle helples,
As men withoutten freynd,
As faderles and moderles,
Thof alle I fro you weynd;
I shalle com eft to you agayn,
This warld shalle me not se,
Bot ye shalle se me welle certan,
And lyfand shalle I be.
And ye shalle lyf in heven,

Then shalle ye knaw, iwys,
That I am in my fader even
And my fader in me is.
And I in you, and ye in me,
And ilka man therto,
My commaundement that kepys trule
And after it wille do.
Now have ye hard what I have sayde,
I go and com agayn,
Therfor looke ye be payde
And also glad and fayn ;
For to my fader I weynd,
For more then I is he,
I let you wytt, as faythfulle freynd,
Or that it done be.
That ye may trow when it is done,
For certes, I may noght now
Many thynges so soyn
At this tyme speak with you.
For the prynce of this warld is commyn,
And no powere has he in me,
Bot as that alle the warld within
May both here and se,
That I owe luf my fader to,
Sen he me heder sent,
And alle thynges I do
After his commaundement.
Ryse ye up ilkon
And weynd we on oure way,
As fast as we may gone
To Olyvete to pray.
Peter, Jamys, and thou Johne,
Ryse up and folow me,
My tyme it commys anone,
Abyde stylle here ye thre.
Say youre prayers here by nethe,
That ye falle in no fowndyng,
My sawlle is hevy agans the deth
And the sore pynyng.

Tunc orabit, et dicet,

Fader let this great payn be stylle,
And pas away fro me ;
Bot not, fader, at my wylle
Bot thyn fulfylled be.

Et revertet ad discipulos.

Symon, I say, slepys thou ?
Awake I red you alle ;
The feynd fulle fast salys you,
In wan-hope to gar you falle ;
Bot I shalle pray my fader so
That his myght shalle not dere,
My goost is prest therto,
My flesh is seke for fere.

Et iterum orabit.

Fader, thi son I was,
Of the I aske this boyn,
If this payn may not pas,
Fader, thi wille be doyn.

Et revertet ad discipulos.

Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,
It is for sorow that ye do so ;
Ye have so lang wepyd for me
That ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

Et terciò orabit :

Dere fader, thou here my wylle,
This passyon thou put fro me away ;
And if I must nedes go ther tylle
I shalle fulfille thi wylle today ;
Therfor this bytter passyon
If I may not put by,
I am here redy at thi dome,
Thou comforte me that am drery.

Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shalle the telle,
Of thynges that felle by reson ;
As Lucyfer, for syn that felle,
Betrayd Eve with his fals treson,
Adam assent his wyfe untylle,
The wekyd goost then askyd a bone
Which has hurt mankynde fulle ylle ;
This was the wordys he askyd soyn,
Alle that ever of Adam com
Holly to hym to take,
With hym to dwelle withoutten dome,
In payn that never shalle slake,
To that a chyld myght be borne
Of a madyn, and she wemles,
As clene as that she was beforne,

As puryd sylver or shynand glas ;
To tyme that childe to deth were dight,
And rasyd hym self apon the thryd day,
And steyen to heven thrughe his awne myght.
Who may do that bot God veray ?
Sen thou art man and nedes must dee,
And go to helle as othere done,
Bot that were wrong, withoutten lee,
That Godes son there shuld won
In payn with his under-lowte ;
Wytt ye welle, withoutten weyn,
When oone is borod alle shalle owtt,
And borod be from teyn.

Jesus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest,
My tyme is nere command ;
Awake a whyle for he is next
That me shalle gyf into synners' hand.

Pilatus. Peas I comaunde you, carles unkynde,
To stand as stylle as any stone,
In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,
That wille not sesse his tong anone ;
For I am governowre of the law,
My name it is Pilate,
I may lightly gar hang you or draw,
I stand in sich astate,
To do what so I wille.
And therfor peas I byd you alle,
And loke ye hold you stille,
And with no brodels bralle,
Tylle we have done oure dede ;
Who so makes nose or cry
His nek I shalle gar blede,
With this I bere in hy.
To this tratoure be take
That wold dystroy oure lawe ;
Judas, thou may it not for sake,
Take hede unto my sawe.
Thynk what thou has doyn,
That has thi master sold,
Performe thi bargan soyn,
Thou has thi money takyn and told.

Judas. Ordan ye knyghtes to weynd with me
Richly arayd in rewylle and rowtt ;
And alle my covandys holden shalle be,
So I have felyship me abowte.

Pilatus. Wherby, Judas, shuld we hym knaw?
If we shalle wysely wyrk, iwys,
For som of us hym never saw.
Judas. Lay hand on hym that I shalle kys.
Pilatus. Have done, sir knyghtys, and kythe youre strengthe,
And wap you wightly in youre wede;
Seke over alle, both be brede and lengthe,
Spare ye not, spende and spede.
We have soght hym les and more,
And feelyd ther we have farne;
Malcus, thou shalle weynd before,
And bere with the a light lantarne.
Malcus Miles. Sir, this jornay I undertake
With alle my myght and mayn,
If I shuld, for Mahown's sake
Here in this place be slayn,
Crist that prophett for to take,
We may be alle fulle fayn.
Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,
To bryng hym in mekylle grame
This nyght.
Go we now on oure way,
Oure mastres for to may,
Oure lantarnes take with us alsway,
And loke that thay be light.
Secundus Miles. Sir Pilate, prynce pereles in palle,
Of alle men most myghty merked on mold,
We are ever more redy to com at thy calle,
And bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shuld.
Bot that prynce of the apostyls pupplyshed beforne,
Men calle hym Crist, commen of David kyn,
His lyfe fulle sone shalbe forlorne,
If we have hap hym forto wyn,
Have done;
For as ever ete I breede,
Or I styr in this stede,
I wold stryke of his hede,
Lord, I aske that boyne.
Primus Miles. That boyn, lord, thou us bede,
And on hym wreke the sone we shalle,
For we have lade on hym good spede,
He shalle no more hym Godes son calle.
We shalle marke hym truly his mede,
By Mahowne most, God of alle,

Siche thre knyghtes had lytylle drede
To bynde the dwille that we on calle
In nede;
For if thay ware a thowsand mo,
That prophete and his apostels also,
With thise two handes for to slo
Had I lytylle drede.

Pilatus. Now curtes kasers of Kamys kyn,
Most gentylle of Jure to me that I fynde,
My comforthe from care may ye sone wyn,
If ye happely may hent that unheynde;
Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare,
My frenship, my fortherans, shalle ever with you be;
And Mahowne that is myghtfulle he mensk you ever mare,
Bryng ye safe and sownde with that brodel to me
In place;
Where so ever ye weynd,
Ye knyghtes so heynde,
Sir Lucyfer the feynd
He lede you the trace.

Jesus. Ryse up, Peter, and go with me,
And folowe me withoutten stryfe;
Judas wakys and slepys not he,
He commys to betray me here belyfe.
Wo be to hym that brynges up slander,
He were better his dethe to take,
Bot com forthe, Peter, and tary no langer,
Lo, where thay com that wille me take.

Judas. Rest welle, Master Jesus, fre,
I pray the that thou wold kys me enys;
I am commen to socoure the,
Thou art aspyed what so it menys.

Jesus. Judas, whi makys thou sich a brayde?
Trowys thou not I knowe thi wille?
With kyssyng has thou me betrayd,
That shalle thou rew som tyme ful ylle.
Whome seke ye, syrs, by name?

Secundus Miles. We seke Jesus of Nazerene.

Jesus. I kepe not my name to layn,
Lo, I am here the same ye mene;
Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?

Primus Miles. To say the sothe, and not to ly,
We seke Jesus of Nazarene.

Jesus. I told you ere that it was I.

Malcus. Dar no man on hym lay hand?
I shalle each hym, if I may,
A flateryng foylle has thou bene lang,
Bot now is commen thyn endyng day.
Petrus. I wold be dede within short space
Or I shuld se this sight;
Go pleyn the to Sir Cayphas,
And byd hym do the right.
Malcus. Alas, the tyme that I was borne,
Or today com in this stede!
My right ere I have forlorne,
Help, alas, I blede to dede.
Jesus. Thou man, that menys thi hurt so sare,
Com heder, let me thi wonde se,
Take me thi ere that he of share,
In nomine Patris hole thou be.
Malcus. Now am I hole as I was ere,
My hurt is never the wars;
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere,
The dwille hym spede that hym spars.
Jesus. Therfor, Peter, I say the this,
My wille it is that alle men witten,
Put up thi swerde and do no mys,
For he that smytes he shalbe smyten.
Ye knyghtes that be commen now here,
Thus assemblyd in a rowte,
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,
With wepyns com ye me abowte;
Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fulle ylle,
Thus for to seke me in the nyght,
Bot what penance ye put me tylle
Ye let my felows go with grythe.
Secundus Miles. Lede hym furthe fast by the gate,
Hangyd be he that sparis hym oght.
Primus Miles. How thynk the, sir Pilate,
Bi this brodelle that we have broght?
Pilatus. Is he the same and the self, I say,
That has wroght us this care?
It has bene told sen many a day
Sayngys of hym fulle sare.
It was tylle us greatt woghe
From dede to lyfe thou rasyd Lazare;
Sen stalkyd stylly bi the see swoghe,
Both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

Thou passys Cesar bi dede,
Or sir Herode our kyng.
Secundus Miles. Let deme hym fast to dede,
And let for no kyn thyng.
Primus Miles. Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,
Let us deme hym in this stede.
Pilatus. I wille not assent unto youre saw,
I can ordan welle better red.
Malcus. Better red? the dwille; how so?
Then were oure sorow lastand ay;
And he thus furthe shuld go
He wold dystroy oure lay.
Wold ye alle assent to me,
This bargan shuld be strykyn anone,
By nyghtertaylle dede shuld he be,
And tille oure awnter stand ilkon.
Pilatus. Peasse, harlottes, the dwille yo spede!
Wold ye thus prevaly morder a man?
Malcus. When every man has red his red,
Let se who better say can.
Pilatus. To Cayphas halle loke fast ye wyrk,
And thider right ye shalle hym lede,
He has the rewlle of holy kyrk,
Let hym deme hym whyk or dede;
For he has wroght agans oure law,
For-thi most skylle can he ther on.
Secundus Miles. Sir, we assent unto youre saw;
Com forth, bewshere, and lett us gone.
Malcus. Step furthe, in the wenyande,
Wenys thou ay to stand stylle?
Nay, luskand loselle, lawes of the land
Shalle faylle bot we have oure wille;
Out of my handes shalle thou not pas
For alle the craft thou can,
Tille thou com to sir Cayphas
Save the shalle no man.

EXPLICIT CAPCIO JESUS.

INCIPIT COLIPHIZATIO.

Primus Tortor. Do furthe, io! and trott on a pase;
To Anna wille we go and sir Cayphas;
Witt thou welle of them two gettes thou no grace,
Bot ever lastyng wo for trespas thou has
So mekille.
Thi mys is more
Then ever gettes thou grace fore,
Thou has beyn ay-whore
Fulle fals and fulle fekylle.
Secundus Tortor. It is wonder to dre thus to be gangyng,
We have had for the mekille hart stangyng;
But at last shalle we be out of hart langyng,
Be thou have had two or three hetes worth a hangyng,
No wonder.
Sich wyles can thou make,
Gar the people farsake
Oure lawes, and thyne take,
Thus art thou broght in blonder.
Primus Tortor. Thou can not say agayn't, if thou be trew,
Som men holdes the sant, and that shalle thou rew;
Fare wordys can thou paynt,and lege lawes new.
Secundus Tortor. Now be ye ataynt, for we wille persew
On this mater.
Many wordes has thou saide,
Of which we ar not welle payde,
As good that thou had
Halden stille thy clater.
Primus Tortor. It is better syt stille then rise up and falle,
Thou has long had thi wille and made many bralle,
At the last wold thou spille and for-do us alle,
If we dyd never ylle.
Secundus Tortor. I trow not, he shalle

Indure it;
For if other men ruse hym
We shalle accuse hym,
His self shalle not excuse hym,
To you I insure it,
With no legeance.
Primus Tortor. Fayn wald he wynk,
Els falys his countenance; I say as I thynk.
Secundus Tortor. He has done us grevance, therfor shalle he drynk;
Have he mekille myschaunsce that has gart us swynke
In walkyng,
That unethe may I more.
Primus Tortor. Peas, man, we ar thore;
I shalle walk in before
And telle of his talkyng.
Haille, syrs, as ye sytt, so worthi in wonys;
Whi spyrd ye not yit how we have farne this onys?
Secundus Tortor. Sir, we wold fayn witt alle wery ar oure bonys
We have had a fytt right ylle for the nonys,
So tarid.
Cayphas. Say, were ye ought adred?
Were ye ought wrang led?
Or in any strate sted?
Syrs, who was myscaryd?
Anna. Say, were ye ought in dowte for fawte of light
As ye watched ther owte?
Primus Tortor. Sir, as I am true knyght,
Of my dame sen I sowked had I never sich a nyght,
Myn een were not lowked to geder right
Sen morowe;
Bot yitt I thynk it welle sett,
Sen we with this tratoure met,
Sir, this is he that forfett
And done so mekille sorow.
Cayphas. Can ye hym ought apeche? had he any ferys?
Secundus Tortor. He has bene for to preche fulle many long yeris;
And the people he tetche a new law.
Primus Tortor. Syrs, heris,
As far as his witt reche, many oone he lerys;
When we toke hym

We faunde hym in a yerde,
Bot when I drew out my swerde
His dyscypyls wex ferde,
And soyn thay forsoke hym.
Secundus Tortor. Sir, I hard hym say he cowthe
dystrow oure tempylle so gay,
And sithon beld a new on the third day.
Cayphas. How myght that be trew? it toke more
aray;
The masons I knewe that hewed it, I say,
So wyse;
That hewed ilka stone.
Primus Tortor. A, good sir, lett hym oone;
He lyes for the quetstone,
I gyf hym the pryse.
Secundus Tortor. The halt rynes, the blynd sees,
thrughe his fals lyes;
Thus he gettes many fees of theyme he begyles.
Primus Tortor. He rases men that dees, thay seke
hym be myles,
And ever thrughe his soceres oure sabate day defyles
Ever more, sir.
Secundus Tortor. This is his use and his custom
To heylle the defe and the dome,
Where so ever he com,
I telle you before, sir.
Primus Tortor. Men calle hym a prophette and
Godes son of heven,
He wold fayn downe bryng oure lawes bi his steven.
Secundus Tortor. Yit is ther anothere thyng that
I hard hym neven,
He settes not a fle wyng bi Sir Cesar fulle even;
He says thus,
Sir, the same is he
That excused with his sotelte
A woman in avowtre;
Fulle welle may ye trust us.
Primus Tortor. Sir Lazare can he rase that men
may persave,
When he had lyne iiij dayes ded in his grave;
Alle men hym prase, both master and knave,
Suche wychecraft he mase.
Secundus Tortor. If he abowte wave
Any langere
His warkys may we ban,

For he has turned many man
Sen the tyme he began,
And done us greatt hangere.
Primus Tortor. He wille not leyfe yit thof he be culpabylle,
Men calle hym a prophete, a lord fulle renabylle;
Sir Cayphas, bi my wytt, he shuld be dampnabille,
Bot wold ye two, as ye sytt, make it ferme and stabylle
To geder.
For ye two, as I traw,
May defende alle oure law,
That mayde us to you draw
And bryng this loselle heder.
Secundus Tortor. Sir, I can telle you before, as myght I be maryd,
If he reyne any more oure lawes ar myscaryd.
Primus Tortor. Sir, opposed if he were he shuld be fon waryd,
That is welle seyn thore wher he has long tarid
And walkyd;
He is sowre lottyn,
Ther is somwhat forgottyn,
I shalle thryng out the rottyn
Be we have alle talkyd.
Cayphas. Now fare myght ye falle for youre talkyng,
For, certes, I my self shalle make examynyng.
Harstow, harlott, of all of care may thou syng,
How durst thou the calle aythere emperoure or kyng?
I defy the.
What, the dwille! dost thou here?
Thi dedes wille do the dere,
Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr
Or I shalle ascry the.
Illa-haylle was thou borne! harke, says he oght agane?
Thou shalle onys or to morne to speke be fulle fayne.
This is a great skorne and a fals trane,
Now wolf-hede and out-horne on the be tane!
Vile fature!
Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,
Yit myght it do the som letht,
Et omnis qui tacet
Hic consentire videtur.
Speke on oone word right, in the dwyllys name!

Where was thi syre at bord when he met with thi dame?
What, nawder bowted ne spurd, and a lord of name!
Speke on in a torde, the dwille gif the shame,
Sir Sybre!
Perde, if thou were a kyng
Yit myght thou be ridyng;
Fy on the, fundlyng,
Thou lyfes bot bi brybre.
Lad, I am a prelate, a lord in degre,
Syttes in myn astate as thou may se,
Knyghtes on me to wate in dyverse degre,
I myght thole the abate and knele on thi kne
In my present;
As ever syng I mes,
Whoso kepes the lawe, I gess,
He gettes more by purches
Then bi his fre rent.
The dwille gif the shame that ever I knew the!
Nather blynde ne lame wille none persew the;
Therfor I shalle the name that ever shalle rew the,
Kyng Copyn in oure game, thus shalle I indew the,
For a satur.
Say, dar thou not speke for ferde?
I shrew hym the lerd,
Weme, the dwillys durt in thi berd,
Vyle fals tratur!
Though thi lyppus be stokyn yit myght thou say, mom;
Great wordes has thou spokyn then was thou not dom.
Be it hole worde or brokyn, com out with som,
Els on the shalle I be wrokyn or thi ded com
Alle outt.
Ayther has thou no wytt,
Or els ar thyne eres dytt,
Why bot herd thou not yit?
Se, I cry and I showte.

Anna. A, sir, be not ylle payde though he not answere,
He is inwardly flayde, not right in his gere.

Cayphas. No, bot the wordes he has saide dothe my hart great dere.

Anna. Sir, yit may ye be dayde.

Cayphas. Nay, whils I lif nere.

Anna. Sir, amese you.

Cayphas Now fowlle myght hym befalle !
Anna. Sir, ye ar vexed at alle,
And peraventur he shalle
Here after pleas you ,
We may bi oure law examyne hym fyrst.
Cayphas. Bot I gif hym a blaw my hart wille brist.
Anna. Abyde to ye his purpose knaw.
Cayphas. Nay, bot I shalle out thrist
Both his een on a raw.
Anna. Sir, ye wille not, I tryst,
Be so vengeabylle ;
Bot let me oppose hym.
Cayphas. I pray you, and sloes hym.
Anna. Sir, we may not lose hym
Bot we were dampnabille.
Cayphas. He has adyld his ded, a kyng he hym calde ;
War, let me gyrd of his hede.
Anna. I hope not ye wold ;
Bot sir do my red youre worship to hald.
Cayphas. Shalle I never ete bred to that he be stald
In the stokys.
Anna. Sir, speke soft and stille,
Let us do as the law wille.
Cayphas. Nay, I myself shalle hym kylle,
And murder with knokys.
Anna. Syr, thynk ye that ye ar a man of holy kyrk,
Ye shuld be oure techer meknes to wyrk.
Cayphas. Yei, bot alle is out of har, and that shalle he yrk.
Anna. Alle soft may men go far, oure lawes ar not myrk
I weyn ;
Youre wordes ar bustus,
Et hoc nos volumus
Quod de jure possumus,
Ye wot what I meyn ;
It is best that we trete hym with farenes.
Cayphas. We, nay !
Anna. And so myght we gett hym som word for to say.
Cayphas. War, let me bett hym !
Anna. Syr, do away,
For if ye thus threttt hym he spekys not this day.
Bot herys,

Wold ye sesse and abyde,
I shuld take hym on syde
And inquere of his pryde,
How he oure folke lerys.
Cayphas. He has revyd oure lang withe his fals lyys,
And done mekylle wrang, Sir Cæsar he defyes,
Therfor shalle I hym hang or I up ryse.
Anna. Sir, the law wille not he gang on nokyn wyse
Undemyd;
Bot fyrst wold I here
What he wold answere,
Bot he dyd any dere
Why shuld he be flemyd?
And therfor examynyng fyrst wille I make
Sen that he callys hym a kyng.
Cayphas. Bot he that forsake
I shalle gyf hym a wryng that his nek shalle crak.
Anna. Syr, ye may not hym dyng, no word yit he spake
That I wyst;
Hark felow, com nar,
Wylle thou never be war?
I have mervelle thou dar
Thus do thyn awne lyst.
Bot I shalle do as the law wylle if the people ruse the,
Say, dyd thou oght this ylle? can thou oght excuse the?
Whi standes thou so stylle when men thus accuse the?
For to hyng on a hylle hark how they ruse the
To dam;
Say, art thou Godes son of heven,
As thou art wont for to neven?
Jesus. So thou says by thi steven,
And right so I am;
For after this shalle thou se when that [I] do com downe
In brightnes on he, in clowdys from abone.
Cayphas. A, ille myght the feete be that broght the to towne!
Thou art worthy to de; say, thefe, where is thi crowne?

Anna. Abyde, sir,
Let us lawfully redres.
Cayphas. We nede no wytnes,
His self says expres;
Whi shuld I not chyde, sir?
Anna. Was ther never man so wyk bot he myght amende
When it com to the pryk; right as your self kend.
Cayphas. Nay sir, bot I shalle hym styk even with myn awne hand;
For if he reve and be whyk we ar at an end
Alle sam;
Therfor whils I am in this brethe
Let me put hym to dethe.
Anna. Sed nobis non licet
Interficere quemquam.
Sir ye wot better then I we shuld slo no man.
Cayphas. His dedys I defy, his warkes may we ban,.
Therfor shalle he by.
Anna. Nay, on oder wyse than,
And do it lawfully.
Cayphas. As how?
Anna. Tel you I can.
Cayphas. Let se.
Anna. Sir take tent to my sawes,
Men of temporalle lawes
They may deme siche cause,
And so may not we.
Cayphas. My hart is fulle cold nerehand that I swelt,
For talys that ar told I bolne at my belt,
Unethes may it hold my body an ye it felt,
Yit wold I gif of my gold yond tratoure to pelt
For ever.
Anna. Good sir, do as ye hett me.
Cayphas. Whi shalle he over sett me?
Sir Anna, if ye lett me
Ye do not your dever.
Anna. Sir, ye ar a prelate.
Cayphas. So may I welle seme,
My self if I say it.
Anna. Be not to breme,
Sich men of astate shuld no men deme,
Bot send them to Pilate, the temporalle law to yeme
Has he;

He may best threte hym,
And alle-to rehete hym,
It is shame you to bete hym
Therfor, sir, let be.
Cayphas. Fy on hym and war, I am oute of my gate,
'Say why standes he so far.
Anna. Sir, he cam bot late.
Cayphas. No bot I have knyghtes that dar rap hym on the pate.
Anna. Ye ar bot to skar, good sir abate,
And here;
What nedys you to chyte,
What nedes you to flyte,
If ye yond man smyte
Ye ar irregulere.
Cayphas. He that fyrst made me clerk and taght me my lare
On bookys for to barke the dwille gyf hym care!
Anna. A, good sir, hark, siche wordys myght ye spare.
Cayphas. Els might I have made up wark of yond harlot and mare,
Perde!
Bot certes or he has yode
It wold do me som good
To se knyghtys knok his hoode
With knokys two or thre.
For sen he has trespast and broken oure law,
Let us make hym agast, and set hym in awe.
Anna. Sir, as ye have hast it shalbe, I traw,
Com and make redy fast, ye knyghtys, on a raw
Youre arament;
And that kyng to you take,
And with knokys make hym wake.
Cayphas. Yei, syrs, and for my sake
Gyf hym good payment.
For if I myght go with you, as I wold that I myght,
I shuld make myn avow that ons or mydnyght
I shuld make his heede sow, wher that I lyt right.
Primus Tortor. Sir, drede you not now of this cursed wight
To day,
For we shalle so rok hym
And with buffettes knok hym.
Cayphas. And I red that ye lok hym

That he ryn not away,
For I red not we mete if that lad skap.
Secundus Tortor. Sir, on us be it bot we clowt welle his kap.
Cayphas. Wold ye do as ye heytt it were a fayr hap.
Primus Tortor. Sir, see ye and sytt how that we hym knap
Oone feste;
Bot or we go to this thyng
Sayn us, lord, withe thy ryng.
Cayphas. Now he shalle have my blyssyng
That knokes hym the best.
Secundus Tortor. Go we now to oure noyte withe this fond foylle.
Primus Tortor. We shalle teche hym, I wote, a new play of yoylle,
And hold hym fulle hete; Frawrord, a stoylle
Go fotche us.
Froward. We, Dote! now els were it doylle
And unneth;
For the wo that he shalle dre
Let him knele on his kne.
Secundus Tortor. And so shalle he for me;
Go fetche us a light buffit.
Froward. Why, must he sytt soft withe a mekille myschaunce
That has tenyd us thus oft?
Primus Tortor. Sir, we do it for a skawnce,
If he stode up on loft we must hop and dawnse
As cokys in a croft.
Froward. Now a venjance
Com on hym.
Good skille can ye shew,
As felle I the dew,
Have this, bere it shrew,
For soyn shalle we fon hym.
Secundus Tortor. Com, sir, and sytt downe; must ye be prayde?
Lyke a lord of renowne youre sete is arayde.
Primus Tortor. We shalle prent on his crowne the wordes he has sayde,
Ther is none in this towne I trow be ille payde
Of his sorow
Bot the fader that hym gate.

Primus Tortor. Now for oght that I wate,
Alle his kyn commys to late
His body to borow.
Secundus Tortor. I wold we were on warde.
Primus Tortor. Bot his een must be hyd.
Secundus Tortor. Yei, bot thay be welle spard we lost that we dyd;
Step furthe thou Froward.
Froward. What is now betyd?
Primus Tortor. Thou art ever away ward.
Froward. Have ye none to byd
Bot me?
I may syng ylla-haylle.
Secundus Tortor. Thou must get us a vaylle.
Froward. Ye ar ever in oone taylle.
Primus Tortor. Now ille myght thou the!
Welle had thou thi name, for thou was ever curst.
Froward. Sir, I myght say the same to you if I durst,
Yit my hyer may I clame, no penny I purst;
I have had mekylle shame, hunger and thurst,
In your servyce.
Primus Tortor. Not oone word so bold.
Froward. Why, it is trew that I told,
Fayn preve it I wold.
Secundus Tortor. Thou shalbe cald to pervyce.
Froward. Here a vaylle have I fon, I trow it wille last.
Primus Tortor. Bryng it hider, good son, that is it that I ast.
Froward. How shuld it be bon?
Secundus Tortor. Abowte his heade cast.
Primus Tortor. Yei, and when it is welle won knit a knot fast
I red.
Froward. Is it weylle?
Secundus Tortor. Yei, knave.
Froward. What, weyn ye that I rafe?
Cryst curs myght he have
That last bond his head!
Primus Tortor. Now sen he is blynfold I falle to begyn,
And thus was I counseld the mastry to wyn.
Secundus Tortor. Nay, wrang has thou told, thus shuld thou com in.

Froward. I stole and beheld, thou towched not
the skyn,
Bot fowlle.
Primus Tortor. How wille thou I do.
Secundus Tortor. On this manere, lo.
Froward. Yei, that was welle gone to,
Thar start up a cowlle.
Primus Tortor. Thus shalle we hym refe alle his
fonde talys.
Secundus Tortor. Ther is noght in thi nefe, or els
thi hart falys.
Froward. I can my hand uphefe and knop out the
skalys.
Primus Tortor. Godes forbot ye lefe, bot set in
youre nalys
On raw;
Sit up and prophecy.
Froward. Bot make us no ly.
Secundus Tortor. Who smote the last?
Primus Tortor. Was it I?
Froward. He wote not, I traw.
Primus Tortor. Fast to sir Cayphas go we togeder.
Secundus Tortor. Ryse up with ille grace, so com
thou hyder.
Froward. It semys by his pase he grotches to go
thyder.
Primus Tortor. We have gyfen hym a glase, ye
may consyder,
To kepe.
Secundus Tortor. Sir, for his great boost,
With knoks he is indoost.
Froward. In fayth, sir, we had almost
Knokyd hym on slepe.
Cayphas. Now sen he is welle bett, weynd on
youre gate,
And telle ye the forfett unto sir Pylate;
For he is a Juge sett emang men of state,
And looke that ye not let.
Primus Tortor. Com furthe, old crate;
Be lyfe;
We shalle lede the a trot.
Secundus Tortor. Lyft thi feete may thou not.
Froward. Then nedes me do nott
Bot com after and dryfe.
Cayphas. Alas, now take I hede.

Anna. Why mowrne ye so?
Cayphas. For I am ever in drede, wandreth, and wo,
Lest Pylate for mede let Jesus go,
Bot had I slayn hym in dede withe thise handes two
At onys
Alle had bene qwytt than;
Bot gyftes marres many man,
Bot he deme the sothe than
The dwille have his bonys.
Sir Anna alle I wyte you this blame, for had ye not beyn
I had mayde hym fulle tame, yei stykyd hym, I weyn,
To the hart fulle wan with this dagger so keyn.
Anna. Sir, you must shame sich wordys for to meyn
Emang men.
Cayphas. I wille not dwelle in this stede,
Bot spy how thay hym lede,
And persew on his dede;
Fare welle, we gang, men.

EXPLICIT COLIPHIZATIO.

INCIPIT FLAGELLACIO.

Pilatus. Peasse at my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold!
Looke none be so hardy to speke a word bot I,
Or by Mahowne most myghty, maker on mold,
With this brande that I bere ye shalle bytterly aby;
Say, wote ye not that I am Pylate, perles to behold?
Most doughty in dedes of dukys of the Jury,
In bradyng of batels I am the most bold,
Therfor my name to you wille I descry,
No mys.
I am fulle of sotelty,
Falshod, gylt, and trechery;
Therfor am I namyd by clergy
As mali actoris.
For like as on bothe sydys the iren the hamer makithe playn,
So do I, that the law has here in my kepyng,
The right side to socoure, certes, I am fulle bayn,
If I may get ther-by a vantege or wynyng;
Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,
For I se more vaylle wille to me be risyng;
Thus every man to drede me shalbe fulle fayn,
And alle faynt of thare faythe to me be obeying,
Truly.
Alle fals endytars,
Quest-gangars, and jurars,
And thise out-rydars
Ar welcom to me.
Bot this prophete, that has prechyd and puplyshed so playn
Cristen law, Crist thay calle hym in oure cuntre,
Bot oure prynces fulle prowdly this nyght have hym tayn
Fulle tytt to be dampned he shalle be hurlyd before me;
I shalle fownd to be his freynd utward, in certayn,
And shew hym fare countenance and wordes of vanyte,

Bot or this day at nyght on crosse shalle he be slayn,
Thus agans hym in my hart I bere great enmyte
Fulle sore.
Ye men that use bak bytynges,
And rasars of slanderynges,
Ye ar my dere darlynges,
And Mahown's for evermore.
For no thyng in this warld dos me more grefe
Than for to here of Crist and his new lawes,
To trow that he is Godes son my hart wold alle-to clefe,
Thoughe he be never so trew bothe in dedes and in sawes.
Therfor shalle he suffre mekille myschefe,
And alle the dyscypyls that unto hym drawes,
For ever alle solace to me it is most lefe
The shedyng of Cristen bloode, and that alle Jury knawes,
I say you.
My knytes fulle swythe
Thare strengthes wille thay kythe,
And bryng hym be-lyfe;
Lo, where thay com now!
Primus Tortor. I have ron that I swett from Sir Herod oure kyng
With this man that wille not lett oure lawes to downe bryng;
He has done so myche forfett of care may he syng,
Thrughe dom of sir Pylate he gettes an ylle endyng
And sore;
The great warkes he has wroght
Shalle serve hym of noght,
And bot thay be dere boght
Lefe me no more.
Bot make rowme in this rese I byd you, belyfe,
And of youre noys that ye sesse both man and wyfe,
To sir Pylate on dese this man wille we dryfe,
His dede for to dres and refe hym his lyfe
This day;
Do draw hym forward,
Whi stand ye so bakward?
Com on, sir, hyderward,
As fast as ye may!
Secundus Tortor. Do pulle hym a rase whyls we be gangyng,

I shalle spytt in his face thoughe it be fare shynyng;
Of us thre gettes thou no grace, thi dedes ar so noyng,
Bot more sorow thou hase oure myrthe is incresyng
No lak;
Felows alle in hast,
Withe this band that wille last
Let us bynde fast
Bothe his handes on his bak.
Tercius Tortor. I shalle lede the a dawnce unto sir Pylate halle,
Thou betyd an ylle chawnce to com emanges us alle;
Sir Pylate, with your cheftance, to you we cry and calle
That ye make som ordynance with this brodelle thralle
By skylle;
This man that we led
On crosse ye put to ded.
Pilatus. What! withe outten any red?
That is not my wylle;
Bot ye wysest of law to me ye be tendand,
This man withoutten awe, whiche ye led in a band,
Nather in dede ne in saw can I fynd withe no wrang,
Wherfor ye shuld hym draw, or bere falsly on hand
Withe ille;
Ye say he turnes oure pepylle,
Ye calle hym fals an fekylle,
Warldes shame is on ye mekylle
This man if ye spylle.
Of alle thise causes ilkon which ye put on hym
Herode, truly as stone, coud fynd with nokyns gyn
Nothyng herapon that pent to any syn;
Why shuld I then so soyn to ded here deme hym
Therfor?
This is my counselle,
I will not with hym melle,
Let hym go where he wylle
For now and evermore.
Primus Consultus. Syr, I say the one thyng without any mys,
He callys his self a kyng there he none is,
Thus he wold down bryng oure lawes, i-wys,
Withe his fals lesyng and his quantys
This tyde.
Pilatus. Hark, felow, com nere,

Thou knowes I have powere
To excuse or to dampne here
In baylle to abyde.
Jesus. Sich powere has thou noght to work thy wille thus with me
Bot from my fader that is broght, oone-fold God in persons thre.
Pilatus. Certes, it is fallen well in my thoght, at this tyme, as welle wote ye,
A thefe that any felony has wroght to let hym skap or go fre
Away;
Therfor ye let hym pas.
Primus Tortor. Nay, nay, bot Barabas;
And Jesus in this case
To dethe ye dam this day.
Pilatus. Syrs, looke ye take good hede his cloysse ye spoylle hym fro,
Te gar his body blede and bett hym blak and bloo.
Secundus Tortor. This man, as myght I spede, that has wroght us this wo
How *judicare* comys in crede shalle we teche, or we go,
Alle soyne;
Have bynd to this pyllar.
Tercius Tortor. Why standes thou so far?
Primus Tortor. To bett his body bar
I haste, withoutten hoyne.
Secundus Tortor. Now falle I the fyrst to flap on hys hyde.
Tercius Tortor. My hart wold alle-to bryst bot I myght to hym glyde.
Primus Tortor. A swap fayn, if I durst, wold I lene the this tyde.
Secundus Tortor. War, let me rub on the rust, that the bloode downe glyde
As swythe.
Tercius Tortor. Have att!
Primus Tortor. Take you that!
Secundus Tortor. I shalle lene you a flap,
My strengthe for to kythe.
Tercius Tortor. Where on servys thi prophecy thou telle us in this case,
And all thi warkys of great mastry thou shewed in divers place?

Primus Tortor. Thy apostels fulle radly ar ron from
the a rase,
Thou art here in our baly withoutten any grace
Of skap.
Secundus Tortor. Do rug him.
Tercius Tortor. Do dyng hym.
Primus Tortor. Nay, I myself wold kylle hym
Bot for sir Pylate;
Syrs, at the feste of Architreclyn this prophete he
was,
There turnyd he water into wyn that day he had siche
grace,
His apostels to hym can enclyn and other that ther
was,
The see he past bot few yeres syn, it lete hym walk
theron apase
At wylle;
The elementes alle bedeyn,
And wyndes that ar so keyn,
The firmamente, as I weyn,
Ar hym obeyng tylle.
Secundus Tortor. A lepir cam fulle fast to this man
that here standys
And prayed hym, in alle hast, of baylle to lowse his
bandys;
His travelle was not wast, thoughe he cam from far
landes,
This prophete tyl hym past, and helyd hym withe his
handes,
Fulle blythe.
The son of centuryon,
For whom his fader made great mone,
Of the palsy he helyd anone,
Thay lowfyd hym oft sythe.
Tercius Tortor. Sirs, as he cam from Jherico a
blynde man man satt by the way,
To hym walkand with many mo cryand to hym thus
can he say,
"Thou son of David, or thou go, of blyndnes hele
thou me this day,"
Ther was he helyd of alle his wo, siche wonders can
he wyrk alle way
At wylle;
He rasys men from dethe to lyfe,
And castes out devyls from thame oft sythe,

Seke men cam to hym fulle ryfe,
He helys thaym of alle ylle.
Primus Tortor. For alle thise dedys of great lovyng iiij thynges I have fond certanly,
For which he is worthy to hyng, oone is oure kyng that he wold be,
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng he lettes not to hele the seke truly,
He says oure temple he shalle downe bryng and in thre dayes big it on hy
Alle hole agane;
Syr Pilate as ye sytt,
Looke wysely in youre wytt,
Dam Jesus or ye flytt
On crosse to suffre his payne.
Pilatus. Thou man that suffurs alle this ylle, why wylle thou us no mercy cry?
Slake thy hart and thi greatt wylle whyls on the we have mastry,
Of thy greatt warkes shew us som skylle, men calle the kyng, thou telle us why?
Wherfor the Jues seke the to spylle the cause I wold know wytterly,
Perdee;
Say what is thy name,
Thou lett for no shame,
Thay put on the greatt blame,
Els myght [thou] skap for me.
Secundus Consultus. Sir Pilate, prynce peerles, this is my red,
That he skap not harmeles bot do hym to ded,
He calys hym a kyng in every place, thus wold he over led
Oure people in his trace and oure lawes downe tred
By skylle;
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,
And the pepylle withe oone voce,
To hyng hym hy on a crosse
Thay cry and calle you untylle.
Pilatus. Now certes, this is a wonder thyng that ye wold bryng to noght
Hym that is youre lege lordyng, in faith this was far soght;
Bot say, why make ye none obeyng to hym that alle has wroght?

Tercius Tortor. Sir he is oure chefe lordyng sir Cesar so worthyly wroght
On mold,
Pylate, do after us,
And dam to deth Jesus,
Or to sir Cesar we trus
And make thy frenship cold.

Pilatus. Now that I am sakles of this bloode shalle ye se,
Both my handes in expres wes hen shalle be,
This bloode bees dere boght I ges that ye spille so frele.

Primus Tortor. We pray it falle endless on us and oure meneye,
With wrake.

Pilatus. Now youre desyre fulfylle I shalle,
Take hym emangs you alle,
On crosse ye put that thralle
His endyng ther to take.

Primus Tortor. Com on! tryp on thi tose, without any fenyng;
Thou has made many glose with thy fals talkyng.

Secundus Tortor. We ar worthy greatte lose that thus has broght a kyng
From sir Pilate and othere fose thus into oure ryng,
Withoutt any hoyne;
Sirs, a kyng he hym cals,
Therfor a crowne hym befals.

Tercius Tortor. I swere by alle myn elder sauls,
I shalle it ordan soyne.

Primus Tortor. Lo! here a crowne of thorne to perche his brane within,
Putt on his hede with skorne, and gar thrylle the skyn.

Secundus Tortor. Haylle kyng! where was thou borne siche worship for to wyn?
We knele alle the beforne, and the to grefe wille we not blyn,
That be thou bold;
Now by Mahowne's bloode!
Ther wille no mete do me goode
To he be hanged on a roode,
And his bones be cold.

Primus Tortor. Syrs, we may be fayn for I have fon a tre,

I telle you in certan it is of greatt bewtee,
On the whiche he shalle suffre payn, be feste with nales thre,
Ther shalle no thyng hym gayn ther on to he dede be,
I insure it;
Do bryng hym hence.
Secundus Tortor. Take up oure gere and defence.
Tercius Tortor. I wold spende alle my spence
To se hym ones skelpt.
Primus Tortor. This cros thou up take and make the redy bowne,
Without gruchyng thou rake and bere it thrughe the towne;
Mary, thi moder, I wote wille make great mowrnyng and mone,
But for thy fals dedes sake shortly thou shalbe slone,*
No nay;
The pepylle of Bedlem,
And gentyls of Jerusalem,
Alle the comoners of this reme,
Shalle wonder on the this day.
Johannes Apostolus. Alas! for my master most of myght,
That yester even withe lanterne bright
Before Caiphas was broght,
Both Peter and I sagh that sight,
And sithen we fled away fulle wight,
When Jues so wonderly wroght;
At morne thay toke to red
And fals witnes furth soght,
And demyd hym to be dede,
That to thaym trespast noght,
Alas! for his modere and othere moo,
My moder and hir syster also,
Sat sam withe syghyng sore,
Thay wote nothyng of alle this wo,
Therfor to telle thaym wille I go,
Sen I may mend no more;
If he shuld dy thus tyte and thay unwarned wore,
I were worthy to wyte; I wille go fast therfor.
God save you, systers alle in fere,

* This line is added by a hand of the time of Henry the Eighth on a spa till then vacant.

Dere lady if thi wille were
I must telle tythynges playn.
Maria. Welcom John, my cosyn dere,
How farys my son sen thou was here,
That wold I wyt fulle fayn.
Johannes. A, dere lady withe youre leyff, the trouth shuld no man layn,
Ne with Godes wille thaym grefe.
Maria. Whi, John, is my son slayn!
Johannes. Nay lady, I saide not so,
Bot ye me myn he told us two
And thaym that with us wore,
How he with pyne shuld pas us fro,
And eft shuld com us to,
To amende oure syghyng sore;
It may not stand in stede to sheynd your self therfor.
Maria Magdalene. Alas! this day for drede! good Johne, neven this no more!
Seke prevaly I the pray,
For I am ferde if we hir flay
That she wille ryn and rafe.
Johannes. The sothe behowys me nede to say,
He is damyd to dede this day,
Ther may no sorow hym safe.
Maria Jacobi. Good John telle unto us two what thou of hir wille crafe,
And we wille gladly go and help that thou it have.
Johannes. Systers, youre mowrnyng may not amende,
And ye wille ever, or he take ende,
Speke with my master free,
Then must ye ryse and with me weynd,
And kepe hym as he shalle be kend
Withe outt yond same cyte;
If ye wille nygh me nere com fast and folowe me.
Maria. A, help me, systers dere! that I my son may see.
Maria Magdalene. Lady, we wold weynd fulle fayne,
Hertely with alle oure myght and mayn,
Youre comforthe to encrese.
Maria. Good Johne, go before and frayn.
Johannes. Lo where he commes us even agayn
With alle yond mekylle prese,
All youre mowrnyng in feyr may not his sorow sese.

Maria. Alas, for my son dere that me to moder chese,
Alas, dere son for care I se thi body blede,
My self I wille for fare for the in this great drede,
This cros on thi shulder bare to help the in this nede,
I wille it bere withe greatt hart sare wheder thay wille the lede.

Jesus. This cros is large in lengthe and also bustus withe alle,
If thou put to thy strengthe, to the erthe thou mon downe falle.

Maria. A dere son, thou let me help the in this case.

Et inclinabit crucem ad matrem suam.

Jesus. Lo moder, I telle it the to bere no myght thou hase.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it may so be to man thou gif thi grace,
On thi self thou have pyte and kepe the from thi foyse.

Jesus. For sothe, moder, this is no nay, on cros I must dede dre
And from dethe ryse on the thyrd day, thus prophecy says by me;
Man's saulle that I luffyd ay I shalle redeme securly,
Into blis of heven for ay I shalle it bryng to me.

Maria Magdalene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght, Jesus, to se withe Jues keyn,
How he in dyvers payns is dight; for sorow I water bothe myn eeyn.

Maria Jacobi. This lord that is of myght dyd never ylle truly,
Thise Jues they do not right if thay deme hym to dy.

Maria Magdalene. Alas! what shalle we say, Jesus, that is so leyfe,
To dethe thise Jues this day thay lede with paynes fulle grefe.

Maria Jacobi. He was fulle true, I say, thoughe thay dam hym as thefe,
Mankynde he lufed alle way; for sorow my hart wille clefe.

Jesus. Ye doghters of Jerusalem, I byd ye wepe nothyng for me,
Bot for youre self and youre barne-teme, behald I telle you securly,

Sor paynes ar ordand for this reme in dayes herafter
for to be,
Youre myrthe to baylle it shalle downe streme in
every place of this cyte.
Chylder, certes, thay shalle blys women baren that
never child bare,
And pappes that never gaf sowke, iwys, thus shalle
thare hartes for sorrow be sare,
The montayns hy and thise great hyllys thay shalle
byd falle apon them thare,
For my bloode that sakles is, to shed and spylle thay
wille not spare.
Secundus Tortor. Walk on, and leyf thi vayn car-
pyng, it shalle not save the fro thi dede,
Wheder thise women cry or syng for any red that
thay can red.
Tercius Tortor. Say wherto abyde we here abowte
Thise qwenes with scremyng and with showte?
May no man thare wordes stere.
Primus Tortor. Go home, thou casbald, with that
clowte,
Or, by that lord I leyf and lowte,
Thus shalle by it fulle dere!
Maria Magdalene. This thyng shalle venjance calle
on you holly in fere.
Secundus Tortor. Go hy the hens with alle, or ylle
haylle cam thou here.
Tercius Tortor. Let alle this bargan be, syn alle
oure toylles ar before,
This tratoure and his tre I wold fulle fayn were thore.
Primus Tortor. It nedes not hym to harlle, this cros
dos hym greatt dere,
Bot yonder comys a carl shalle help hym for to bere.
Secundus Tortor. That shalle we soyn se on assay;
Herk good man, wheder art thou on away?
Thou walkes as thou were wrathe.
Symon. Syrs, I have a greatt jornay
That must be done this same day,
Or els it wille me skathe.
Tercius Tortor. Thou may withe lytylle payn easse
hym and thi self bothe.
Simon. Good syrs, that wold I fayn, bot for to tary
I were fulle lothe.
Primus Tortor. Nay, nay! thou shalle fulle soyn
be sped,

Lo here a lad that must be led
For his ylle dedes to dy,
And he is bressed and alle for-bled,
That makys us here thus stratly sted;
We pray the, sir, for-thi,
That thou wille take this tre, bere it to Calvery.

Symon. Good syrs, that may not be, for fulle greatt haste have I,
No longer may I hoyn.

Secundus Tortor. In fayth thou shalle not go so soyn
For noght that thou can say;
This dede must nedes be done,
And this carl be dede or noyn,
And now is nere myd day;
And therfor help us at this nede and make us here no more delay.

Symon. I pray you do youre dede, and let me go my way,
And I shalle com fulle soyn agane,
To help this man with alle my mayn,
At your awne wylle.

Tercius Tortor. What and wold thou trus with siche a trane?
Nay fature, thou shalle be fulle fayn,
This forward to fulfylle;
Or, by the myght of Mahowne! thou shalle lyke it fulle ylle.

Primus Tortor. Tytt, let dyng this dastard downe, bot he lay hand ther tylle.

Symon. Certes, that were unwysely wroght,
To beytt me bot if I trespast oght
Aythere in word or dede.

Secundus Tortor. Apon thi bak it shalle be broght,
Thou berys it wheder thou wille or noght,
Dewylle! whom shuld we drede?
And therfor take it here belyfe, and bere it furthe good spede.

Symon. It helpys not here to strife, bere it behoves me nede;
And therfor, syrs, as ye have sayde,
To help this man I am welle payde,
As ye wold that it were.

Tercius Tortor. A, ha! now ar we right arayde,
Bot loke oure gere be redy grade,
To wyrk when we com there.

Primus Tortor. I warand alle redy oure toyles, both
moore and les,
And sir Symon truly gose on before with cros.
Tercius Tortor. Now by Mahowne, oure heven
kyng!
I wold that he were in that stede
Where we myght hym on cros bryng;
Step on before and furthe hym lede
A trace.
Primus Tortor. Com on thou!
Secundus Tortor. Put on thou!
Tercius Tortor. I com fast after you,
And folowse on the chase.

EXPLICIT FLAGELLACIO.

SEQUITUR PROCESSUS CRUCIS.

Pilatus. Peasse I byd everyeich wight,
Stand as stylle as stone in walle,
Whyles ye ar present in my sight,
That none of ye clatter ne calle,
For if ye do youre dede is dyght,
I warne it you both greatte and smalle,
With this brand burnyshyd so bright,
Therfor in peasse loke ye be alle.
What! peasse in the dwillys name!
Harlottes and dustards alle bedene,
On galus ye be maide fulle tame,
Thefes and mychers keyn;
Wille ye not peasse when I bid you?
By Mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,
I shalle ordan sone for you,
Paynes that never ere were seyn,
And that anone;
Be ye so bold beggars, I warn you,
Fulle boldly shalle I bett you,
To helle the dwille shalle draw you,
Body, bak and bone.
I am a lord that mekylle is of myght,
Prynce of a'le Jury, sir Pilate I highte,
Next kyng Herode gryttyst of alle,
Bowys to my byddyng bothe greatt and smalle,
Or els be ye shentt;
Therfore stere youre tonges, I warn you alle,
And unto us take tent.

Primus Tortor. Alle peasse, alle peasse, emang you alle!
And herkyns now what shalle befalle
Of this fals chuffer here;
That with his fals quantyse,
Has lett hym self as God wyse,
Emanges us many a yere.
He cals hym self a prophett,
And says that he can bales bete,

And make alle thynges amende;
Bot or lang wytt we shalle
Wheder he can bete his awne bale,
Or skapp out of oure hende.
Was not this a wonder thyng,
That he durst calle hym self a kyng
And make so greatt a lee?
Bot, by Mahowne! whyls I may lyf
Those prowde wordes shalle I never forgyf,
Tylle he be hanged on he.

Secundus Tortor. His pride, fy, we sett at noght,
Bot ich man kest in his thoght,
And looke that we noght wante;
For I shalle fownde, if that I may,
By the order of knyghtede, to day
To cause his hart pante.

Tercius Tortor. And so shalle I with alle my myght,
Abate his pryde this ylk nyght,
And rekyn hym a crede;
Lo, he lettes he cowde none ylle,
Bot he can ay, when he wylle,
Do a fulle fowlle-dede.

Quartus Tortor. Yei felows, ye, as have I rest!
Emanges us alle I red we kest
To bryng this thefe to dede;
Looke that we have that we shuld nate,
For to hald this shrew strate.

Primus Tortor. That was a nobylle red;
Lo, here I have a bande,
If nede be to bynde his hande,
This thwong, I trow, wille last.

Secundus Tortor. And here oone to the othere syde,
That shalle abate his pride,
Be it be drawen fast.

Tercius Tortor. Lo, here a hamere and nales also,
For to festen fast oure foo
To this tre fulle soyn.

Quartus Tortor. Ye ar wise, withoutten drede,
That so can help yourself at nede
Of thyng that shuld be done.

Primus Tortor. Now dar I say hardely,
He shalle with alle his mawmentry
No longere us be telle.

Secundus Tortor. Syn Pilate has hym tylle us geyn,
Have done, belyfe, let it be seyn
How we can withe hym melle.
Tercius Tortor. Now ar we at the Monte of Calvarye,
Have done, folows, and let now se
How we can with hym lake.
Quartus Tortor. Yee, for as modee as he can loke,
He wold have turnyd an othere croke
Myght he have had the rake.
Primus Tortor. In fayth, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng,
Ye must prufe a worthy thyng
That falles unto the were;
Ye must just in tornamente,
Bot ye sytt fast els ye be shent,
Els downe I shalle you bere.
Secundus Tortor. If thou be Godes son, as thou tellys,
Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?
Els were it mervelle greatt;
And bot if thou can, we wille not trow
That thou hase saide, bote make the mow
When thou syttes in yond sett.
Tercius Tortor. If thou be kyng we shalle thank adylle,
For we shalle sett the in thy sadylle,
For fallyng be thou bold;
I hete the welle thou bydys a shaft,
Bot if thou sytt welle thou had better laft
The tales that thou has told.
Quartus Tortor. Stand nere, felows, and let se
How we can hors oure kyng so fre,
By any craft;
Stand thou yonder on yond syde,
And we shalle se how he can ryde,
And how to weld a shaft.
Primus Tortor. Sir, commys heder and have done,
And wyn apon youre palfray sone,
For he redy bowne;
If ye be bond to hym be not wrothe,
For be ye secure we were fulle lothe
On any wyse that ye felle downe.

Secundus Tortor. Knit thou a knott, withe alle thi strength,
For to draw this arme on lengthe,
Tylle it com to the bore.
Tercius Tortor. Thou maddes, man, bi this light!
It wantys, tylle ich man's sight,
Othere half span and more.
Quartus Tortor. Yit drawe out this arme and fest it fast,
Withe this rope, that welle wille last,
And ilk man lay hand to.
Primus Tortor. Yee, and bynd thou fast that band,
We shalle go to that other hand
And loke what we can do.
Secundus Tortor. Do dryfe a naylle ther thrughe outt,
And then thar us nothyng doutt,
For it wille not brest.
Tertius Tortor. That shalle I do, as myght I thryfe!
For to clynk and for to dryfe
Therto I am fulle prest;
So let it styk, for it is wele.
Quartus Tortor. Thou says sothe, as have I cele,
Ther can no man it mende.
Primus Tortor. Hald downe his knees.
Secundus Tortor. That shalle I do.
His noryshe yede never better to,
Lay on alle your hende.
Tercius Tortor. Draw out hys lymmes, let se, have at.
Quartus Tortor. That was welle drawen that that,
Fare falle hym that so puld!
For to have getten it to the marke
I trow lewde man ne clerk
Nothyng better shuld.
Primus Tortor. Hald it now fast thor,
And oone of you take the bore,
And then may it not faylle.
Secundus Tortor. That shalle I do withoutten drede,
As ever myght I welle spede,
Hym to mekylle bayle.
Tercius Tortor. So, that is welle, it wille not brest,

Bot let now se who dos the best
Withe any slegthe of hande.
Quartus Tortor. Go we now unto the othere ende,
Felowse, fest on fast youre hende.
And pulle welle at this band.
Primus Tortor. I red, felowse, by this wedyr,
That we draw alle ons togedir,
And loke how it wille fare.
Secundus Tortor. Let now se and leyf youre dyn,
And draw we ilka syn from syn,
For nothyng let us spare.
Tercius Tortor. Nay, felowse, this is no gam,
We wille no longere draw alle sam,
So mekille have I asspyed.
Quartus Tortor. No, for as have I blys!
Som can twyk, who so it is,
Sekes easse on som kyn syde.
Primus Tortor. It is better as I hope,
Oone by his self to draw this rope,
And then may we se
Who it is that ere while
Alle his felows can begyle
Of this companye.
Secundus Tortor. Sen thou wille so have here for me;
How draw I, as myght thou the?
Tercius Tortor. Thou drew right wele,
Have here for me half a foyte.
Quartus Tortor. Wema, man! I trow thou doyte,
Thou flyt it never a dele;
Bot have for me here that I may.
Primus Tortor. Welle drawen, son, bi this day!
Thou gose welle to thi warke.
Secundus Tortor. Yit efte, whils thi hande is in,
Pulle ther at with som kyn gyn.
Tercius Tortor. Yei, and bryng it to the marke.
Quartus Tortor. Pulle, pulle!
Primus Tortor. Have now.
Secundus Tortor. Let se.
Tercius Tortor. A ha!
Quartus Tortor. Yit a draght.
Primus Tortor. Therto with alle my maght.
Secundus Tortor. A, ha, hold stille thore!
Tercius Tortor. So felowse! looke now belyfe

Whiche of you can best dryfe,
And I shalle take the bore.
Quartus Tortor. Let me go therto, if I shalle
I hope that I be the best mershalle
For [to] clynke it right;
Do rase hym up now when we may,
For I hope he and his palfray
Shalle not twyn this nyght.
Primus Tortor. Com hedir, felowse, and have done,
And help that this tre sone
To lyft with alle youre sleght.
Secundus Tortor. Yit let us wyrk a whyle,
And no man now othere begyle
To it be broght on heght.
Tercius Tortor. Felowse, fest on alle youre hende
For to rase this tre on ende,
And let se who is last.
Quartus Tortor. I red we do as that he says,
Set we the tre on the mortase,
And ther wille it stand fast.
Primus Tortor. Up with the tymbre.
Secundus Tortor. A, it heldys!
For hym that alle this warld weldys
Put fro the with thi hande.
Tercius Tortor. Hald even emanges us alle.
Quartus Tortor. Yee, and let it into the mortase
falle,
For then wille it best stande.
Primus Tortor. Go we to it and be we strong,
And rase it, be it never so long,
Sen that it is fast bon.
Secundus Tortor. Up with the tymbre fast on ende.
Tercius Tortor. A felowse, fare falle youre hende!
Quartus Tortor. So sir, gape agans the son!
Primus Tortor. A felow, war thi crowne!
Secundus Tortor. Trowes thou this tymbre wille
oght downe?
Tercius Tortor. Yit help that it were fast.
Quartus Tortor. Shog hym welle and let us lyfte.
Primus Tortor. Fulle shorte shalbe his thryfte.
Secundus Tortor. A, it standes up lyke a mast.
Jesus. I pray you pepylle, that passe me by,
That lede youre lyfe so lykandly,
Heyfe up youre hertes on highte,
Behold if ever ye saw body

Suffer and bett thus blody,
Or yit thus dulfully dight,
In warld was never no wight
That suffred half so sare.
My mayn, my mode, my myght,
Is noght bot sorow to sight,
And comfurthe none bot care;
My folk, what have I done to the,
That thou alle thus shalle tormente me?
Thy syn by I fulle sore.
What have I grevyd the? answere me,
That thou thus nalys me to a tre,
And alle for thyn erroure;
Where shalle thou seke socoure?
This mys how shalle thou amende?
When that thou thy saveoure
Dryfes to this dyshonoure,
And nalys thrughe feete and hende?
Alle creatoures that kynde may kest,
Beestys, byrdes, alle have thay rest,
When thay ar wo begon;
Bot Godes son, that shuld be best,
Has not where apon his hede to rest,
Bot on his shulder bone.
To whome now may I make my mone
When thay thus martyr me,
And sakles wille me slone,
And bete me bloode and bone,
That my brethere shuld be?
What kyndnes shuld I kythe theym to?
Have I not done that I aght to do,
Maide the to my lyknes?
And thou thus ryfes me rest and ro,
And lettes thus lightly on me, lo?
Siche is thi catyfnes;
I have the kyd kyndnes, unkyndly thou me quytys;
Se thus thi wekydnes, loke how thou me dyspytys.
Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,
Not for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,
Thus am I rent on rode;
For I that tresoure wold not tyne
That I markyd and made for myne,
Thus by I Adam blode
That sonken was in syn,
With none erthly good

Bot with my flesh and blode
That lothe was for to wyn.
My brethere that I cam forto by
Has hanged me here, thus hedusly,
And freyndes fynde I foyn;
Thus have thay dight me drerely,
And alle by-spytt me spytusly,
As helples man in won.
Bot Fader that syttes in trone
Forgyf thou them this gylt,
I pray to the this boyn,
Thay wote not what thay doyn,
Nor whom thay have thus spylt.

Primus Tortor. Yis, what we do fulle welle we knaw.

Secundus Tortor. Yee, that shalle he fynde within a thraw.

Tercius Tortor. Now, with a myschaunce tylle his cors,
Wenys he that we gyf any force
What dwille so ever he aylle?

Quartus Tortor. For he wold tary us alle day
Of his dede to make delay
I telle you, sansfaylle.

Primus Tortor. Lyft us this tre emanges us alle.

Secundus Tortor. Yee, and let it into the mortase falle.
And that shalle gar hym brest.

Tercius Tortor. Yee, and alle-to ryfe hym lym from lym.

Quartus Tortor. And it wille breke ilk jonte in hym;
Let se now who dos best.

Maria. Alas the doyle I dre, I drowpe, I dare in drede;
Whi hynges thou, son, so hee? my baylle begynnes to brede.
Alle blemyshed is thi ble, I se thi body blede,
In warld, son, were never we so wo as I in wede.
My foode that I have fed,
In lyf longyng the led,
Fulle stratly art thou sted
Emanges thi foo men felle;
Sich sorow forto se,
My dere barn, on the,

Is more mowrnyng to me
Then any tong may telle.
Alas, thi holy hede
Hase not wheron to held,
Thi face with blode is red
Was fare as floure in feylde,
How shuld I stand in sted
To se my barne thus blede,
Bete as blo as lede,
And has no lym to weylde?
Festynd both handes and feete
With nalys fulle unmete,
His woundes wrynyng wete,
Alas, my childe, for care!
For alle rent is thi hyde,
I se on aythere syde
Teres of blode downe glide
Over alle thi body bare,
Alas that ever I shuld byde and se my feyr thus fare.
Johannes. Alas, for doylle, my lady dere,
Alle for-changid is thy chere,
To see this prynce withouten pere
Thus lappyd alle in wo;
He was thi foode, thi faryst foine,
Thi luf, thi lake, thi luffsom son,
That high on tre thus hynges alone
With body blak and blo;
Alas!
To me and many mo a good master he was.
Bot, lady, sen it is his wille
The prophecy to fulfylle
That mankynde in sy[n] not spille,
For them to thole payn;*
And with his ded raunson to make,
As prophetys beforn of hym spake,
For-thi I red thi sorowe thou slake,
Thi wepyng may not gayn
In sorowe;
Oure boytt he byes fulle bayn,
Us alle from bale to borowe.
Maria. Alas thyn een as cristalle clere, that shone as son in sight,
That lufly were in lyere lost thay have thare light.

* Inserted in a hand of the time of Henry the Eighth.

And wax alle faed in fere, alle dym then ar thay dight,
In payn has thou no pere that is withoutten pight.
Swete son, say me thi thoght,
What wonders has thou wroght
To be in payn thus broght,
Thi blissed blode to blende?
A son, think on my wo,
Whi wille thou fare me fro?
On mold is no man mo
That may my myrthes amende.
Johannes. Comly lady good and couthe, fayn wold I comforth the;
Me mynnys my master with mowth told unto his menyee
That he shuld thole fulle mekille payn and dy apon a tre,
And to the lyfe ryse up agayn, apon the thryd day shuld it be
Fulle right;
For-thi, my lady swete,
Stynt a while of grete,
Oure bale then wille he bete
As he before has hight.
Maria. My sorow it is so sad no solace may me safe,
Mowrnyng makes me mad, none hope of help I hafe;
I am redles and rad, for ferd that I mon rafe,
Noghte may make me glad to I be in my grafe.
To deth my dere is dryffen,
His robe is alle-to ryffen
That of me was hym gyffen
And shapen withe my sydes,
Thise Jues and he has stryffen that alle the bale he bydes.
Alas, my lam so mylde, whi wille thou fare me fro
Emang thise wulfes wylde, that wyrke on the this wo?
For shame who may the shelde, for freyndes has thou fo?
Alas, my comly childe, whi wille thou fare me fro?
Madyns, make youre mone,
And wepe ye, wyfes, everyichon,
Withe me, most wriche, in wone,

The childe that borne was best ;
My harte is styf as stone, that for no baylle wille brest.
Johannes. A, lady, welle wote I thi hart is fulle of care
When thou thus openly sees thi childe thus fare,
Luf gars hym rathly, hym self wille he not spare
Us alle fro baylle to by, of blis that ar fulle bare
For syn ;
My lefe lady, for-thy, of mowrnyng loke thou blyn.
Maria. Alas ! may ever be my sang, whyls I may lyf in leyd,
Me thynk now that I lyf to lang to se my barne thus blede ;
Jues wyrke with hym alle wrang, wherfor do thay this dede ?
Lo so hy thay have hym hang thay let for no drede,
Whi so ?
His fomen is he emang, no freynde he has bot fo.
My frely foode now farys me fro, what shalle worthe on me ?
Thou art warpyd alle in wo and spred here on a tre
Fulle hee,
I mowrne, and so may mo, that sees this payn on the.
Johannes. Dere lady, welle were me
If that I myght comforthe the,
For the sorow that I see
Sherys myn harte in sonder ;
When that I se my master hang
With bytter paynes and strang,
Was never wight with wrang
Wroght so mekille wonder.
Maria. Alas, dede, thou dwellys to lang, whi art thou hid fro me ?
Who kend the to my childe to gang ? alle blak thou makes his ble,
Now witterly thou wyrkes wrang, the more I wille wyte the,
Bot if thou wille my harte stang that I myght with hym dee
And byde ;
Sore syghyng is my sang for thyrlyd is his hyde,
A, dede, what has thou done ? with the wille I moytt sone,
Sen I had childer none bot oone, best under son or moyn,

Freyndes I had fulle foyn, that gars me grete and grone
Fulle sore.
Good lord, graunte me my boyn and let me lyf no more!
Gabrielle, that good som tyme thou can me grete,
And then I understud thi wordes that were so swete,
Bot now thay meng my moode, for grace thou can me hete
To bere alle of my bloode a childe oure baylle shuld bete
With right;
Now hynges he here on rude, where is that thou me hight?
Alle that thou of blys hight me in that stede
From myrthe is faren omys, and yit I trow thi red;
Thy councelle now of this, my lyfe how shalle I lede
When fro me gone is he that was my hede
In hy?
My dede now comen it is, my dere son, have mercy!
Jesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunge thi chere,
Cease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,
It syttes unto my hart fulle sore;
The sorow is sharp I suffre here,
Bot doylle thou drees, my moder dere,
Me marters mekille more.
Thus wille my fader I fare
To lowse mankynde of bandys,
His son wille he not spare
To lowse that bon was are
Fulle fast in feyndes handes.
The fyrst cause, moder, of my comyng
Was for mankynde myscarying,
To salf thare sore I soght;
Therfor, moder, make none mowrnyng
Sen mankynde thrugh my dyyng
May thus to blis be boght.
Woman, wepe thou right noght,
Take ther Johne unto thi chylde,
Mankynde must nedes be boght;
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thoght,
Johne, lo ther thi moder mylde!
Blo and blody thus am I bett,
Swongen with swepys and alle-to swett,

Mankynde, for thi mysdede ;
For my luf lust when wold thou lett,
And thi harte sadly sett,
Sen I thus for the have blede ?
Sich lyf, for sothe, I led that unothes may I more,
This suffre I for thi nede,
To marke the, man, thi mede :
Now thryst I wonder sore.

Primus Tortor. Noght bot hold thi peasse,
Thou shalle have drynke with in a resse,
My self shalbe thy knave ;
Have here the draght that I the hete,
And I shalle warand it is not swete
On alle the good I have.

Secundus Tortor. So syr, say now alle youre wille,
For if ye couthe have halden you stylle
Ye had not had this brade.

Tercius Tortor. Thou wold alle gaytt be kyng of Jues,
Bot by this I trow thou rues
Alle that thou has sayde.

Quartus Tortor. He has hym rused of greatt prophes,
That he shuld make us tempylles,
And gar it clene downe falle ;
And yit he sayde he shuld it rase
As welle as it was within thre dayes,
He lyes, that wote we alle ;
And for his lyes in great dispyte
We wille departe his clothyng tyte,
Bot he can more of arte.

Primus Tortor. Yee, as ever myght I thryfe,
Soyn wille we this mantylle ryfe,
And iche man take his parte.

Secundus Tortor. How, wold thou we share this clothe ?

Tercius Tortor. Nay forsothe, that were I lothe,
Then were it alle-gate spylt ;
Bot assent thou to my saw,
Let us alle cutt draw
And then is none begylt.

Quartus Tortor. How so befallys now wylle I draw,
This is myn by comon law,
Say not ther agayn.

Primus Tortor. Now sen it mon no better be
Chevithe the with it for me,
Me thynk thou art full fayne.
Secundus Tortor. How felowse, se ye not yon skraw?
It is writen yonder within a thraw
Now sen that we drew cut.
Tercius Tortor. There is no man that is on lyfe
Bot it were Pilate, as might I thrife,
That durst it there have putt.
Quartus Tortor. Go we fast and let us loke
What is wretyne on yond boke,
And what it may bemeyn.
Primus Tortor. A the more I loke theron
A the more I thynke I fon;
Alle is not worthe a beyn.
Secundus Tortor. Yis for sothe, me thynk I se
Theron writen langage thre,
Ebrew and Latyn
And Grew me thynk writen theron,
For it is hard for to expowne.
Tercius Tortor. Thou red, by Appolyon!
Quartus Tortor. Yee, as I am a trew knyght,
I am the best Latyn wryght
Of this company;
I wille go withoutten delay
And telle you what it is to say,
Behald, syrs, witterly,
Yonder is wretyn Jesus of Nazareyn
He is kyng of Jues, I weyn.
Primus Tortor. A, that is writene wrang.
Secundus Tortor. He callys hym so, bot he is none.
Tercius Tortor. Go we to Pilate and make oure mone,
Have done and dwelle not lang.
Pilate, yonder is a fals tabylle,
Theron is wryten noght bot fabylle,
Of Jues he is not kyng,
He callys hym so, bot he not is,
It is falsly writen, iwys,
This is a wrangwys thyng.
Pilatus. Boys, I say what melle ye you?
As it is writen shalle it be now,
I say certane;
Quod scriptum scripsi,

That same wrote I,
What gadlyng gruches ther agane?
Quartus Tortor. Sen that he is man of law he must nedys have his wille,
I trow he had not writen that saw without som propre skylle.
Primus Tortor. Yee, let it hang above his hede,
It shalle not save hym fro the dede,
Noght that he can write.
Secundus Tortor. Now illa hale was he borne.
Tercius Tortor. Ma-fa, I telle his lyfe is lorne,
He shalle be slayn as tyte.
If thou be Crist, as men the calle,
Com downe emanges us alle,
And thole not thise missaes.
Quartus Tortor. Yee, and help thi self that we may se,
And we shalle alle trow in the,
What soever thou says.
Primus Tortor. He callys hym self good of myght,
Bot I wold se hym be so wight
To do siche a dede;
He rasyd Lazare out of his delfe,
Bot he can not help hym self,
Now in his great nede.
Jesus. Hely, Hely, lamazabatany;
My God, my God, wherfor and why
Has thou forsakyn me?
Secundus Tortor. How, here ye not, as welle as I,
How he can now on Hely cry
Apon this wyse?
Tercius Tortor. Yee, ther is none Hely in this countre
Shalle delyver hym from this meneȝe,
On no kyns wyse.
Quartus Tortor. I warand you now at the last
That he shalle soyn yelde the gast,
For brestyn is his galle.
Jesus. Now is my passyon broght tylle ende,
Fader of heven in to thyn hende
I betake my saulle.
Primus Tortor. Let oone pryk hym withe a spere,
And if that it do hym no dere
Then is his lyfe nere past.

Secundus Tortor. This blynde knyght may best do that.
Longeus. Gar me not do bot I wote what.
Tercius Tortor. Not but put up fast.
Longeus. A, Lord, what may this be?
Ere was I blynde, now may I se;
Godes son, here me, Jesu!
For this trespas on me thou rew.
For, lord, othere men me gart,
That I the stroke unto the hart,
I se thou hynges here on hy
And dyse to fulfylle the prophecy.
Quartus Tortor. Go we hens and leyfe hym here,
For I shalle be his borghe to-yere
He felys no more payn;
For Hely ne for none othere man
Alle the good that ever he wan
Gettes not his lyfe agayne.
Josephus. Alas, alas, and walaway!
That ever shuld I abyde this day
To se my master dede;
Thus wykydly as he is shent,
With so bytter tornamente,
Thrughe fals Jues red.
Nychodeme, I wold we yede
To sir Pilate, if we myght spede
His body for to crave;
I wille fownde with alle my myght,
For my servyce to ask that knyght,
His body for to grave.
Nichodemus. Josephe, I wille weynde with the
For to do that is in me,
For that body to pray;
For oure good wille and oure travale
I hope that it mon us avaylle
Here after ward som day.
Josephus. Sir Pilate, God the save!
Graunte me that I crave,
If that it be thi wille.
Pilatus. Welcom Josephe myght thou be,
What so thou askys I graunte it the,
So that it be skylle.
Josephus. For my long servyce I the pray
Graunte me the body, say me not nay,
Of Jesus dede on rud.

Pilatus. I graunte welle if he ded be,
Good leyfe shalle thou have of me,
Do wyth hym what thou thynk gud.
Josephus. Gramercy, sir, of youre good grace
That ye have graunte me in this place,
Go we oure way,
Nychodeme, com me furthe with,
For I my self shalle be the smythe
The nales out for to dray.
Nichodemus. Josephe, I am redy here
To go withe the with fulle good chere,
To help the at my myght;
Pulle furthe the nales on aythere syde,
And I shalle hald hym up this tyde,
A, lord, so thou is dight.
Josephus. Help now, felow, with alle thi myght,
That he were wonden and welle dight,
And lay hym on this bere;
Bere we hym furthe unto the kyrke,
To the tombe that I gard wyrk,
Sen fulle many a yere.
Nichodemus. It shalle be so with outten nay.
He that dyed on Gud Friday
And crownyd was withe thorne
Save you alle that now here be,
That Lord that thus wold dee
And rose on Pasche morne.

EXPLICIT CRUCIFIXIO CHRISTI.

INCIPIT PROCESSUS TALENTORUM.

Pilatus. Cernite qui statis quod miræ sim probitatis,
Hæc cognoscatis vos cædam ni taceatis,
Cuncti discatis quasi sistam vir deitatis
Et majestatis, michi fando ne neceatis, *(sic)*
Hoc modo mando ;
Neve loquaces,
Sive dicaces,
Poscite paces,
Dum fero fando.
Stynt, I say, gyf men place, quia sum dominus dominorum,
He that agans me says rapietur lux oculorum,
Therfor gyf ye me space, ne tendam vim brachiorum,
And then get ye no grace, contestor jura polorum,
Caveatis ;
Rewle I the Jure
Maxime pure,
Towne quoque jure,
Me paveatis.
Stemmate regali, kyng athusgate me of Pila,
Tramite legali I am ordand to reyn apon Juda,
Nomine vulgari Pownce Pilat, that may ye welle say,
Qui bene vult fari shuld calle me fownder of alle lay.
Judeorum
Jura guberno,
Pleasse me and say so,
Omnia firmo
Sorte deorum.
Myghty lord of alle, me, Cæsar magnificavit ;
Downe on knees ye falle, greatt God me sanctificavit,
Me to obey over alle, regi reliquo quasi David,
Hanged hy that he salle, hoc jussum qui reprobavit,
I swere now ;
Bot ye youre hedes
Bare in thes stedes
Redy my swerde is
Of thaym to shere now.

Atrox armipotens, I graunt men girthe by my good grace,
Atrox armipotens, most myghty callyd in ylk place,
Vir quasi cunctipotens, I graunt men girthe by my good grace,
Tota refert huic gens that none is worthier in face,
Silete!
Quinetiam bona mens doithe trowthe and right bi my trew lays,
In generali.
Sic speciali,
Yit agane byd I
Jura tenete.
Loke that no boy be to bustus blast here for to blaw,
Bot truly to my talk loke that ye be intendyng,
If here be any boy that wille not loutt tille oure law,
By myghty Mahowne, hyghe shalle he hyng;
Southe, north, eest, west,
In alle this warld in lengthe and brede,
Is none so doughty as I, the best,
Doughtely dyntand on mule and on stede.
Therfor I say
Loke that ye lowte to my lykance,
For dowte of dynt in grevaunce,
Dylygently ply to my plesance,
As prynce most myghty me pay,
And talke not a worde;
For who so styrres or any dyn makys
Deply in my daunger he rakys,
That as soferan me not takys
And as his awne lord.
He has myster of nyghtes rest that nappys not in noynyng;
Boy, lay me downe softly and hap me welle from cold,
Loke that no laddes noy me nawder with cryyng nor with crouyng,
Nor in my sight ones greve me so bold;
If ther be any boyes that make any cry,
Or els that wille not obey me,
He were better be hanged hy,
Then in my sight ones mefe me.
Primus Tortor. War, war! for now com I,
The most shrew in this cuntry,
I have ron fulle fast in hy,
Hedir to this towne;

To this towne now comen am I
From the mowntt of Calvery
Ther Cryst hang; and that fulle hy,
I swere you bi my crowne.
At Calvery when he hangyd was
I spuyd and spyt right in his face,
When that it shone as any glas,
So semely to my sight;
Bot yit for alle that fayr thyng
I loghe hym unto hethyng,
And rofe of his clethyng,
To me it was fulle light.
And when his clothes were of in fere,
Lord, so we loghe and maide good chere,
And crownyd that carle withe a brere
As he had bene a kyng;
And yit I did fulle properly,
I clappyd his cors by and by,
I thoghte I did fulle curiously
In faythe hym for to hyng.
Bot to Mahowne I make a vowe
Hedir have I broght his clethyng now,
To try the trowthe before you,
Even this same nyght;
Of me and of my felowse two
With whom this garmente shalle go,
Bot sir Pilate must go ther to,
I swere you by this light.
For who soever may get thise close
He ther never rek where he gose
For he semys nothyng to lose,
If so be he theym were;
Let now, now, felose, stand on rowme,
For he commes, shrewes, unto this towne,
And we wille alle togeder rowne,
So semely in oure gere.
Secundus Tortor. War, war! and make rowme,
For I wille with my felose rowne,
And I shalle knap hym on the crowne
That standes in my gate;
I wille lepe and I wille skyp
As I were now out of my wytt,
Almost my breke thay ar beshyt
For drede I cam to late.
Bot, by Mahowne! now am I here,

The most shrew, that dar I swere,
That ye shalle fynde aw where,
Spylle-payn in fayth I hight.
I was at Calvery this same day,
Where the kyng of Jues lay,
And ther I taght hym a new play,
Truly, me thoght it right,
The play, in fayth, it was to rowne,
That he shuld lay his hede downe,
And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne,
That gam me thoght was good.
When we had played withe hym oure fylle,
Then led we him unto an hylle,
And there we wroght withe hym oure wille,
And hang hym on a rud;
No more now of this talkyng,
Bot the cause of my commyng,
Both on ernest and on hethyng
This cote I wold I had;
For if I myght this cote gett,
Then wold I bothe skyp and lepe,
And ther to fast bothe drynke and ete,
In faythe as I were mad.

Tercius Tortor. War, war! within thise wones,
For I am rynyng alle at ones,
I have brysten both my balok stones,
So fast hyed I hedyr;
And ther is nothing me so lefe
As murder a mycher and hang a thefe,
If here be any that doth me grefe
I shalle them threshe todedir.
For I may swere withe mekille wyn
I am the most shrew in alle myn kyn,
That is from this towne unto Lyn,
Lo, here my felowse two.
Now ar we thre commen in
A new gam for to begyn,
This same cote forto twyn,
Or that we farther go.
Bot to sir Pilate prince I red that we go hy
And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad,
Bot this gowne that is here, I say you for-thy,
By myghty Mahowne I wold not he had.

Primus Tortor. I assent to that saghe, by myghty Mahowne,

Let us weynde to sir Pilate withoutten any fabylle;
Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne,
Unto us thre it were right prophetabylle;
Spille-payn what says thou?
Secundus Tortor. Youre sawes craftely assent I unto.
Primus Tortor. Then wille I streghte furthe in this place,
And speke with sir Pilate wordes oone or two;
For I am right semely and fare in the face,
And now shalle we se or we hence go.
Tercius Tortor. Sir, I say the, by my lewte,
Where is sir Pilate of pryce?
Consultus. Sir, I say the, as myght I the,
He lyfes here in the devyll's servyce.
Primus Tortor. With that prynce, fowlle myght he falle,
Must we have at do.
Consultus. I shalle go to hym and calle,
And loke what ye wille say hym to;
My lord, my lorde!
Pilatus. What, boy, art thou nyse? calle no more, thou has callyd twyse.
Consultus. My lord!
Pilatus. What mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde?
Consultus. I, lord, youre counselloure, right in youre saw.
Pilatus. Say ar ther ayy catyffs combred that ar unkynde?
Consultus. Nay, lord, none that I knawe.
Pilatus. Then noy us no more of this noyse,
You carles unkynde, who bad you calle me?
By youre mad maters I hald you bot boyes,
And that shalle ye aby, els fowlle myght befalle me.
I shalle not dy in youre dett.
Bowshere, I byd the up thou take me,
And in my sete softly loke that thou se me sett;
Now shalle we wytt, and that in hy,
If that saghe be trewe that thou dyd say,
If I fynde the with lesyng lad thou shalle aby,
For to melle in the maters that perteynethe agans the lay.
Consultus. Nay, sir, not so, withoutten delay,
The cause of my callyng is of that boy bold,

For it is saide sothely now this same day
That he shuld dulfully be dede,
Certayn;
Then may youre cares be fulle cold if he thus sakles
be slayn.
Pilatus. Fare and softly, sir, and say not to far,
Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,
And of the law that thou legges be wytty and war,
Lest I greve the greatly withe dyntys expres;
Fals fature, in faythe I shalle slay the,
Thy reason unrad I red the redres,
Or els of thise maters loke thou no more melle the.
Consultus. Why should I not melle of thise maters
that I have you taught?
Thoug ye be prynce peerles without any pere,
Were not my wyse wysdom youre wyttes were in
waght;
And that is seen expresse and playnly that here,
And done in dede.
Pilatus. Why, boy, bot has thou sayde?
Consultus. Yee, lorde.
Pilatus. Therfor the devylle the spede, thou carle
unkynde!
Sich felowse myght welle be on rowme!
Ye knaw not the comon cowrs that longes to a kyng.
Primus Tortor. Mahowne most myghtfulle he
mensk you with mayn,
Sir Pilate pereles, prynce of this prese,
And save you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn,
We have soght to thy saylle no sayng to sesse
Bot certyfie sone,
Ye wote that ye demyd this day apon desse,
We dowte not his doyng for now is he done.
Pilatus. Ye ar welcom, iwys, ye ar worthy ay war,
Be it fon so of that fature in fayth then am I fayne.
Secundus Tortor. We have markyd that mytyng,
no more shalle he mar,
We prayd you, sir Pilate, to put hym to payn,
And we thoght it welle wroght.
Pilatus. Lefe, syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that
ye layn,
For nothyng that may be nevyn it noght.
Tercius Tortor. Make myrthe of that mytyng fulle
mekylle we may,
And have lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad,

Bot sir Pilate peerles, a poynt I the pray,
Hope ye withe hethyng that harnes he had
To hold that was hys?
Pilatus. That appentys unto me, mafa! art thou mad?
I ment that no mytyng shuld melle hym of this.
Primus Tortor. Mefe the not, master, more if he melle,
For thou shalle parte from that pelfe, thar thou not pleyte.
Pilatus. Yit styrt not farer for noght that ye felle,
I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt,
And yit may it agayn you.
Secundus Tortor. How, alle in fageyng? in faythe I knowe of your featte,
For it fallys to us four fyrst wille I frayn you.
Pilatus. And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.
Tercius Tortor. Yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.
Pilatus. Now that hald I good skylle, take thou this, and thou that,
And this shalle be thyne,
And by lefe and by law this may leyfe stylle.
Primus Tortor. O lordyng! I weyn it is wrang,
To tymely I toke it, to take it the untylle
The farest, and the fowllest thy felowse to fang.
Pilatus. And thou art payed of thi parte fulle truly I trowe.
Primus Tortor. It is shame for to se, I am shapyn bot a shrede.
Secundus Tortor. The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,
And I am leverd a lap is lyke to no lede,
For-tatyrd and torne.
Secundus Tortor. By myghty Mahowne that mylde is of mode,
If he skap withe this cote it were a great skorne.
Pilatus. Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you
With alle the mawgre of myn and myght of Mahowne.
Primus Tortor. Drede you not doutles, for so wille we dow
Grefe ye not greatly ye gett not this gowne
Bot in iiij as it fallys.
Secundus Tortor. Had I a fawchon then were I bowne craftely to cutt it.

Tercius Tortor. Lo it here that thou callys,
It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.
Secundus Tortor. Even in the mydward to marke were mastre to me.
Primus Tortor. Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.
Secundus Tortor. I have soght alle this syde and none can I se, of greatt nor of smalle.
Pilatus. Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be,
I comaunde not to cut it bot hold it hole alle.
Primus Tortor. Now ar we bon for ye bad, withhold on youre hud.
Pilatus. We, harlottes, go hang you for hole shalle it be.
Tercius Tortor. Grefe ye not greatly, he saide it for gud.
Pilatus. Wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me
Tytt shuld I spede for to spylle hym.
Secundus Tortor. That were hym lothe, lord, by my lewte,
For-thi grauntt hym youre grace.
Pilatus. No grevans I wille hym.
Primus Tortor. Gramercy thi gudnes!
Pilatus. Yee bot greve me no more,
Fulle dere beys it boght
In faythe if ye do.
Primus Tortor. Shalle I then save it?
Pilatus. Yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst
And long cut, lo, this wede shalle wyn.
Tercius Tortor. Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we unto,
Bot oone assay let se who shalle begyn.
Pilatus. We, me falles alle the fyrst, and forther shalle ye.
Secundus Tortor. Nay, drede you not doutles, for that do ye not,
O, he sekys as he wold dyssave us now we se.
Tercius Tortor. Bewshers, abyde you, heder have I broght thre dyse us emang.
Primus Tortor. That is a gam alle the best, by hym that me boght.
For at the dysyng he dos us no wrang.
Pilatus. And I am glad of that gam, on assay who shalle begyn?

Primus Tortor. Fyrst shalle ye, and sen after we alle
Have the dyse and have done,
And lefe alle youre dyn,
For who so has most this frog shalle he falle
And best of the bonys.
Pilatus. I assent to youre sayng, assay now I shalle,
As I wold at a wap wyn alle at ones.
Secundus Tortor. A, ha! how now, here ar a hepe.
Pilatus. Have mynde then emang you how many ther ar.
Tercius Tortor. Thirteen ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.
Pilatus. Then shalle I wyn or alle men be war.
Primus Tortor. Truly lord, right so ye shalle,
Bot grefe ye not greatly the next shalle be nar
If I have hap to my hand, have here for alle.
Pilatus. And I have sene as greatt a freke of his forward falyd,
Here at bot aght turnyd up at ones.
Primus Tortor. Aght? a, his armes, that is ylle! what so me alyd,
I was falsly begylyd withe thise byched bones,
Ther cursyd thay be.
Secundus Tortor. Welle I wote this wede bees won in thise wones,
I wold be fayn of this frog myght it falle unto me.
Pilatus. It bees in waghte, in faythe, and thou wyn.
Secundus Tortor. No bot war you away!
Tercius Tortor. Here is baddyst above, by Mahownes bonys!
Seven is bot the seconde the sothe for to say.
Secundus Tortor. We, fy! that is shortt.
Tercius Tortor. Do shott at thi hud, now fallys me the fyrst
And I have hap to this gowne, go now on gud
The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett;
Felowse, in forward here have I xv,
As ye wote I am worthi, won is this wede.
Pilatus. What, whistylle ye in the wenyande! where have ye beyn?
Thou shalle abak, bewshere, that blast I forbede.

Tercius Tortor. Here ar men us emang lele in oure lay, wille ly for no lede,
And I wytnes at thaym if I wroght any wrang.
Primus Tortor. Thou wroght no dyssayt, for sothe, that we saw,
For-thi thou art worthi, and won is this weyd
At thyn awne wylle.
Pilatus. Yee, bot me pays not that playng to puf nor to blaw,
If he have righte I ne rek or reson thertylle,
I refe it hym noght.
Tercius Tortor. Have gud day, sir, and grefe you not ylle,
For if it were duble fulle dere is it boght.
Pilatus. Sir, sen thou has won this weyd say wille thou vowche safe
Of thi great gudnes this garment on me?
Tercius Tortor. Sir, I say you certan this shalle you not have.
Pilatus. Thou shalle forthynk it in faythe,
Fy, what thou art fre;
Unbychid, unbayn.
Tercius Tortor. For ye thrett me so throle,
Were it siche thre
Here I gif you this gud.
Pilatus. Now, gramercy! agayn,
Mekille thank and myn and this shalle be ment.
Primus Tortor. Bot I had not left it so lightly had play me it lent.
Pilatus. No, bot he is faythefulle and fre, and that shalle be ment
And more if I may,
If he myster to me
Amend hym I men.
Tercius Tortor. I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.
Primus Tortor. Now thise dyse that ar undughty, for los of this good,
Here I forswere hertely by Mahownes blood;
For was I never so happy, by mayn nor by mode,
To wyn withe siche sotelty to my lyfes fode,
As ye ken;
Thise dysars and thise hullars,
Thise cokkers and thise bollars,

And alle purs cuttars,
Bese welle war of thise men.
Secundus Tortor. Fy, fy, on thise dyse, the deville I theym take,
Unwytty, unwyse, with thaym that wold lake;
As fortune assyse men wylle she make,
Her maners ar nyse, she can downe and uptake,
And ryche
She turnes up so downe,
And under abone,
Most chefe of renowne
She castes in the dyche.
By hir meanes she makys dysers to selle,
As thay sytt and lakys, thare corne and thare catelle;
Then cry thay and crakkys, bowne unto batelle,
His hyppys then bakes no symnelle
For hote.
Bot fare welle, thryfte,
Is ther none other skyfte
Bot syfte, lady, syft,
Thise dysars thay dote.
Tercius Tortor. What commys of dysyng I pray you hark after
Bot los of good in lakyng and oft tymes men's slaghter!
Thus sorow is at partyng, at metyng if ther be laghter,
I red leyf siche vayn thyng and serve God herafter
For heven's blys;
That Lord is most myghty,
And gentyllyst of Jury,
We helde to hym holy,
How thynk ye by this?
Pilatus. Welle worthe you alle thre, most doughty in dede,
Of alle the clerkes that I know most conyng ye be,
By soteltys of youre sawes youre lawes forto lede,
I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,
I say;
Dew vows, mon senyours!
Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres
He kepe you, lordynges, and alle youres,
And havys alle gud day.

EXPLICIT PROCESSUS TALENTORUM.

INCIPIT EXTRACTIO ANIMARUM AB INFERNO.

Jesus. My fader me from blys has send
Tille erthe for mankynde sake,
Adam nys for to amend,
My deth nede must I take;
I dwellyd ther thryrty yeres and two,
And som dele more, the sothe to say,
In anger, pyne, and mekylle wo,
I dyde on cros this day.
Therfor tille helle now wille I go,
To chalange that is myne,
Adam, Eve, and othere mo,
Thay shalle no longer dwelle in pyne;
The feynde theym wan withe trayn,
Thrughe fraude of earthly fode,
I have theym boght agan
With shedyng of my blode.
And now I wille that stede restore,
Whiche the feynde felle fro for syn,
Som tokyn wille I send before,
Withe myrthe to gar thare gammes begyn.
A light I wille thay have
To know I wille com sone,
My body shalle abyde in grave
Tille alle this dede be done.

Adam. My brether, herkyn unto me here,
More hope of helth never we had,
Four thousand and six hundred yere
Have we bene here in darknes stad;
Now se I tokyns of solace sere,
A gloryous gleme to make us glad,
Wherthrughe I hope that help is nere,
That sone shalle slake oure sorowes sad.

Eve. Adam, my husband heynd,
This menys solace certan,
Siche lighte can on us leynd
In paradyse fulle playn.

Isaias. Adam, thrugh thi syn

Here were we put to dwelle,
This wykyd place within,
The name of it is helle ;
Here paynes shalle never blyn
That wykyd ar and felle,
Love that lord withe wyn
His lyfe for us wold selle.

Et cantent omnes "Salvator mundi," primum versum.

Adam thou welle understand
I am Isaias, so Crist me kende
I spake of folk in darknes walkand,
I saide a light shuld on them lende ;
This light is alle from Crist commande
That he tille us has hedir sende,
Thus is my poynt proved in hand,
As I before to fold it kende.

Simeon. So may I telle of farlys feylle,
For in the tempylle his freyndes me fande,
Me thoght dayntethe with hym to deylle,
I halsyd hym homely with my hand,
I saide, Lord, let thi servandes leylle
Pas in peasse to lyf lastande,
Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele
No longer lyst I lyf in lande.
This light thou has purvayde
For theym that lyf in lede,
That I before of the have saide
I se it is fulfillyd in dede.

Johannes Baptista. As a voice cryand I kend
The wayes of Crist, as I welle can,
I baptisid hym with bothe myn hende
In the water of flume Jordan ;
The Holy Gost from heven discende
As a white dowfe downe on me than,
The Fader voyce oure myrthes to amende
Was made to me lyke as a man ;
" Yond is my son", he saide,
" And whiche pleasses me fulle welle,"
His light is on us layde,
And commys oure karys to kele.

Moyses. Now this same nyght lernyng have I,
To me, Moyses, he shewid his myght,
And also to another oone, Hely,
Where we stud on a hille on hyght,

As whyte as snaw was his body,
His face was like the son for bright,
No man on mold was so mighty
Grathly durst loke agans that light,
And that same lighte here se I now
Shynyng on us, certayn,
Where thrughe truly I trow
That we shalle sone pas fro this payn.
Rybald. Sen fyrst that helle was mayde and I was put therin
Siche sorow never ere I had, nor hard I siche a dyn,
My hart begynnys to brade, my wytt waxys thyn,
I drede we can not be glad, thise saules mon fro us twyn;
How, Belsabub! bynde thise boys, siche harow was never hard in helle.
Belzabub. Out, Rybald! thou rores, what is betyd? can thou ought telle?
Rybald. Whi, herys thou not this ugly noyse!
Thise lurdans that in lymbo dwelle
They make menyng of many joyse,
And muster myrthes theym emelle.
Belzebub. Myrth? nay, nay! that poynt is past,
More hope of helthe shalle they never have.
Rybald. Thay cry on Crist fulle fast,
And says he shalle thaym save.
Belzabub. Yee, though he do not I shalle
For thay ar sparyd in specyalle space,
Whils I am prynce and pryncypalle
Thay shalle never pas out of this place;
Calle up Astarot and Anaballe
To gyf us counselle in this case;
Telle Berith and Bellyalle
To mar theym that siche mastry mase;
Say to sir Satan oure syre,
And byd hym bryng also
Sir Lucyfer lufly of lyre.
Rybald. Alle redy lord I go.
Jesus. Attollite portas, principes, vestras et elevamini portæ æternales, et introibit rex gloriæ.
Rybald. Out, harro, out! what deville is he
That callys hym kyng over us alle?
Hark Belzabub, com ne,
For hedusly I hard hym calle.

Belzabub. Go spar the yates, ylle mot thou the !
And set the waches on the walle,
If that brodelle com ne
With us ay won he shalle ;
And if he more calle or cry,
To make us more debate,
Lay on hym hardely,
And make hym go his gate.
David. Nay, withe hym may ye not fyght,
For he is king and conqueroure,
And of so mekille myght,
And styf in every stoure ;
Of hym commys alle this light
That shynys in this bowre,
He is fulle fers in fight,
Worthi to wyn honoure.
Belzabub. Honoure ! harsto, harlot, for what dede
Alle erthly men to me ar thralle,
That lad that thou callys lord in lede
He had never harbor, house, ne halle ;
How, sir Sathanas, com nar
And hark this cursid rowte !
Sathanes. The deville you alle to-har !
What ales the so to showte ?
And me, if I com nar,
Thy brayn bot I bryst owte.
Belzabub. Thou must com help to spar,
We ar beseged abowte.
Sathanes. Besegyd aboute ! whi, who durst be so bold
For drede to make on us a fray ?
Belzabube. It is the Jew that Judas sold
For to be dede this othere day.
Sathanes. How, in tyme that tale was told,
That trature travesses us alle-way ;
He shalle be here fulle hard in hold,
Bot loke he pas not I the pray.
Belzabub. Pas ! nay, nay, he wille not weynde
From hens or it be war,
He shapys hym for to sheynd
Alle helle or he go far.
Sathanes. Fy, fature, therof shalle he faylle,
For alle his fare I hym defy ;
I know his trantes fro top to taylle,
He lyffes by gawdes and glory.

Therby he broght furthe of oure baylle
The lathe Lazare of Betany,
Bot to the Jues I gaf counsaylle
That thay shuld cause hym dy;
I entered there into Judas
That forward to fulfylle,
Therfor his hyere he has
Alle wayes to won here stylle.
Rybald. Sir Sathan, sen we here the say
Thou and the Jues were at assent,
And wote he wan the Lazare away
That unto us was taken to tent,
Hopys thou that thou mar hym may
To muster the malyce that he has ment?
For and he refe us now oure pray
We wille ye witt or he is went.
Sathanas. I byd the noght abaste
Bot boldly make you bowne,
Withe toyles that ye intraste,
And dyng that dastard downe.
Jesus. Attollite portas principes vestras, etc.
Rybald. Outt, harro! what harlot is he
That says his kyngdom shalbe cryde?
David. That may thou in sawter se,
For of this prynce thus ere I saide;
I saide that he shuld breke
Youre barres and bandes by name,
And of youre warkes take wreke;
Now shalle thou se the same.
Jesus. Ye prynces of helle open youre yate,
And let my folk furthe gone;
A prynce of peasse shalle enter therat
Wheder ye wille or none.
Rybald. What art thou that spekys so?
Jesus. A kyng of blys that hight Jesus.
Rybald. Yee, hens fast I red thou go,
And melle the not with us.
Belzabube. Oure yates I trow wille last,
Thay ar so strong I weyn,
Bot if oure barres brast
For the thay shalle not twyn.
Jesus. This stede shalle stand no longer stokyn;
Open up and let my pepille pas.
Rybald. Out, harro! oure baylle is brokyn,
And brusten ar alle oure bandes of bras.

Belzabube. Harro! oure yates begyn to crak,
In sonder, I trow, thay go,
And helle, I trow, wille alle-to shak;
Alas, what I am wo!
Rybald. Lymbo is lorn, alas!
Sir Sathanas com up;
This wark is wars then it was.
Sathanas. Yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke;
Thefys, I bad ye shuld be bowne
If he maide mastres more
To dyng that dastard downe,
Sett hym bothe sad and sore.
Belzabube. To sett hym sore that is sone saide,
Com thou thi self and serve hym so;
We may not abyde his bytter brayde,
He wold us mar and we were mo.
Sathanas. Fy, fature! wherfor were ye flayd?
Have ye no force to flyt hym fro?
Loke in haste my gere be grayd,
My self shalle to that gadlyng go.
How, thou belamy, abyde,
Withe alle thi boste and beyr
And telle me in this tyde
What mastres thou makes here.
Jesus. I make no mastry bot for myne,
I wille theym save, that shalle the sow,
Thou has no powere theym to pyne,
Bot in my pryson for thare prow
Here have thay sojornyd, noght as thyne
Bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.
Sathanas. Why, where has thou bene ay syn
That never wold neghe theym nere or now?
Jesus. Now is the tyme certan
My Fader ordand herfor,
That they shuld pas fro payn
In blys to dwelle for ever more.
Sathanas. Thy fader knew I welle by syght,
He was a wright his meett to wyn,
Mary me mynnys thi moder hight,
The utmast ende of alle thy kyn,
Say who made the so mekille of myght?
Jesus. Thou wykyd feynde lett be thi dy[n],
My Fader wonnes in heven on hight,
In blys that never more shalle blyn;

I am his oonly son his forward to fulfylle,
Togeder wille we won in sonder when we wylle.
Sathanas. Goddes son! nay then myght thou be glad
For no catelle thurt the crave;
Bot thou has lyffed ay lyke a lad,
In sorow, and as a sympille knave.
Jesus. That was for the hartly luf I had
Unto man's saulle it forto save,
And forto make the masyd and mad,
And for that reson rufully to rafe.
My Godhede here I hyd
In Mary, moder myne,
Where it shalle never be kyd
To the ne none of thyne.
Sathanas. How now? this wold I were told in towne,
Thou says God is thi syre;
I shalle the prove by good reson
Thou moyttes as man dos into myre.
To breke thi byddyng they were fulle bowne,
And soyn they wroght at my desyre,
From paradise thou putt theym downe,
In helle here to have thare hyre;
And thou thi self, by day and nyght,
Taght ever alle men emang,
Ever to do reson and right,
And here thou wyrkys alle wrang.
Jesus. I wyrk no wrang, that shalle thou wytt,
If I my men fro wo wille wyn;
My prophettes playnly prechyd it,
Alle the noytes that I begyn;
They saide that I shuld be that ilke
In helle where I shuld entre in,
To save my servandes fro that pytt
Where dampnyd saullys shalle syt for syn.
And ilke true prophete taylle
Shalle be fulfillid in me,
I have thaym boght fro baylle,
In blis now shalle thay be.
Sathanas. Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes
Thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,
For those that thou to witnes drawes
Fulle even agans the shalle begyn;

As Salaman saide in his sawes,
Who that ones commys helle within
He shalle never owte, as clerkes knawes,
Therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn.
Job thi servande also
In his tyme can telle
That nawder freynde nor fo
Shalle fynde relese in helle.
Jesus. He sayde fulle soythe, that shalle thou se,
In helle shalbe no relese,
Bot of that place then ment he
Where synfulle care shalle ever encrese.
In that baylle ay shalle thou be,
Where sorowes seyr shalle never sesse,
And my folk that wer most fre
Shalle pas unto the place of peasse ;
For thay were here with my wille,
And so thay shalle furthe weynde,
Thou shalle thi self fulfylle,
Ever wo withoutten ende.
Sathanas. Whi, and wille thou take theym alle me fro ?
Then thynk me thou ar unkynde ;
Nay, I pray the do not so,
Umthynke the better in thy mynde.
Or els let me with the go,
I pray the leyfe me not behynde.
Jesus. Nay, tratur, thou shalle won in wo,
And tille a stake I shalle the bynde.
Sathanas. Now here I how thou menys emang
With mesure and malyce for to melle,
Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,
Yit som let alle-wayes with us dwelle.
Jesus. Yis, witt thou welle, els were greatt wrang,
Thou shalle have Caym that slo Abelle,
And alle that hastes theym self to hang,
As dyd Judas and Architophelle ;
And Daton and Abaron and alle of thare assent,
Cursyd tyranttes ever ilkon that me and myn tormente.
And alle that wille not lere my law
That I have left in land for new
That makes my commyng knaw,
And alle my sacramentes persew ;
My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,

Who trow thaym not thay ar untrewe,
Unto my dome I shalle theym draw,
And juge thaym wars then any Jew.
And thay that lyst to lere my law and lyf therby
Shalle never have harmes here, bot welth as is worthy.

Sathanas. Now here my hand, I hold me payde,
Thise poyntes ar playnly for my prow,
If this be trew as thou has saide
We shalle have mo then we have now;
Thies lawes that thou has late here laide
I shalle theym lere not to alow,
If thay myn take thay ar betraide,
And I shalle turne theym tytte I trow.
I shalle walk eest, I shalle walk west,
And gar theym wyrk welle war.

Jesus. Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste,
That thou shalle flyt no far.

Sathanas. Feste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!
Belamy, thou shalle be smytt.

Jesus. Deville, I commaunde the to go downe
Into thi sete where thou shalle syt.

Sathanas. Alas, for doylle and care
I synk into helle pyt.

Rybald. Sir Sathanas, so saide I are,
Now shalle thou have a fytt.

Jesus. Com now furthe my childer alle,
I forgyf you youre mys;
Withe me now go ye shalle
To joy and endles blys.

Adam. Lord, thou art fulle mekylle of myght,
That mekys thi self on this manere,
To help us alle as thou had us hight,
When bothe forfett I and my fere;
Here have we dwelt withoutten light
Four thousand and six hundreth yere,
Now se we by this solempne sight
How that thi mercy makes us dere.

Eva. Lord, we were worthy more tornamentes to tast,
Thou help us lord of thy mercy, as thou of myght is mast.

Johannes. Lord, I love the inwardly
That me wold make thi messyngere,
Thi commyng in erthe to cry,

And teche thi fayth to folk in fere ;
Sythen before the forto dy,
To bryng theym bodword that be here,
How thay shuld have thi help in hy,
Now se I alle those poyntes appere.
Moyses. David, thi prophette trew,
Oft tymes told unto us ;
Of thi commyng he knew,
And saide it shuld be thus.
David. As I saide ere yit say I so,
Ne derelinquas, domine,
Animam meam in inferno ;
Leyfe never my saulle, lord, after the,
In depe helle wheder dampned shalle go ;
Suffre thou never thi sayntes to se
The sorow of thaym that won in wo,
Ay fulle of fylthe and may not fle.
Moyses. Make myrthe bothe more and les,
And love oure lord we may,
That has broght us fro bytternes
In blys to abyde for ay.
Ysaias. Therfor now let us syng
To love oure lord Jesus,
Unto his blys he wille us bryng,
Te Deum laudamus.

EXPLICIT EXTRACTIO ANIMARUM AB INFERNO.

Pilatus. Peasse, I warne you, woldes inwytt,
And standes on syde or els go sytt,
For here ar men that go not yitt,
And lordes of mekille myght;
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,
I telle you every wyght.
Spare youre speche ye brodels bold,
And sesse your cry tille I have told
What that my worship wold,
Here in thise wonys;
Whoso that wyghtly nold
Fulle hy bese hanged his bonys.
Wote ye not that I am Pilate,
That satt apon the justyce late
At Calvary where I was att
This day at morne?
I am he, that great state,
That lad has alle to torne.
Now sen that lothly loselle is thus ded,
I have great joy in my manhede,
Therfor wold I in ilk sted
It were tayn hede
If any felowse folow his red,
Or more his law wold lede.
For and I knew it cruelly
His lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,
That he were better hyng ful hy
On galow tre;
Therfor ye prelates shuld aspy
If any siche be.
As I am man of myghtes most,
If ther be any that blow sich bost,
With tormentes keyn bese he indost
For ever more;
The deville to helle shalle harry hys goost,
Bot I say no more.

Caiphas. Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,

For Centurio, I understand,
Youre knyght is left abydand
Right ther behynde;
We left hym ther for man most wyse,
If any rybaldes wold oght ryse,
To sesse theym to the next assyse,
And then for to make ende.

Tunc veniet Centurio velut miles equitans.

Centurio. A, blyssyd lord, Adonay, what may this mervelle sygnyfy
That here was showyd so openly unto oure sight,
When the rightwys man can dy that Jesus hight?
Heven it shoke abone,
Of shynyng blan bothe son and moyne,
And dede men also rose up sone,
Outt of thare grafe;
And stones in walle anone
In sonder brast and clofe.
Ther was seen many a fulle soden sight,
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right,
And so I saide to theym on hight,
As it is trew;
That he was most of myght,
The son of God, Jesu.
Fowlys in the ayer and fishe in floode,
That day changid thare mode,
When that he was rent on rode
That lord veray;
Fulle welle thay understode
That he was slayn that day.
Therfor right as I meyn to theym fast wille I ryde,
To wyt withoutten weyn what they wille say this tyde
Of this enfray,
I wille no longer abyde
Bot fast ride on my way.
God save you, syrs, on every syde,
Worship and welth in warld so wyde!

Pilatus. Centurio, welcom this tyde,
Oure comly knyght.

Centurio. God graunt you grace welle for to gyde,
And rewlle you right.

Pilatus. Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand,
Telle us som tythynges here emang,

For ye have gone thrugh outt oure land,
Ye know ilk dele.
Centurio. Sir, I drede me ye have done wrang
And wonder ylle.
Caiphas. Wonder yll? I pray the why?
Declare that to this company.
Centurio. So shalle I, sir, fulle securly,
With alle my mayn,
The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by
That ye have slayn.
Pilatus. Centurio sese of sich saw,
Ye ar a greatt man of oure law,
And if we shuld any wytnes draw
To us excuse,
To mayntene us ever more ye aw,
And noght refuse.
Centurio. To meyntene trowthe is welle worthy,
I saide when I saghe hym dy,
That it was Godes son Almyghty,
That hang thore;
So say I yit and abydes therby,
For evermore.
Anna. Yee, sir, siche resons may ye rew,
Thou shuld not neven sich notes new,
Bot thou couthe any tokyns trew,
Untille us telle.
Centurio. Siche wonderfulle case never ere ye knew
As then befelle.
Cayphas. We pray the telle us of what thyng.
Centurio. The elementes, bothe old and ying,
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,
In ilka stede;
Thay knew by contenaunce that thare kyng
Was done to dede.
The son for wo it waxed alle wan,
The moyn and starnes of shynyng blan,
And erthe it tremblyd as a man
Began to speke;
The stone that never was styrryd or than
In sonder brast and breke;
And dede men rose up bodely bothe greatt and smalle.
Pilatus. Centurio, bewar withe alle,
Ye wote the clerkes the clyppes it calle
Siche sodan sight;

That son and moyne a seson shalle
Lak of thare lighte.
Cayphas. Sir, and if that dede men ryse up bodely,
That may be done thrughe socery,
Therfor nothyng we set therby,
That be thou bast.
Centurio. Sir, that I saw truly,
That shalle I ever more trast.
Not for ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,
Bot how the vaylle rofe in the kyrke
Fayn wyt I wold?
Pilatus. A, siche tayles fulle sone wold make us yrke,
If thay were told.
Harlot wherto commys thou us emang
With siche lesynges us to fang?
Weynd furthe, hy myght thou hang,
Vyle fatur!
Cayphas. Weynde furthe in the wenyande,
And hold stylle thy clattur.
Centurio. Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, haves now good day,
God lene you grace to knaw the sothe alle way.
Anna. Withe draw the fast sen thou the dredys,
For we shalle welle mayntene oure dedes.
Pilatus. Siche wonderfulle resons as now redes
Were never beforne.
Cayphas. To neven this note no more us nedes,
Nawder even nor morne,
Bot forto be war of more were
That afterward myght do us dere,
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here
Us alle emang,
Avyse you of thise sawes sere
How thay wille stand.
For Jesus saide fulle openly
Unto the men that yode hym by,
A thyng that grevys alle Jury,
And right so may,
That he shuld ryse up bodely
Within the thryde day.
If it be so, as myght I spede,
The latter dede is more to drede
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede

And tend therto;
Avyse you, sir, for it is nede
The best to do.
Anna. Sir, never the les if he saide so
He has no myght to ryse and go,
Bot his dyscyplyls steylle his cors us fro
And bere away;
That were tille us, and othere mo,
A fowlle enfray.
Then wold the pepylle say everilkon
That he were rysen hym self alon,
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone
Withe knyghtes heynd,
To thise three dayes be commen and gone
And broght tille ende.
Pilatus. Now, certes, sir, fulle welle ye say,
And for this ilk poynt to purvay
I shalle, if that I may,
He shalle not ryse;
Nor none shalle wyn hym thens away
Of nokyns wyse.
Sir knyghtes, that ar of dedes dughty,
And chosen for chefe of chevalry,
As I may me in you affy,
By day and nyght,
Ye go and kepe Jesus' body
Withe alle youre myghte;
And for thyng that be may,
Kepe hym welle unto the thryd day,
That no tratur stylle his cors you fray,
Out of that sted,
For if ther do, truly I say,
Ye shalle be dede.
Primus Miles. Yis, sir Pilate, in certan,
We shalle hym kepe withe alle oure mayn,
There shalle no tratur with no trayn
Steylle hym us fro;
Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,
And let us go.
Secundus Miles. Yis, certes, we are alle redy bowne,
We shalle hym kepe tille youre renowne,
On every syde lett us sytt downe,
We alle in fere;
And I shalle fownde to crak his crowne
Whoso commys here.

Primus Miles. Who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.
Secundus Miles. Even on this syde wylle I sytt.
Tercius Miles. And I shalle fownde his feete to flytt.
Quartus Miles. We there shrew ther;
Now by Mahowne, fayn wold I wytt
Who durst com here
This cors with treson forto take,
For if it were the burnand drake
Of me styfly he gatt a strake,
Have here my hand;
To thise three dayes be past,
This cors I dar warand.

Tunc cantabunt angeli "Jesus resurgens," et postea dicet Jesus.

Jesus. Erthly man that I have wroght
Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght,
With bytter baylle I have the boght,
To make the fre;
Into this dongeon depe I soght
And alle for luf of the.
Behold how dere I wold the by,
My woundes ar weytt and alle blody,
The, synfulle man, fulle dere boght I
Withe tray and teyn;
Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
Now art thou cleyn.
Clene have I mayde the, synfulle man,
Withe wo and wandrethe I the wan,
From hart and syde the blood out ran,
Sich was my pyne;
Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
My lyfe for thyne.
Thou synfulle man that by me gase,
Tytt unto me thou turne thi face,
Behold my body in ilka place
How it was dight;
Alle to-rent and alle to-shentt,
Man, for thi plight.
With cordes enewe and ropys toghe
The Jues felle my lymmes out-droghe,
For that I was not mete enoghe
Unto the bore;

With hard stowndes thise depe woundes
Tholyd I the fore.
A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,
Thay set apon my hede for tene,
Two thefys hang thai me betwene,
Alle for dyspyte;
This payn ilk dele thou shalle wyt wele,
May I the wyte.
Behald my shankes and my knees,
Myn arnes and my thees,
Behold me welle, loke what thou sees,
Bot sorow and pyne;
Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,
And not for myne.
And yit more understand thou shalle,
In stede of drynk thay gaf me galle,
Aselle thay menged it withalle,
The Jues felle;
The payn I have, tholyd I to save
Man's saulle from helle.
Behold my body how Jues it dang
With knottes of whyppys and scorges strang,
As stremes of welle the bloode out sprang
On every syde;
Knottes where thay hyt, welle may thou wytt,
Maide woundes wyde.
And therfor thou shalle understand
In body, heed, feete, and hand,
Four hundrethe woundes and five thowsand
Here may thou se;
And therto nine were delt fulle even
For luf of the.
Behold on me noght els is lefte,
And or that thou were fro me refte,
Alle thise paynes wold I thole efte
And for the dy;
Here may thou se that I luf the,
Man, faythfully.
Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,
I pray the hartely, with good chere,
Luf me agane;
That it lyked me that I for the
Tholyd alle this payn.
If thou thi lyfe in syn have led

Mercy to ask be not adred,
The leste drope I for the bled
Myght clens the soyn,
Alle the syn the warld with in
If thou had done.
I was welle wrother with Judas
For that he wold ask me no grace,
Then I was for his trespas
That he me sold;
I was redy to show mercy,
Aske none he wold.
Lo how I hold myn armes on brade,
The to save ay redy mayde,
That I great luf ay to the had,
Welle may thou knaw!
Som luf agane I wold fulle fayn
Thou wold me show.
Bot luf noghte els aske I of the,
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle,
Pyne the to lyf in charyte
Bothe night and day;
Then in my blys that never shalle mys
Thou shalle dwelle ay.
For I am veray prince of peasse,
And synnes seyr I may releasse,
And who so wille of synnes seasse
And mercy cry,
I grauntt theym here a measse
In brede myn awne body.
[That ilk veray brede of lyfe
Becomys my fleshe in wordes fyfe,
Who so it resaves in syn or stryfe
Bese dede for ever;
And who so it takes in rightwys lyfe
Dy shalle he never*.]

Maria Magdalene. Alas, to dy with doylle am I dyght,
In warld was never a wofuller wight,
I drope, I dare, for seyng of sight
That I can se;
My lord, that mekille was of might,
Is ded fro me.
Alas, that I shuld se his pyne

* This stanza has been struck through with red ink at a later period.

Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,
For to iche sore he was medecyne
And boytte of alle ;
Help and hold to ever ilk hyne
To hym wold calle.
Maria Jacobi. Alas, how stand I on my feete
When I thynk on his woundes wete,
Jesus, that was on luf so swete,
And never dyd ylle,
Is dede and grafen under the grete,
Withoutten skylle.
Maria Salomee. Withoutten skylle thise Jues ilkon
That lufly lord they have hym slone,
And trespas dyd he never none,
In no kyn sted ;
To whom now shalle we make oure mone ?
Oure Lord is ded.
Maria Magdalene. Sen he is ded, my systers dere,
Weynd we wille with fulle good chere,
With oure anoyntmentes fare and clere
That we have broght
For to anoyntt his woundes sere,
That Jues hym wroght.
Maria Jacobi. Go we then, my systers fre,
For sore me longis his cors to see,
Bot I wote never how best may be,
Help have we none ;
And whiche shalle of us systers thre
Remefe the stone ?
Maria Salomee. That do we not bot we were mo,
For it is hoghe and hevy also.
Maria Magdalene. Systers, we thar no farther go
Bot make mowrnyng ;
I se two syt where we weynd to,
In whyte clothyng.
Maria Jacobi. Certes, the sothe is not to hyde,
The grave stone is put besyde.
Maria Salomee. Certes, for thyng that may betyde
Now wille we weynde
To late the luf, and with hym byde,
That was oure freynde.
Primus Angelus. Ye mowrnyng women in youre
thoght,
Here in this place whom have ye soght ?

Maria Magdalene. Jesus, that unto ded was broght,
Oure lord so fre.
Secundus Angelus. Certes, women, here is he noght,
Com nere and se.
Primus Angelus. He is not here, the sothe to say,
The place is voyde ther in he lay,
The sudary here se ye may
Was on hym layde;
He is rysen and gone his way,
As he you sayde.
Secundus Angelus. Even as he saide so done has he,
He has rysen thrughe his pauste,
He shalle be fon in Galale,
In fleshe and felle;
To his dycypyls now weynd ye,
And thus thaym telle.
Maria Magdalene. My systers fre, sen it is so
That he is resyn the dethe thus fro,
As saide tille us thise angels two,
Oure lord and leche,
As ye have hard where that ye go
Loke that ye preche.
Maria Jacobi. As we have hard so shalle we say,
Mare, oure syster, have good day.
Maria Magdalene. Now veray God, as he welle may,
Man most of myght,
He wyshe you systers welle in youre way,
And rewle you right.
Alas, what shalle now worth on me?
My catyf hart wylle breke in thre
When that I thynk on that ilk bodye
How it was spylt;
Thrughe feete and handes nalyd was he
Withoutten gylt.
Withoutten gylt then was he tayn,
That lufly lord, thay have hym slayn,
And tryspas dyd he never nane,
Ne yit no mys;
It was my gylt he was fortayn,
And nothing his.
How myght I bot I lufyd that swete

That for me suffred woundes wete,
Sythen to be grafen under the grete,
Siche kyndnes kythe;
There is nothyng tille that we mete
May make me blythe.
Primus Miles. Outt, alas! what shalle I say?
Where is the cors that here in lay?
Secundus Miles. What alys the man? he is away
That we shuld tent?
Primus Miles. Ryse up and se.
Secundus Miles. Harrow, thefe, for ay
I cownte us shent!
Tercius Miles. What devylle alys you two
Sick nose and cry thus for to may?
Secundus Miles. For he is gone.
Tercius Miles. Alas, wha?
Secundus Miles. He that here lay.
Tercius Miles. Harrow, dewille, how swa gat he away?
Quartus Miles. What, is he thus-gates from us went,
The fals tratur that here was lentt,
That we truly to tent
Had undertane?
Certanly I telle us sheynt
Holly ilkane.
Primus Miles. Alas, what shalle I do this day
Sen this tratur is won away?
And safely, syrs, I dar welle say
He rose alon.
Secundus Miles. Wytt sir Pilate of this enfray
We mon be slone.
Quartus Miles. Wote ye welle he rose in dede.
Secundus Miles. I saghe my self when that he yede.
Primus Miles. When that he styrryd out of the steede
None couthe it ken.
Quartus Miles. Alas, hard hap was on my hede
Emang alle men.
Tercius Miles. Ye, bot wyt Sir Pilate of this dede,
That we were slepand when he yede
We mon forfett, withoutten drede,
Alle that we have.

Quartus Miles. We must make lees, for that is nede,
Oure self to save.
Primus Miles. That red I welle, so myght I go.
Secundus Miles. And I assent therto also.
Tercius Miles. A thowsand shalle I assay and mo,
Welle armed ilkon,
Com and toke his cors us fro,
Had us nere slone.
Quartus Miles. Nay, certes, I hold ther none so good
As say the sothe right as it stode,
How that he rose with mayn and mode,
And went his way;
To sir Pilate, if he be wode,
Thus dar I say.
Primus Miles. Why, and dar thou to sir Pilate go.
With thise tythynges, and telle hym so?
Secundus Miles. So red I that we do also,
We dy bot oones.
Tercius Miles et Omnes. Now he that wroght us alle this wo
Wo worth his bones!
Quartus Miles. Go we sam, sir knyghtes heynd,
Sen we shalle to sir Pilate weynd,
I trow that we shalle part no freynd,
Or that we pas.
Primus Miles. Now and I shalle telle ilka word tille ende,
Right as it was.
Sir Pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,
Sir Cayphas and Anna bothe in fere,
And alle the lordes aboute you there,
To neven by name;
Mahowne you save on sydes sere
Fro syn and shame.
Pilatus. Ye ar welcom, oure knyghtes so keyn,
A mekille myrthe now may we meyn,
Bot telle us som talkyng us betwene,
How ye have wroght.
Primus Miles. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,
Is worthe to noght.
Cayphas. To noght? alas, seasse of siche saw.

Secundus Miles. The prophete Jesus, that ye welle knaw,
Is rysen and went fro us on raw,
With mayn and myght.
Pilatus. Therfor the deville the alle to-draw,
Vyle recrayd knyght!
What, combred cowardes I you calle,
Let ye hym pas fro you alle?
Tercius Miles. Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smalle
When that he yede.
Quartus Miles. We were so ferd we can downe falle,
And qwoke for drede.
Primus Miles. We were so rad ever ilkon
When that he put besyde the stone
We qwoke for ferd, and durst styr none,
And sore we were abast.
Pilatus. Whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone?
Secundus Miles. Ye, lord, that be ye trast,
We hard never on even ne morne,
Nor yit oure faders us beforne,
Siche melody, myd-day ne norne,
As was maide thore.
Pilatus. Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne
For ever more!
A, deville, what shalle now worthe of this?
This warld farys withe quantys,
I pray you, Cayphas, ye us wys
Of this enfray.
Cayphas. Sir and I couth ought by my clergys
Fayn wold I say.
Anna. To say the best for sothe I shalle,
It shalbe profett for us alle,
Yond knyghtes behovys thare wordes agane calle,
How he is myst;
We wold not for thyng that myght befalle
That no man wyst.
And therfor of youre curtessie
Gyf theym a reward for-thy.
Pilatus. Of this counselle welle paide am I,
It shalbe thus.
Sir knyghtes, that ar of dedes doghty,
Take tent tille us;
Herkyns now how ye shalle say,

Where so ye go by nyght or day,
Ten thowsand men of good aray
Cam you untille,
And thefyshly toke his cors you fray
Agans youre wille.
Loke ye say thus in every land,
And ther to on this covande
Ten thowsand poundes have in youre hande
To youre rewarde,
And my frenship I understande
Shalle not be sparde;
Bot loke ye say as we have kend.

Primus Miles. Yis, sir, as Mahowne me mende,
In ilk contree where so we lende
By nyght or day,
Where so we go, where so we weynd,
Thus shalle we say.

Pilatus. The blyssyng of Mahowne be with you nyght and day.

Maria Magdalene. Say me, garthynere, I the pray,
If thou bare oght my lord away,
Telle me the sothe, say me not nay,
Where that he lyys;
And I shalle remefe hym if I may,
On any kyn wyse.

Jesus. Woman, why wepys thou? be stylle;
Whome sekys thou, say me thy wylle,
And nyk me not with nay.

Maria Magdalene. For my lord I lyke fulle ylle,
The stede thou bare his body tylle
Telle me I the pray;
Aud I shalle if I may his body bere with me,
Unto myn endyng day the better shuld I be.

Jesus. Woman, woman, turne thi thoght,
Wyt thou welle I hyd hym noght,
Then bare hym nawre withe me;
Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght.

Maria Magdalene. In fayth I have hym soght,
Bot nawre he wille fond be.

Jesus. Whi, what was he to the in sothfastnes to say?

Maria Magdalene. A, he was to me, no longer dwelle I may.

Jesus. Mary, thou sekys thy God, and that am I.

Maria Magdalene. Rabony, my lord so dere,
Now am I hole that thou art here,
Suffer me to neghe the nere,
And kys thi feete;
Myght I do so welle me were,
For thou art swete.
Jesus. Nay, Mary, neghe thou not me,
For to my Fader, telle I the,
Yit stevynd I noght;
Telle my brethere I shalle be
Before theym alle in trynyte
Whose wille that I have wroght.
To peasse now ar thay boght that prysond were in pyne,
Wherfor thou thank in thoght God thi lord and myne.
Mary thou shalle weynde me fro,
Myn erand shalle thou grathly go,
In no fowndyng thou falle,
To my dyscypyls say thou so,
That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,
That I thaym socoure shalle.
By name Peter thou calle and say that I shalle be
Before hym and theym alle my selfe in Galyle.
Maria Magdalene. Lord, I shalle make my vyage
To telle theym hastely,
Fro they here that message
Thay wille be alle mery.
This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,
Falsly spylt, no man wyst why,
Whore he dyd mys;
Bot with hym spake I bodely,
For-thi commen is my blys.
My blys is commen, my care is gone,
That lufly have I met alone,
I am as blythe in bloode and bone
As ever was wight;
Now is he resyn that was slone,
Mi hart is light.
I am as light as leyfe on tre,
For joyfulle sight that I can se,
For welle I wote that it was he
My lord Jesu;
He that betrayde that fre
Sore may he rew.

To Galyle now wille I fare,
And his dyscypyles cache from care,
I wote that they wille mowrne no mare,
Commyn is thare blys;
That worthi childe that Mary bare
He amende youre mys.

EXPLICIT RESURRECTIO DOMINI.

Cleophas. Almyghty God, Jesu, Jesu !
That borne was of a madyn fre,
Thow was a lord and prophete trew,
Whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be
Emanges thise men ;
Yll was thou ded, so wo is me
That I it ken.
I ken it welle that thou was slayn
Oonly for me and alle mankynde,
Therto thise Jues were fulle bayn,
Alas, why was thou, man, so blynde
Thi lord to slo ?
On hym why wold thou have no mynde,
Bot bett hym blo ?
Blo thou bett hym bare, his brest thou maide alle blak,
His woundes alle wete thay ware, alas, withoutten lak !
Lucas. That lord, alas, that leche that was so meke and mylde,
So welle that couthe us preche with syn was never fyled ;
He was fulle bayn to preche us alle from warkes wylde,
His dede it wille me dreche, for thay hym so begylde
This day ;
Alas, why dyd thay so
To tug hym to and fro ?
From hym wold thay not go
To his lyfe was away.
Cleophas. Thise cursyd Jues, ever worthe thaym wo !
Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,
Alle sakles thay gart hym slo
Apon the rode,

And for to bete his body blo
Thay thoght fulle good.
Lucas. Thou says fulle sothe, thay dyd hym payn,
And therto were thay ever fayn.
Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn
And done to ded;
For-thi we mowrne withe mode and mayn,
Withe rufulle red.
Cleophas. Yee rufully may we it rew,
For hym that was so good and trew,
That thrughe the falshede of a Jew
Was thus betrayd;
Therfor oure sorow is ever new,
Oure joy is layd.
Lucas. Certes, it was a wonder thyng
That thay wold for no tokynyng,
Ne yit for his techyng,
Trast in that trew;
Thay myght have sene in his doyng
Fulle greatt vertu.
Cleophas. For alle that thay to hym can say
He answard never withe yee, ne nay,
Bot as a lam meke was he ay,
For alle thare threte,
He spake never, by nyght ne day,
No wordes greatte.
Lucas. Alle if he wor withoutten plight,
Unto the ded yit thay hym dight,
If he had never so mekille myght
He suffred alle;
He stud as stille, that bright,
As stone in walle.
Cleophas. Alas, for doylle! what was thare skylle
That precyous lord so for to spille?
And he servyd never none ylle
In worde, ne dede;
Bot prayd for theym his Fader tille
To ded when that he yede.
Lucas. When I thynk on his passyon,
And on his moder how she can swoyn,
To dy nere am I bowne,
For sorow I saghe hir mak;
Under the crosse when she felle downe,
For hir son sake.
Cleophas. Me thynk my hart is fulle of wo,

When I saghe hym to ded go,
The wekyd Jues thay were so thro
To wyrke hym woghe;
His fare body thay maide fulle blo
Withe strokes enoghe.
Lucas. Me thynke my hart droppys alle in bloode
When I saghe hym hyng on the roode,
And askyd a drynk, withe fulle myld mode,
Right than in hy;
Aselle and galle, that was not good,
Thay broght hym then truly.
Cleophas. Was never man in no kyns stede
That suffred half so greatt mysdede
As he, to ded or that he yede,
Ne yit the care;
For-thi fulle carefulle is my red
Where soever I fare.
Lucas. Where so I fare he is my mynde,
Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,
How sore gyltles that he was pynde
Apon a tre,
Unethes may I hold my mynde,
So sore myslykes me.

Hic venit Jesus in apparatu peregrini.

Jesus. Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,
And walk so rufully by the way?
Have ye youre gates ungrathly gone?
Or what you alys to me ye say;
What wordes ar you two emange
That ye here so sadly gang?
To here theym eft fulle sore I lang
Here of you two;
It semys ye ar in sorow strang,
Here as ye go.
Cleophas. What way, for shame, man, has thou tayn
That thou wote not of this affray?
Thou art a man by the alane,
Thou may not pleasse me to my pay.
Jesus. I pray you, if it be youre wille,
Those wyrdys ye wold reherse me tylle,
Ye ar alle hevy and lykes ylle
Here in this way;

If ye wille now shew me youre (*sic.*)
I wold you pray.
Lucas. Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone,
Walkand in cuntry bi thyn oone,
And wote not what is commen and gone
Within few days?
Me thynk thou shuld make mone,
And wepe here in thi wayes.
Jesus. Whi, what is done can ye me say
In this land this ylk day?
Is ther fallen any affray
In land awro where?
If ye can me telle I you pray,
Or that I farthere fare.
Cleophas. Why, knowys thou not what thyng is done
Here at Jerusalem thus sone,
Thrughe wykyd Jues, withoutten hone,
And noght lang syn?
For the trew prophete make we this mone,
And for his pyne.
Lucas. Ye, for Jesus of Nazarene,
That was a prophete trew and clene,
In word, in warke, fulle meke, I wene,
And that fonde we;
And so has he fulle long bene,
As mot I the,
To God and to the people bathe;
Therfor thise daies he has takyn skaithe,
Unto the ded, withoutten haghe,
Thise Jues hym dight;
For-thi for hym thus walk we wrathe
By day and nyght.
Cleophas. Thise wykyd Jues trayed hym withe gyle,
To thare highe preeste within a whyle
And to thare prynces thay can hym fyle,
Withoutten drede;
Apon a crosse, noght hens a myle,
To ded he yede.
Lucas. We trowyd that it was he truly
His awne lyfe agane shuld by,
As it is told in prophecy
Of Cristes doyng;
And, certes, they wille never ly
For no kyns thyng.

Fro he was of the crosse tayn
He was layde fulle sone agane
In a grave, under a stane,
And that we saw;
Wheder he be rysen and gane
Yet we ne knaw.
Jesus. Pilgremes, in speche ye ar fulle awthe,
That shalle I welle declare you why,
Ye have it hart, and that is rawthe,
Ye can no better stand therby,
Thyng that ye here;
And prophetys told it openly
On good manere.
Thay saide a childe there shuld be borne
To by man kynde, combryd in care,
Thus saide David here beforne
And othere prophetys wyse of lare,
And Danielle;
Som saide he ded shuld be,
And ly in erthe by dayes thre,
And sithen, thrughe his pauste,
Ryse up in fleshe and felle.
Cleophas. Now, sir, for sothe, as God me save,
Women has flayed us in oure thoght,
Thay saide that they were at his grave
And in that sted they faunde hym noght,
Bot saide a lighte
Com downe withe angels, and up him broght
There in thare sight.
We would not trow theym for nothyng,
If thay were ther in the mornyng,
We saide thay knew not his rysyng
When it shuld be,
Bot som of us, withoute dwellyng,
Wentt theder to se.
Lucas. Yee, som of us, sir, have beyn thare,
And faunde it as the women saide,
Out of that sted that cors was fare,
And also the grave stone put besyde,
We see withe ee;
The teres out of myn ees can glyde,
For doylle I dre.
Jesus. Ye foyles, ye ar not stabylle,
Where is youre witt, I say?
Wilsom of hart ye ar unabylle

And outt of the right way
For to trow it is no fabylle
That is fallen this same day.
He wyst, when he sat at his tabille,
That Judas shuld him sone betray ;
Me thynk you alle untrist to trow,
Bothe in mode and mayn,
Alle that the prophetes told to you
Before, it is no trane.
Told not they what wyse and how
That Cryst shuld suffre payn ?
And so to his Paske bow
To entre tille his joy agane ?
Take tent to Moyses and othere mo,
That were prophetes trew and good,
Thay saide Jesus to ded shuld go,
And pynde be on roode,
Thrughe the Jues be maide fulle blo,
His woundes rynyng on red bloode,
Sithen shuld he ryse and furthe go
Before right as he yode.
Crist behovid to suffre this
For sothe, right as I say,
And sithen enter into his blys
Unto his Fader for ay,
Ever to won with hym and his,
Where ever is gam and play,
Of that myrthe shalle he never mys
Fro he weynde hens away.

Cleophas. Now, sir, we thank it fulle of sythes
The commyng of you heder,
To us so kyndly kythes
The prophecy alle to geder.

Jesus. By leyff now, sirs, for I must weynde,
For I have far of my jornay.

Lucas. Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,
Alle nyght to abyde for charite,
And take youre rest ;
At morne more prest then may ye be
To go fulle prest.

Cleophas. Sir, we you pray, for Godes sake,
This nyght penance with us to take,
With siche chere as we can make,
And that we pray ;

We may no farther walk ne wake,
Gone is the day.
Lucas. Dwelle withe us, sir, if ye myght,
For now it waxes to the nyght,
The day is gone that was so bright,
No far thou shalle;
Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight
For thi good tale.
Jesus. I thank you bothe, for sothe, in fere,
At this tyme I ne may dwelle here,
I have to walk in ways sere,
Where I have hight;
I may not be, withoutten were,
With you alle nyght.
Cleophas. Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,
At this tyme wille we not parte,
Bot if that thou can more of arte
Or yit of lare;
Unto this cyte, withe good harte,
Now let us fare.
Lucas. Thou art a pilgreme, as we ar,
This nyght shalle thou fare as we fare,
Be it les or be it mare
Thou shalle assay,
Then to-morne thou make the yare
To weynde thi way.
Jesus. Freyndys, for to fulfille youre wille
I wille abyde withe you awhyle.
Cleophas. Sir, ye ar welcom as is skylle
To siche as we have, bi Sant Gyle.
Lucas. Now ar we here at this towne,
I red that we go sytt us downe,
And forto sowpe we make us bowne,
Now of oure fode;
We have enoghe, sir, bi my crowne,
Of Godes goode.

Tunc parent mensam.

Cleophas. Lo, here a borde and clothe laide,
And breed theron, alle redy grade,
Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,
And make good chere;
It is bot penaunce, as we saide,
That we have here.

Tunc recumbent et sedebit Jesus in medio eorum, tunc benedicet Jesus panem et franget in tribus partibus, et postea evanebit ab oculis eorum ; et dicet Lucas,

Lucas. Wemmow ! where is this man becom
Right here that sat betwix us two ?
He brake the breed and laide us som ;
How myght he hens now fro us go
At his awne lyst ?
It was oure Lorde, I trow right so,
And we not wyst.
Cleophas. When went he hens, whedir, and how,
What I ne wote in warld so wyde,
For had I wyten, I make a vowe,
He shuld have byden what so betyde ;
Bot it were Jesus that withe us was,
Selcouthe me thynk, the sothe to say,
Thus prevely from us to pas,
I wist never when he went away.
We were fulle blynde, ever alas !
I telle us now begylde for ay,
For speche and bewte that he has
Man myght hym knaw this day.
Lucas. A, dere God, what may this be ?
Right now was he here by me,
Now is this greatt vanyte,
He is away ;
We ar begyld, by my lewte,
So may we say.
Cleophas. Where was oure hart, where was oure thoght,
So far on gate as he us broght
Knawlege of hym that we had noght
In alle that tyme ?
So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,
Tille oon pylgryme.
Lucas. Dere God, how couthe we hym not knaw ?
So openly alle on a raw
The tayles that he can tille us shaw,
By oone und oone ;
And now from us within a thraw
Thus sone is gone.
Cleophas. I had no knawlege it was he,
Bot for he brake this brede in thre,

And delt it here to the and me
Withe his awne hande;
When he passyd hens we myght not se,
Here syttande.
Lucas. We ar to blame, yee, veramente,
That we toke no better tente
Whiles we by the way wente
Withe hym that stownd;
Knowlege of hym we myght have hentt
Syttyng on grownd.
Cleophas. Fro he tooke breede fulle welle I wyst,
And brake it here withe his awne fyste,
And laide it us at his awne lyst,
As we it hent;
I knew hym then, and sone it kyst
Withe good intente.
Lucas. That we hym knew wyst he welle enoghe,
Therfor alle sone he hym withe-droghe,
Fro he saw that we hym knoghe,
Withe in this sted;
I have ferly what way and how
Away that he shuld glyde.
Cleophas. Alas, we war fulle myrk in thoght,
Bot he were bothe fulle wille of red;
Man, for shame whi held thou noght
When he on borde brake us this breede?
He soght the propheey more and les
And told it us right in this sted,
How that he hym self was
With wykid Jues broght to ded,
And more;
We wille go seke that kyng
That suffred woundes sore.
Lucas. Ryse, go we hens fro this place,
To Jerusalem take we the pace,
And telle oure brethere alle the case,
I red right thus;
From ded to lyfe when that he rase
He apperyd tille us.
Cleophas. At Jerusalem I understande,
Ther hope I that thay be dwelland,
In that countre and in that land
We shalle theym mete;
Weynd we furthe I dar warand
Right in the strete.

Lucas. Let us not tary les ne mare,
Bot on oure feete fast let us fare,
I hope we shalle be cachid fro care
Fulle sone, iwys ;
That blyssid childe that Mary bare
Graunt you his blys.

EXPLICIUNT PEREGRINI.

Maria Magdalene. Haylle brether, and God be here,
I bryng to amende youre chere,
Trist ye it and knawe;
He is rysen, the sothe to say,
I met hym goyng bi the way,
He bad me telle it you.
Petrus. Do way, woman, thou carpys wast,
It is som spirite or els som gast,
Othere was it noght;
We may trow on no kyns wyse,
That ded man may to lyfe ryse,
This then is oure thoght.
Paulus. It may be sothe for mans mede,
The Jues maide hym grymly blede
Thrughe feete, handes, and syde;
With nayles on rode thay dyd hym hang,
Wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,
As myght I blys abide.
Maria Magdalene. Do way youre threpyng, ar ye wode?
I saghe hym that dyd on roode,
And withe hym spake withe mowthe;
Therfor you both red I
Put away your heresy,
Tryst it stedfast and cowthe.
Petrus. Do way, woman, let be thi fare,
For shame and also syn,
If wee make never siche care
His lyfe may we not wyn.
Paulus. And it is wretyn in oure law
Ther is no trust in womans saw,
No trust faithe to belefe;
For with thare quantyse and thare gyle
Can thay laghe and wepe som while,
And yit nothyng theym grefe.
In oure bookys thus fynd we wretyn,

Alle manere of men welle it wytten,
Of women on this wyse ;
Tille an appylle she is lyke,
Withoutten faille ther is none slyke
In horde ther it lyse,
Bot if a man assay it witterly,
It is fulle roten inwardly
At the colke within,
Therfor in woman is no laghe,
For she is withoutten aghe,
As Crist me lowse of syn.
Therfor trust we not trystely,
Bot if we saghe it witterly
Then wold we trastly trow ;
In womans saw affy we noght,
For thay ar fekille in word and thoght,
This make I myne awowe.

Maria Magdalene. As be I lowsid of my care,
It is as trew as ye stand thare,
By hym that is my brothere.

Petrus. I dare lay my heede to wed
Or that we go untille oure bed
That we shalle here anothere.

Paulus. If it be sothe that we here say,
Or this the thrid day
The sothe then mon we se.

Maria Magdalene. Bot it be sothe to trow,
As ye mon here, els pray I you,
For fals that ye hold me.

Petrus. Waloway ! my lefe deres, there I stand in this sted,
Sich sorow my hart sheres for rewthe I can no red ;
Sen that Mawdleyn witnes beres that Jesus rose from ded
Myn ees has letten salt teres on erthe to se ym trede.
Bot alas ! that ever I woke that carefulle catyf nyght
When I for care and cold qwoke by a fyre burnyng fulle bright,
When I my lord Jesus forsoke for drede of woman's myght ;
A rightwys dome I wille me loke that I tyne not that semely sight.
Bot ever alas ! what was I wode ? myght noman be abarstir,

I saide if he nede be-stode to hym shuld none be trastir;
I saide I knew not that good creature my master.
Alas! that we fro the fled, that we ne had withe the gone,
When thou withe Jues was sted withe the was dwelland none,
Bot forsoke the that us fed, for we wold not be tayn,
We were as prysoners sore adred withe Jues forto be slayn.

Paulus. Now Jesu, for thi lyfe swete who hathe thus mastryd the?
That in the breede that we eytt thi self gyffen wold be,
And sythen thrughe handes and feytt be nalyd on a tre,
Graunt us grace that we may yit thi light in manhede se.

Tunc venit Jesus, et cantat "Pax vobis et non tardabit, hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus."

Tercius Apostolus. This is the day that God maide, alle be we glad and blythe,
The Holy Gost before us glad fulle softly on his sithe;
Red clothyng apon he had, and blys to us can kithe,
Softly on the erthe he trade fulle myldly he did lythe.

Quartus Apostolus. This dede thrughe God is done, thus in alle oure sighte;
Mighty God, true kyng in trone, whose son in Marye light,
Send us, lord, thi blissid bone, as thou art God of myght,
Sothly to se hym sone and have of hym a sight.

Iterum venit Jesus, et cantat, "Pax vobis et non tardabit."

Quintus Apostolus. Who so commys in Goddes name ay blissid mot he be,
Might fulle God shelde us fro shame in thi moder name Mare;
Thise wykid Jues wille us blame, thou grauntt us for to se

The self body and the same the whiche that died on tre.

Jesus. Peasse emanges you ever ichon! it is I, drede you noght,
What was wont with you to gone and dere with ded you boght;
Grope and fele fleshe and bone and forme of man welle wroght,
Siche thyng has goost none, loke whedder ye knawe me oght.
My rysyng fro dede to lyfe shalle no man agane moytt,
Behold my woundes fyfe thrughe handes syde and foytt,
To ded can luf me dryfe and styrryd my hart roytt,
Of syn who wille hym shryfe thyes wounded shalbe his boytt.
For oon so swete a thyng my self so lefe had wroght
Man sawlle, my dere derlyng, to batelle was I broght,
For it thay can me dyng to bryng out of my thoght,
On roode can thay me hyng, yit luf for gate I noght;
Luf makys me, as ye may se, strenkyllid withe blood so red,
Luf gars me have harte so fre, it opyns every sted,
Luf so fre so dampnyd me, it drofe me to the ded,
Luf rasyd me thrughe his pauste, it is swetter then med.
Witterly, man, to the I cry, thou yeme my fader fere,
Thyn awne sawlle kepe cleynly whyls thou art wardan here,
Slo it not withe thi body, synnyng in synnes sere,
On me and it thou have mercy, for I have boght it dere.
My dere freyndes, now may ye se for sothe that is I
That dyed apon the roode tre, and sythen rose bodely,
That it alle-gates sothfast be, ye shalle se hastely;
Of youre mett gyf ye me siche as ye have redy.

Paratur mensa, et offerat sextus Apostolus favum mellis et piscem, dicendo.

Sextus Apostolus. Lord, lo here a rostid fishe and a comb of honey
Laide fulle fare in a dishe and fulle honestly,

Here is none othere mett but this in alle oure
company,
Bot welle is us that we have this to thi lykyng only.
Jesus. Mi dere Fader of heven, that maide me
borne to be
Of a madyn withoutten steven, and sithen to die on
tre,
From ded to lyf at set stevyn rasid me thrughe thi
paustee,
With the wordys that I shalle neven this mette thou
blis thrughe me;
In the Fader name and the Son and the Holy Gast,
Thre persons to knaw and con in oone God hede
stedfast.
I gif this mett my benyson thrughe wordes of myghtes
mast,
Now wille I ette as I was won my manhede eft to
tast.
My dere freyndys lay hand tille, eyttes for charite,
I ette at my Fader wille, at my wille ette now ye.
That I ette is to fulfille that writen is of me
In Moyses law, for it is skylle fulfillyd that it be.
Myn ye noghte that I you told in certayn tyme and
sted,
When I gaf myself to wold to you in fourme of
bred,
That my body shuld be sold, my blood be spylt so
red?
This cors gravyn ded and cold the thrid day ryse fro
ded?
Your hartes was fulfillyd withe drede whyls I have fro
you bene,
The rysyng of my manhede unethes wold ye weyn,
Of trouth now may ye spede thorow stedfast wordes
and cleyn,
Leyf freyndes, trow now the dede that ye withe ees
have seen.
Ye have forthynkyng and shame for youre dysse-
ferance,
I forgif you the blame, in me now have affyance,
The folk that ar withe syn lame, preche thaym to re-
pentance,
Forgif syn in my name, enjoyne theym to penance,
The grace of the Holy Gost to wyn resave here at
me

Hic respirat in eos.

The which shalle never blyn, I gif you here pauste
Whom in erthe ye lowse of syn in heven lowsyd shalle be,
And whom in erthe ye bynd ther-in, in heven bonden be he.

Hic discedet ab eis.

Septimus Apostolus. Jesu Crist in trynyte, Jesu to cry and calle,
That borne was of a madyn fre thou save us synfulle alle;
For us hangyd apon a tre, drank aselle and galle,
Thi servandes save fro vanyte in wanhope that we not falle.
Octavus Apostolus. Brethere, be we stabylle of thoght, wanhope put we away,
Of mysbelefe that we be noght, for we may safly say
He that mankynde on roode boght fro dede rose the thrid day,
We se the woundes in hym was wroght, alle bloody yet were thay.
Novenus Apostolus. He told us fyrst he shuld be tayn and for man's syn shuld dy,
Be ded and beryd under a stayn, and after ryse up bodely,
Now is he quyk fro grafe gon, he cam and stode us by,
And lete us se ilkon the woundes of his body.
Decimus Apostolus. Deth that is so kene Jesus over comen has,
As he us told yit may we mene fro ded how he shuld pas;
Jesus stode witnes betwene that withe him dwelland was,
Alle his dyscypyls has hym sene safe oonly Thomas.
Thomas. If that I prowde as pacok go my hart is fulle of care,
If any sorow myght a man slo my hart in sonder it share,
Mi life wyrkys me alle this wo, of blys I am fulle bare,
Yit wold I nawthere freynde ne fo wyst how wo me ware.
Jesus, my lyfe so good, ther none myght better be,

None wysere man than better food, nor none kyndere then he,
The Jues have nalyd his cors on rood, nalyd with nales thre,
And with a spere thay spylt his blood, greatt sorow it was to se.
To se the stremes of blood ryn welle more than doylle it was,
Sich great payn for mans syn siche doyllefulle ded he has,
I have lyfid withoutten wyn sen he to ded can pas,
For he was fare of cheke and chyn, for doylle of ded alas!

Hic pergit ad discipios.

Myghty God for to dyscryfe that never dyed, ne shalle,
Wo and wandreth from you dryfe, that ye not therin falle.
Petrus. He the save with woundes fyfe his son Jesus to calle,
That rose from deth to lyfe, and shewyd hym tille us alle.
Thomas. Whannow, Peter, art thou mad? on lyfe who was hym lyke!
For his dethe I am not glad, for sorow my hart wille breke,
That with the Jues he was so stad, to ded thay can hym wreke,
Thou hym forsoke so was thou rad when they to the can speke.
Paulus. Let be, leyf brothere Thomas, and turne thi thoght belyfe,
For the thryd day Jesus rase fleshly fro ded to lyfe;
Tille us alle he cam a pase and shewyd his woundes fyfe,
And lyfyng man, and etten hase honey takyn of a hyfe.
Thomas. Let be for shame, apartly! fantom dys-savys the,
Ye saghe hym not bodely, his gost it myghte welle be;
For to glad youre hartes sory in youre adversyte,
He luffyd us welle and faythfully, therfor sloes sorow me.

Tercius Apostolus. Then wote, Thomas, and sothe it was, and oft has thou hard say,
How a fyshe swalod Jonas, thre dayes therin he lay,
Yit gaf God hym myghte to pas, whyk man to wyn away,
Myghte not God that siche myght has rase his son apon the thryd day?
Thomas. Man, if thou can understand, Cryst saide his self mynnys me,
That alle lokyn was in his hande, alle oone was God and he,
The son wax marke, alle men seand, when he died on the tre,
Therfor am I fulle sore dredand that who myght his boote be.
Quartus Apostolus. The Holy Gost in Marye light, and in hir madynhede
Goddes son she helde and dight, and cled hym in manhede;
For luf he wentt as he had hight to fight withoutten drede,
When he had termynd that fight he skypt outt of his wede.
Thomas. If he skypt out of his clethyng yit thou grauntes his cors was ded,
It was his cors that maide shewyng unto you in his sted,
Forto trow in youre carpyng my hart is hevy as led,
His dede me brynges in great mowrneyng and I withoutten red.
Quintus Apostolus. The Gost went to helle a pase whils the cors lay slayn,
And broght the sawles from Sathanes for whiche he suffred payn;
The thryd day right he gase right unto the cors agayn,
Myghty God and man he rase, and therfor ar we fayn.
Thomas. Alle sam to me ye flyte, youre resons fast ye shawe,
Bot telle me a skylle perfyte any of you on raw;
When Cryst cam you to vysyte as ye telle me withe saw,
A whyk man from a spyryte wherby couthe ye hym knaw.

Sextus Apostolus. Thomas, unto the anone herto answere I wille,
Man has bothe fleshe and bone, hu, hyde, and hore thortille,
Siche thyng has goost none, Thomas, lo, here thi skylle,
Goddes son toke of Mary flesh and bone, what nede were els ther tille?
Thomas. Thou has answerd me fulle wele and fulle skylfully,
Bot my hart is hard as stele to trow in siche mastry;
Say bad he any of you fele the woundes of his body,
Flesh or bone or ilka dele to assay his body?
Septimus Apostolus. Yis, Thomas, he bade us se and handille hym withe hande,
To loke wheder it were he, Jesus, man lyfand,
That dyed apon a tre, flesh and bone we fand,
His woundes had bene pyte to towche that were bledand.
Thomas. Waloway! ye can no good, youre resons ar defaced,
Ye ar as women rad for blood and lightly eft solaced;
It was a goost before you stode lyke hym in blood betraced,
His cors that dyed on rood for ever hath dethe embraced.
Octavus Apostolus. Certes, Thomas, gretter care myghte no synfull wight have
Then she had that wepyd so sare, the Mawdlyn at his grave,
For sorow and doylle hir awne hare of hir hede she rent and rafe,
Jesus shewid hym tille hir thare hir sorow of syn to safe.
Thomas. Lo, siche foly withe you is, wysemen that shuld be,
That thus a woman's witnes trewys better then that ye se!
In alle youre skylles more and les for mysfowndyng faylle ye,
Might I se Jesus gost and fleshe gropyng shuld not gab me.
Novenus Apostolus. Lefe Thomas, flyte no more bot trow and turne thi red,

Or els say us when and whore Crist gabbyd in any sted;
For he saide us when thou was thore, when he hym gaf in bred,
That he shuld salfe alle oure sore quyk rysand fro ded.
Thomas. He was fulle sothfast in his sawes, that dar I hartly say,
And rightwys in alle his lawes whils that he lyfyd ay,
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes on tre whils that he lay,
Dede has determyd his dayes; his lyfe noght trow I may.
Decimus Apostolus. Thyne hard hart thi saulle wille dwyrd, Thomas, bot if thou blyn,
He has ded conquerd, and washen us alle fro syn;
May nawder knyfe ne swerde hym eft to ded wyn,
Goddes myght in hym apperd that never more shalle blyn.
Thomas. That God I trow fulle wele goostly to yo light,
Bot bodely never a dele, Jesus that wounded wyght,
My hart is hard as stele to trow in siche a myght,
Bot if I that wounde myght fele that hym gaf Longeus the knyght.
Petrus. That wounde have we sene, Thomas, and so has mo then we,
Withe Lucas and withe Cleophas he welke a day jurnee,
Thare hartes that for hym sory was with prophecy comforted he,
To Emaus castelle can thai pas, ther hostyld thay alle thre,
Jesus, Goddes son of heven, at sopere satt betweyn,
Ther bred he brake as even as it cutt had beyn.
Thomas. Nothyng that ye may neven his rysyng gars me weyn,
If ye me told siche s[t]even the more ye myght me teyn.
Paulus. Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoght and trust that I say the,
Jesus so dere has boght oure synnes apon a tree,
Whiche rysyng hathe broghte Adam and his meneyee.
Thomas. Let be youre fayr, shew it noght that he efte quyk shuld be.

Tercius Apostolus. That must thou nedelynges trow
if thou thi saulle wille save,
For that we saghe we dar avowe, Jesus rose quyk from
grave.
Thomas. I have you saide, and yit dos now, thise
wordes to wast ye have,
He shewid hym not to you; for mysfoundyng ye rafe.
Quartus Apostolus. For we say that we have sene
thou holds us wars than woode,
Jesus lyfyng stod us betwene, oure lord that withe us
yode.
Thomas. I say ye wote never what ye mene, a goost
before you stode,
Ye wenyd that it had bene the cors that died on roode.
Quintus Apostolus. The cors that dyed on tre was
berid in a stone,
The thrughe beside fande we, and in that grave cors
was none,
His sudary there myght we se, and he thens whik was
gone.
Thomas. Noght, bot stolne is he withe Jues that
hym have slone.
Sextus Apostolus. Certes, Thomas, thou sais not
right thay wold hym not stele,
For thay gart kepe hym day and nyght with knyghtes
that thay hold lele,
He rose has we have sene in sight fro alle the Jues
fele.
Thomas. I lefe not bot if I myght myself with hym
dele.
Septimus Apostolus. He told us tythynges, Thomas,
yit mynnys me,
That as Jonas thre dayes was in a fyshe in the see,
So shuld he be, and bene has, in erth by dayes thre,
Pas fro ded, ryse, and rase as he saide done has he.
Thomas. Certes, that worde I hard hym say, and
so harde ye hym alle,
Bot for nothyng trow I may that it so shuld befalle,
That he shuld ryse the thrid day that dranke aselle
and galle:
Sen he was God and ded lay, from ded who myght
hym calle?
Octavus Apostolus. The Fader that hym sent rasid
hym that was ded,

He comforthe us in mowrnyng lent and counseld us
in red,
He bad us trow with good intent his rysyng in every
sted,
Thyne absens gars thi saulle be shent and makes the
hevy as led.
Thomas. Thou says sothe, harde and hevy am I to
traw that ye me say,
Mi hardnes I trow skilfully, for he told us thus ay,
That his Fader was ever hym by, for alle bot oon
were thay;
That he rose bodely for nothyng trow I may.
Novenus Apostolus. May thou not trow withoutten
mo, for sothe, that it was he?
Thomas wherto shuld we say so? then wenys thou
fals we be.
Thomas. I wote youre hartes was fulle wo and
fownd with vanyte,
If ye swere alle and ye were mo, I trow it not or that
I se.
Decimus Apostolus. Thomas, of errowre thou blyn
and tille us turne thi mode,
Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn sen he died on the
rode.
Thomas. Noght bot I myght my fynger wyn in sted
as nayle stode,
And his syde my hande put in ther he shed his hart
bloode.
Jesus. Brethere alle, be with you peasse, leaffe
stryfe that now is here,
Thomas of thyn errowre seasse, of sothe witnes thou
bere;
Putt thi hande in my syde, no fres, ther Longeus put
his spere,
Loke my rysyng be no les, let no wan-hope the dere.
Thomas. Mercy, Jesus, rew on me, my hande is
blody of thi blode,
Mercy, Jesus, for I se thi myght that I not under-
stode,
Mercy, Jesus, I pray the, that for alle synfulle died
on roode,
Mercy, Jesus, of mercy fre, for thi goodnes that is so
goode.
Kest away my staf wille I and withe no wepyn gang,
Mercy wille I calle and cry, Jesus that on roode hang,

Rew on me, kyng of mercy, let me not cry thus lang,
Mercy, for the velany thou tholyd on Jues withe wrang.
My hat wille I kest away, my mantille sone onone,
Unto the poore help it may for richere knawe I none,
Mercy wille I abyde and pray to the Jesus, alone,
My synfulle dede I rew ay, to the make I my mone.
Mercy, Jesus, lord swete, for thi fyfe woundes so sore,
Thou suffred thrughe handes and feete, thi semely side a spere it share,
Mercy, Jesus, lord, yit, for thi moder that the bare,
Mercy, for the teres thou grete when thou rasyd Lazare.
My gyrdille gay and purs of silk and cote away thou shalle,
Whils I am werere of swylke, the longere mercy may I calle,
Jesus, that soke the madyn's mylk, ware noght bot clothes of palle,
Thi close so can thay fro the pyke on roode thay left the smalle.
Mercy, Jesus, honoure of man, mercy, Jesus, man's socoure,
Mercy, Jesus, rew thi leman, man's saulle, thou bogh fulle soure,
Mercy, Jesus, that may and can forgif syn and be socoure,
Mercy, Jesus, as thou us wan forgif and gif thi man honoure.
Jesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt for oght that thay myght say,
To trow that I myght flytt fro ded to lyfe to wyn away,
My saulle and my cors have knytt a knott that last shalle ay,
Thus shalle I rase, welle thou wytt, ilk man on domesday;
Who so hath not trowid right to helle I shalle theym lede,
Ther ever more is dark as nyght and greatt paynes to drede,
Those that trow in my myght and luf welle almus dede,
Thay shalle shyne as son brighte, and heven have to thare mede.

That blys, Thomas, I the hete that is in heven cytee,
For I se the sore grete, of the I have pytee,
Thomas, for thi teres wete thi syn forgiffen be,
Thus shalle synfulle thare synnes bete that sore have grefyd me;
Thomas, for thou felys me and my woundes bare,
Mi rysyng is trowed in the, and so was it not are,
Alle that it trowes and not se, and dos after my lare,
Ever blissid mot thay be, and heven be theym yare.

EXPLICIT THOMAS INDIÆ.

Thomas. Brethere alle, that now here bene,
Forgett my lorde yit may I noght;
I wote not what it may mene,
Bot more I weyn there wille be wroght.
Johannes Apostolus. My lord Jesus wille wyrk his wille,
Pleatt we never agans his thoght,
For us he wyrkes as it is skylle,
His hand-warke that he has wroght.
Symon. Apon his wordes wille I ryst
That he his self saide us intille,
As stedfastly on hym to tryst,
Mystrust we never for good ne ille.
Petrus. In heven and erthe his myght may be,
His wytt and his wille also,
The Holy Gost, brethere ment he,
Thus wille he never fro us go.
Fourty dayes now drawes nere
Sen his resurreccyon complete
Afore that wille he appere,
Thus sodanly not lefe us yett;
In Bethany here let us abyde,
We knaw not yit what may befalle,
Peraventur it may betyde,
He shalle fulle welle comforthe us alle.
Jesus. Peasse now my dere freyndys,
Peasse be with you ever and ay,
For it alle wranges amendys,
Peasse brethere, sam, I say.
Brethere, in hartes be nothyng hevy
What tyme that I from you am gone,
I must go from you sone, in hy,
Bot never the less make ye no mone.
For I shalle send to you anone
The Holy Gost, to comforthe you,
You to wyshe in every wone
I shalle you telle what-wyse and how;

It shalbe for youre prow
That I thus-gates shalle do,
It has been saide or now
My Fader must I to.
Withe him must I abyde and dwelle,
For so it is his wille,
For youre comforthe thus I you telle,
Be ye stedfast for good or ille;
Abide me here right on this hille
To that I com to you agane,
This forwarde must I nedes fulfille,
I wille no longer from you lane;
And therfor loke that ye be bayn,
And also trew and stedfast,
For who soever you oght frayn
When that I am past.

Hic recedit.

Petrus. Fulle hevy in hart now may we be
That we our master salle forgo,
Bot never the les yit saide he
He wold not dwelle fulle lang us fro,
What wonder is if we be wo,
Thus sodanly shalle oure master mys,
And masters on lyfe have we no mo
That in this warld shuld us wys.
He wille pas furthe to blys,
And leyfe us here behynde,
No mervelle now it is
If we mowrne now in our mynde.

Andreas. In oure mynde mowrne we may,
As men that masyd ar and mad,
And yet also, it is no nay,
We may be blythe and glad
Because of tythyngs that we had,
That his self can us say,
He bad be blythe and noght adrad,
For he would not be long away.
Bot yit bothe nyght and day
Oure hartes may be fulle sore,
As me thynke, by my fay,
For wordes he saide lang ore.

Thomas. Lang ore he saide, fulle openly,
That he must nedes fro us twyn,
And to his Fader go in hy,

To joy of heven that never shalle blyn ;
Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,
And mery also yit may we be,
He bad us alle bothe outte and in
Be glad and blythe in iche degre,
And saide that com shuld he
To comforthe us kyndly,
Bot yit hevy ar we
To we hym se truly.

Jacobus. With ee wuld we hym se, oure saveoure,
Crist, Goddes son,
That dyed apon a tre, yit trew I that we mon ;
Now God graunt us that boyn that withe his bloode
us boght,
To se hym in his throne as he maide alle of noght,
His wille now has he wroght and gone from us away
As he noght of us roght, and therfor mowrne we
may.

Philippus. We may mowrne, no mervelle why, for
we oure master thus shalle mys,
That shalle go fro us sodanly and we ne wote what
cause is,
Never the les the sothe is this, he saide that he shuld
com agane
To bryng us alle to blys, therof we may be fane.
That commyng wille us mychc gane and oure saules
alle save,
And put us fro that payn that we were lyke to have.

Jesus. Herkyns to me now, ever ichone, and here
what I wille say,
For I must nedes fro you gone, for thus my Fader
wille alway,
And therfor peasse be with you ay where so ye dwelle
in wone,
And to save you fro alle fray my peasse be withe you
blood and bone.
I lefe it you bi oone and oone, noght as the warld
here dos,
It shalbe true as any stone to defende you fro youre
foos,
Let not youre hartes be hevy, drede not for any kyns
thyng,
Ye have hard me say fulle playnly I go and to you
am I commyng.
If ye luf me, for-thi, ye shuld be glad of this doyng,

For I go fulle securly to my Fader, hevyns kyng;
The whiche, with out lesyng, is mekille more then I,
Therfor be ye this trowyng when alle is endid fully.
Ye have bene of mysbilefe hard of harte and also of wille,
To theym that my rysyng can prefe no credence wold ye gif theym tille,
Mary Mawdlayn saide you tille that I was rysyn, bot ye ne wold
Her trow for good or ille the truthe alle if she told.
Siche harmes in hartes ye hold, and unstedfast ye ar,
Ye truwid no man of mold witnes of my rysyng that bare,
Therfor ye shalle go teche in alle this warld so wyde,
And to alle the people preche who baptym wille abyde,
And trowe truly
My deth and rysyng,
And also my upstevynyng,
And also myn agane-commyng,
Thay shalbe save suerly.
And who trowys not this
That now rehersyd is,
He shalbe dampned, iwys,
For wenjance and for wreke.
Tokyns, for sothe, shalle bene
Of those that trowe, withoutten weyn,
Devyls shalle thay kest out cleyn;
And with new tonges speke;
Serpentes shalle thay put away,
And venym drynk bi nyght and day,
Shalle not noy theym as I say,
And where thay lay on handes
Of seke men far and nere
Thay shalbe hole withoutten dere
Of alle sekenes and sorowes sere,
Ever in alkyn landes.
And therfor now I byd that ye
Go not from Jerosolyme,
Bot abide the behest of my Fader fre
In land ay whore
That ye have hard here of me;
For John Baptist, dere in degre,
In water forsoth baptysid me
Now here before,

And ye certan, in every coste
Shalle baptise in the Holy Goost,
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost
Lord God of myght,
Within few dayes now folowyng.
And herof mervelle ye nothyng,
For this shalbe his awne wyrkyng,
Shewyd in youre sight.

Et recedit ab eis.

Petrus. Farlee may we fownde and fare
For myssyng of oure master Jesus,
Oure hartes may syghe and be fulle sare
Thise Jues with wreke thay waten us ;
Us to tray and teyn
Ar thay abowte bi nyght and day,
For Jesus that is so seldom sene,
As masid men mowrne we may.
Andreas. Mowrnyng makys us masid and mad,
As men that lyff in drede,
Fulle comforthles ar we stad
For myssyng of hym that shuld us lede.
Jacobus. Thise Jues that folow thare faythles wille,
And demed our master to be ded
With mayn and mode they wold hym spille,
If they wist how in towne or sted.
Johannes. Let keep us fro thare carpyng kene,
And com bot lytyl in thare sight,
Oure master wille com when we leest weyn,
He wille us rewle and red fulle right.
Thomas. Of this carpyng now no more,
It drawes nyghe the tyme of day,
At oure meete I wold we wore,
He sende us socowre that best may.
Maria. Socowre sone he wille you sende,
If ye truly in hym wille traw ;
Youre mone mekely wille he amende,
My brethere dere, this may ye knaw.
The hestys hyghly that he me hight
He has fulfilled in worde and dede,
He gabbyd never bi day nor nyght,
For-thi, dere brethere, have no drede.
Mathæus. Certes, lady, thou sayes fulle wele,
He wille us amende, for so he may,

We have for sothe ever ilka dele
Alle that ever we hard him say.
Jesus. Peter, and ye my derlynges dere,
As masid men me thynk ye ar,
Holly to you I have shewyd here
To bryng youre hartys from care;
In care youre hartes are cast,
And in youre trowthe not trew,
In hardnes youre hartes ar fast,
As men that no wytt knew.
Sende was I for youre sake fro my Fader dere
Fleshe and blode to take of a madyn so clere,
Sythen to me ye soght and holly followid me,
Of wonders that I have wroght som have I letten you se.
The dombe, the blynde as any stone,
I helyd ther I cam by,
The dede I rasid anone,
Thrughe my myght truly,
And othere warkes, that wonderfulle wor,
I wroght wisely befor you alle,
My payn, my passion, I told before,
Holly thrug outt as it shuld falle,
Mi rysyng on the thryd day,
As ye bi tokyns many oone have sene,
Youre trouth truly had bene away
Had not my blissid moder bene;
In hir it restyd alle this tyde,
Youre dedes ye ow greatly to shame,
Here may ye se my woundes wyde,
How that I boght you out of blame.
Bot, Johne, thynk when I hang on rud
That I betoke the Mary mylde,
Kepe her yit with stabulle mode,
She is thi moder and thou hir childe;
Loke thou hir luf, and he hir freynde,
And abide withe hir in welle and wo,
For to my Fader now wille I weynde,
Thar none of you ask wheder I go.
Philippus. Lord if it be thi wille,
Shew us thi Fader we the pray,
We have bene withe the in good and ille,
And saghe hym never nyght ne day.
Jesus. Philipp, that man that may se me
He seys my Fader fulle of myght.

Trowys thou not he dwellys in me
And I in hym if thou trow righte?
In his howse ar dyverse place,
I go to ordan for you now,
Ye shalle alle be fulfillyd withe grace,
The Holy Goost I shalle send you;
He shalle you in your hartys wyse
In worde and dede, as I you say,
Withe alle my hart I you blys;
My moder, my brethere, have now good day.

Tunc vadit ad ascendendum.

Fader of heven, with good intent,
I pray the here me specyally,
From heven tille erthe thou me sent
Thi name to preche and claryfy,
Thy wille have I done, alle and som,
In erthe wille I no longere be,
Opyn the clowdes, for now I com
In joy and blys to dwelle with the.

Et sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis "Ascendo ad Patrem meum."

Primus Angelus. Ye men of Galylee,
Wherfor mervelle ye?
Hevyn behold and se
How Jesus up can weynde
Unto his Fader fre,
Where he syttes in majeste,
Withe hym ay for to be
In blys withoutten ende.
And as ye saghe hym sty
Into heven on hy,
In fleshe and felle in his body
From erthe now here,
Right so shalle he, securly,
Com downe agane truly,
With his woundys blody,
To deme you alle in fere.

Secundus Angelus. Mervelle have no wight,
Nor wonder of this sighte,
For it is thrughe his myght,
That alle thyng may;
What so he wille by day or nyghte,
In helle, medylle-erthe, and on hight,

Or yit in derknes or in lighte,
Witheoutten any nay,
For he is God alle-weldand,
Heven and helle, bothe se and sand,
Wod and water, fowlle, fyshe and land,
Alle at his wille;
He haldes alle thyng in his hand
That in this warld is lyfand,
Then nedes ye noghte be mervelland,
And for this skylle,
Right as he from you did weynde
So com agane he shalle,
In the same manere at last ende,
To deme both greatt and smalle.

Secundus Angelus. Who so his byddyng wille obey,
And thare mys amende,
Withe hym shalle have blys on hy,
And won ther withoutten ende;
And who that wyrk amys,
And theym amende wille never,
Shalle never com in heven blys,
Bot to helle banyshid for ever.

Maria. A selcouthe sight yonder now is,
Behold now, I you pray,
A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,
Mi blyssyng bere he ever and ay;
Bot, son, thynk on thi moder dere,
That thou has laft emanges thi foes,
Swete son, let me not dwelle here,
Let me go withe the where thou goes.
Bot, Johne, on the is alle my trast,
I pray the forsake me noght.

Johannes. Lefe Mary, be noght abast,
For thi wille shalle ay be wroght,
Here may we se and fulle welle knaw
That he is God most of myght,
In hym is good we traw,
Holly to serve hym day and nyght.

Petrus. A mervellous sight is yone,
That he thus sone is taken us fro,
Fro his fomen is he gone
Withe outten help of othere mo.

Mathæus. Where is Jesus, oure master dere,
That here withe us spake right now?

Jacobus. A wonderfulle sighte, men, se here,
My brethere dere, how thynk you?
Thomas. We thynk it wonder alle,
That oure master shuld thus go,
After his help I red we calle,
That we may have som tokyn hym fro.
Bartholomæus. A more mervelle men never saw
Then now is sene us here emang,
From erthe tille heven a man be draw
Withe myrthe of angelle sang;
From us, me thynk, he is fulle lang,
And yit longere I trow he wille,
Alas! my hart it is so strong
That I ne may now wepe my fille
Anone;
A wonder sight it was to se
When he stevyud up so sodanly
To his Fader in majestie,
By his self alone.
Mathæus. Alon, for sothe, up he wentt into heven tille his Fader,
And no man wyst what he ment, nor how he dyd of no manere,
So sodanly he was up hent in fleshe and felle fro erthe up here,
He saide his Fader for hym sent, that maide us alle to be in dwere
This nyght;
Never the les fulle welle wote we
As that he wille so must it be,
For alle thyng is in his pauste,
And that is right.
Maria. Alle myghty God, how may this be?
A clowde has borne my childe to blys,
Now bot that I wote wheder is he,
My hart wold breke, welle wote I this.
His stevynyng up to blys in hy,
It is the fourt of alle my joyes,
Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body,
Let never thi moder be spylt with Jues.
Take me to the, my son so heynd,
And let me never withe Jues be lorne,
Help, for my son luf, Johne, son kynde,
For ferde that I with Jues be torne;

Mi fleshe it qwakes as lefe on lynde,
To shontt the showres sharper than thorne,
Help me, Johne, if thou be kynde,
My son myssyng makes me to mowrne.
Johannes. Youre servande, lady, he me maide,
And bad me kepe you ay to qweme,
Blythe were I lady, myght I the glad,
And with my myghte I shalle the yeme ;
Therfor be ferd for no kyn thyng
For oght that Jues wold do you to,
I shalle be bayn at youre byddyng,
As my lord bad, youre servande lo.
Maria. Glad am I, Johne, whils I have the,
More comforthe bot my son can I none crave,
So covers thou my care and carpys unto me,
Whils I the se ever am I safe,
Was none, safe my son, ever more trusty to me,
Therfor his grace salle never fro the go,
He shalle the qwyte that died on a tre,
Welle mendes thou my mode when I am in wo.
Simon. Let hy us fro this hille and to the towne weynde,
For fere of the Jues that spitus ar and prowde,
Withe oure dere lady I red that we weynd,
And pray tille her dere son here apon lowde ;
To hir buxumly I red that we bende,
Syn hir dere son fro us is gone in a clowde,
And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,
To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde.
A, Maria, so mylde, the myssid we have,
Was never madyn so menskfulle here apon molde,
As thou art and moder cleyne, bot this wold we crave
If this were Jesus, thi son, that Judas has sold ;
Shew us the sothe, us alle may it save,
We pray the dere lady layn that thou nold,
Bot spelle us oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,
Bot thou witterly us wyshe, so fayn wytte we wold.
Maria. Peter, Andrew, Johne, and Jamys the gent,
Symon, Jude, and Bartilmew the bold,
And alle my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,
Take tent to my taylle tille that I have told
Of my dere son what I have mentt,
That hens is hevyd to his awne hold ;
He taught you the trouthe or he to heven went ;

He was born of my bosom as his self wold.
He is God and man that stevynd into heven,
Preche thus to the pepylle that most ar in price,
Sekes to thare savyng, ye apostilles nleven,
To the Jues of Jerusalem as youre way lyse,
Say to the lyte, as I can here neven,
Telle the warkes of my son warly and wyse,
Byd theym be stedfast and lysten your steven,
Or els be thay dampned as men fulle of vyce.

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JUDITIUM.

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Fulle darfe has bene oure deede, for-thi commen is
oure care,
This day to take oure mede, for nothyng may we
spare.
Alas, I harde that horne that callys us to the dome,
Alle that ever were borne thider behofys theym com;
May nathere lande ne se us fro this dome hide,
For ferde fayn wold I fle, bot I must nedes abide;
Alas, I stand great aghe to loke on that Justyce,
Ther may no man of laghe help with no quantyce.
Vokettys ten or twelfe may none help at this nede,
Bot ilk man for his self shalle answere for his dede.
Alas, that I was borne,
I se now me beforne,
That Lord with woundes fyfe;
How may I on hym loke,
That falsly hym forsoke,
When I led synfulle lyfe?
Tercius Malus. Alas, carefulle catyfes may we
ryse,
Sore may we wryng oure handes and wepe,
For cursid and sore covytyse
Dampnyd be we in helle fulle depe;
Wroght we never of Godes servyce,
His comaundements wold we not kepe,
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice
To Sathanas when othere can slepe.
Alas, now wakyns alle oure were,
Oure wykyd warkes can we not hide,
Bot on oure bakes we must theym bere,
That wille us soroo on ilka syde.
Oure dedys this day wille do us dere,
Oure domys man here we must abide,
And feyndes, that wille us felly fere,
Thare pray to have us for thare pride.
Brymly before us be thai broght,

Oure dedes that shalle dam us bidene ;
That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,
That mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene,
That foote has gone, or hande wroght,
In any tyme that we may mene,
Fulle dere this day now bees it boght.
Alas, unborne then had I bene !

Quartus Malus. Alas, I am forlorne ! a spytus blast here blawes,
I harde welle bi yonde horne, I wote wherto it drawes ;
I wold I were unborne, alas ! that this day dawes,
Now mon be dampnyd this morne my warkys, my dedes, my sawes.
Now bees my curstnes kyd, alas ! I may not layn
Alle that ever I dyd, it bees put up fulle playn.
That I wold fayn were hyd, my synfulle wordes and vayn
Fulle new now mon be rekynyd up to me agayn.
Alas ! fayn wold I fle for dedes that I have done,
Bot that may now not be, I must abyde my boyn,
I trowed never to have sene this dredfulle day thus soyn,
Alas ! what shalle I say when he sittes on his trone ?
To se his woundes bledande this is a dulfulle case,
Alas ! how shalle I stand or loke hym in the face,
So curtes I hym fand that gaf me life so lang a space,
Mi care is alle command, alas ! where was my grace ?
Alas ! catyffes unkynde, where on was oure thoght ?
Alas ! where on was oure mynde, so wykyd warkes we wroghte ?
To se how he was pynde, how dere oure luf he boght,
Alas ! we were fulle blynde, now ar we wars then noght.
Alas ! my covetyse, myn ylle wille, and myn ire,
Mi neghbur to dispise most was my desyre ;
I demyd ever at my devyse, me thoght I had no peyre,
With my self sore may I grise, now am quyt my hyre.
Where I was wonte to go and have my wordes at wille,
Now am I set fulle thro and fayn to hold me stille ;
I went both to and fro, me thoght I did never ille,

Mi neghburs for to slo or hurt withoutten skille.
Wo worthe ever the fader that gate me to be borne!
That ever he let me stir bot that I had bene forlorne;
Warid be my moder, and warid be the morne
That I was borne of hir, alas, for shame and skorne!
Primus Angelus, cum gladio. Stand not togeder, parte in two,
Alle sam shalle ye not be in blys,
Oure lord of heven wille it be so,
For many of you has done amys;
On his right hand ye good shalle go,
The way to heven he shalle you wys;
Ye wykid saules ye weynd hym fro,
On his left hande as none of his.
Jesus. The tyme is commen, I wille make ende,
My Fader of heven wille it so be,
Therfor tille erthe now wille I weynde,
My selfe to sytt in majestie;
To dele my dome I wille discende,
This body wille I bere with me,
How it was dight man's mys to amende
Alle man's kynde ther shalle it se.
Primus Dæmon. Oute, haro, out, out! harkyn to this horne,
I was never in dowte or now at this morne,
So sturdy a showte sen that I was borne
Hard I never here abowte, in erneste ne in skorne,
A wonder;
I was bonde fulle fast
In yrens for to last,
Bot my bandes thai brast
And shoke alle in sonder.
Secundus Dæmon. I shoterde and shoke, I herd siche a rerd,
When I harde it I qwoke for alle that I lerd,
Bot to swere on a boke I durst not aperd,
I durst not loke for alle medille-erd
Fulle paylle;
Bot gyrned and gnast,
My force did I frast,
Bot I wroghte alle wast,
It myghte not avaylle.
Primus Dæmon. It was like to a trumpe, it had sich a sownde,
I felle on a lumpe for ferd that I swonde.

Secundus Dæmon. There I stode on my stumpe I stakerd that stownde,
There chachid I the crumpe, yit held I my grounde Halfe nome.
Primus Dæmon. Make redy oure gere,
We ar like to have were,
For now dar I swere
That domysday is comme;
For alle oure saules ar wente and none ar in helle.
Secundus Dæmon. Bot we go we ar shente, let us not dwelle,
It sittes you to tente in this mater to melle,
As a pere in a parlamente what case so befelle;
It is nedefulle
That ye tente to youre awne,
What draght so be drawne,
If the courte be knawen
The juge is right dredfulle.
Primus Dæmon. For to stande thus tome thou gars me grete.
Secundus Dæmon. Let us go to this dome up Watlyn Strete.
Primus Dæmon. I had lever go to Rome; yei thryse, on my fete,
Then forto grefe yonde grome, or with hym for to mete;
For wysely
He spekys on trete,
His paustee is grete,
Bot begyn he to threte
He lokes fulle grisly.
Bot fast take oure rentals, hy, let us go hence!
For as this fals the great sentence.
Secundus Dæmon. Thai ar here in my dals, fast stand we to fence,
Agans thise dampnyd saules without repentence,
And just.
Primus Dæmon. How so the gam crokys,
Examyn oure bokys.
Secundus Dæmon. Here is a bag fulle, lokys,
Of pride and of lust,
Of wraggers and wrears, a bag fulle of brefes,
Of carpars and cryars, of mychers and thefes,
Of lurdans and lyars that no man lefys,
Of flytars, of flyars, and renderars of reffys,

This can I,
Of alkyn astates
That go bi the gatys,
Of poore pride, that God hates,
Twenty so many.
Primus Dæmon. Peasse, I pray the, be stille, I laghe that I kynke,
Is oghte ire in thi bille and then shalle thou drynke?
Secundus Dæmon. Sir, so mekille ille wille that thay wold synke
Thare foes in a fyere stille; bot not alle that I thynke Dar I say,
Bot before hym he prase hym,
Behynde he mys-sase hym,
Thus dowbille he mase hym,
Thus do thai today.
Primus Dæmon. Has thou oght writen there of the femynyn gender?
Secundus Dæmon. Yei, mo then I may bere of rolles forto render;
Thai ar sharp as a spere if thai seme bot slender,
Thai ar ever in were if thai be tender,
Ylle fetyld;
She that is most meke,
When she sewys fulle seke,
She can raise up a reke
If she be welle netyld.
Primus Dæmon. Thou art the best hyne that ever cam besyde us.
Secundus Dæmon. Yei bot go we, master myne, yet wold I we hyde us,
Thai have blowen lang syne, thai wille not abide us,
We may lighthy tyne, and then wille ye chide us Togeder.
Primus Dæmon. Make redy oure tolys,
For we dele with no folys.
Secundus Dæmon. Sir, alle clerkys of oure scolys Abowne furthe theder;
Bot, sir, I telle you before had domysday oght tarid
We must have biggid helle more, the warld is so warid.
Primus Dæmon. Now gett we dowbille store of bodys myscarid
To the soules where thai wore, bothe sam to be harrid.

Secundus Dæmon. Thise rolles
Ar of bakbytars,
And fals quest-dytars,
I had no help of writars
But thise two dalles;
Faithe and trowthe, maffay, have no fete to stande,
The poore pepylle must pay if oght be in hande,
The drede of God is away and lawe out of lande.
Primus Dæmon. By that wist I that domysday was at hande
In seson.
Secundus Dæmon. Sir, it is saide in old sawes
The longere that day dawes,
Wars pepille wars lawes.
Primus Dæmon. I laghe at thi reson;
Alle this was token domysday to drede,
Fulle oft was it spokyn, fulle few take hede,
Bot now shalle we be wrokyn of thare falshede,
For now bese unlokyn many dern dede
In ire;
Alle thare synnes shalle be knowen,
Othere men's, then thare owne.
Secundus Dæmon. Bot if this draght be welle drawen
Don is in the myre.
Tutivillus. Whi spyr ye not syr no questyons?
I am oone of youre order and oone of your sons;
I stande at my tristur when othere men shones.
Primus Dæmon. Now thou art myn awne querestur,
I wote where thou wonnes;
Do telle me.
Tutivillus. I was youre chefe tollare,
And sithen courte rollar,
Now am I master Lollar,
And of sich men I melle me;
I have broght to youre hande of saules, dar I say,
Mo than ten thowsand in an howre of a day;
Som at aylle-howse I fande, and som of ferray,
Som cursid, som bande, som yei som nay;
So many
Thus broght I on blure,
Thus dyd I my cure.
Primus Dæmon. Thou art the best sawgeoure
That ever had I any.

Tutivillus. Here a rolle of ragman of the rownde tabille,
Of breffes in my bag, man, of synnes dampnabille,
Unethes may I wag, man, for wery in youre stabille
Whils I set my stag, man.
Secundus Dæmon. Abide, ye ar abille
To take wage ;
Thow can of cowrte thew,
Bot lay downe the dewe
For thou wille be a shrew,
Be thou com at age.
Tutivillus. Here I be gesse of many nyce hoket,
Of care and of curstnes, hethyng and hoket,
Gay gere and witles, his hode set on koket,
As prowde as pennyles, his slefe has no poket,
Fulle redles ;
With thare hemmyd shoyn,
Alle this must be done,
Bot fyre is out at hye noyne
And hie barnes bredeles.
A horne and a duch ax, his slefe must be flekyt,
A syde hede and a fare fax, his gowne must be spekytt,
Thus toke I youre tax, thus ar my bokys blekyt.
Primus Dæmon. Thou art best on thi wax that ever was clekyt,
Or knowen ;
With wordes wille thou fille us,
Bot telle thi name tille us.
Tutivillus. Mi name is Tutivillus,
My horne is blawen ;
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum,
Belzabub algorum, Belial belium doliorum.
Secundus Dæmon. What, I se thou can of gramory and som what of arte ;
Had I bot a penny on the wold I warte.
Tutivillus. Of femellys a quantite here fynde I parte.
Primus Dæmon. Tutivillus, let se, Godes forbot thou sparte !
Tutivillus. So joly,
Ilka las in a lande
Like a lady nere hande,
So freshe and so plesande,
Makes men to foly.

If she be never so fowlle a dowde, with hir kelles and hir pynnes,
The shrew hir self can shrowde, both hir chekys and hir chynnes,
She can make it fulle prowde with japes and with gynnes,
Hir hede as hy as a clowde, bot no shame of hir synnes
Thai fele ;
When she is thus paynt,
She makes it so quaynte,
She lokes like a saynt,
And wars then the deyle.
She is hornyd like a kowe ..... fon syn,
The cuker hynges so side now, furrid with a cat skyn,
Alle thise ar for you, thay ar commen of youre kyn.
Secundus Dæmon. Now, the best body art thou that ever cam here in.
Tutivillus. An usage,
Swilk dar I undertake,
Makes theym breke thare wedlake,
And lif in syn for hir sake,
And breke thare awne spowsage.
Yet a poynt have I fon, I telle you before,
That fals swerers shalle hider com mo than a thowsand skore ;
In sweryng thai grefe Godes son, and pyne hym more and more,
Therfor mon thai with us won in helle for ever more.
I say thus,
That rasers of the fals tax,
And gederars of greyn wax,
Diabolus est mendax
Et pater ejus.
Yit a poynte of the new gett to telle wille I not blyn,
Of prankyd gownes and shulders up set, mos and flokkes sewyd wyth in,
To use sich gise thai wille not let, thai say it is no syn,
Bot on sich pilus I me set and clap thaym cheke and chyn,
No nay.
David in his sawtere says thus
That to helle shalle thay trus,
Cum suis adinventionibus,

For onys and for ay.
Yit of thise kyrkchaterars here ar a menee,
Of barganars and okerars and lufars of symonee,
Of runkers and rowners, God castes thaym out, trulee,
From his temple alle sich mysdoers, I cach thaym then to me
Fulle soyn ;
For writen I wote it is
In the Gospelle, withoutten mys,
Et eam fecistis
Speluncam latronum.
Yit of the synnes seven som thyng specialle
Now nately to neven, that ronnys over alle,
Thise laddes thai leven as lordes rialle,
At ee to be even picturde yn palle
As kynges ;
May he dug hym a doket,
A kodpese like a pokett,
Hym thynk it no hoket
His taylle when he wrynges.
His luddokkys thai lowke like walk-mylne clogges,
His hede is like a stowke, hurlyd as hogges,
A welle blawen bowke thise frygges as frogges,
This jelian jowke dryfys he no dogges
To felter,
Bot with youre yolow lokkys,
For alle youre many mokkes,
Ye shalle clym on helle crokkys
With a halpeny heltere.
And Nelle with hir nyfyls of crisp and of sylke,
Tent welle youre twyfyls your nek abowte as mylke ;
With youre bendys and youre bridyls of Sathan the whilke,
Sir Sathanas idyls you for tha ilke
This gille knave,
It is open behynde,
Before is it pynde,
Bewar of the west wynde
Youre smok lest it wafe.
Of ire and of envy fynde I herto,
Of covetyse and glotony and many other mo,
Thai calle and thai cry "go we now, go,
I dy nere for dry," and ther syt thai so
Alle nyghte,

With hawvelle and jawvelle,
Syngyng of lawvelle,
Thise ar howndes of helle,
That is thare right.
In slewthe then thai syn, Goddes warkes thai not wyrke,
To belke thai begyn and spew that is irke,
His hede must be holdyn ther in the myrke,
Then defles hym with dyn the bellys of the kyrke
When thai clatter;
He wishys the clerke hanged
For that he rang it,
Bot thar hym not lang it,
What commys ther after.
And ye Janettes of the stewys; and lychoures on lofte
Your baille now brewys, avowtrees fulle ofte,
Youre gam now grewys, I shalle you set softe,
Your sorow enewes, com to my crofte
Alle ye;
Alle harlottes and horres,
And bawdes that procures,
To bryng thaym to lures,
Welcom to my see.
Ye lurdans and lyars, mychers and thefes,
Flytars and flyars that alle men reprefes,
Spolars, extorcyonars, welcom, my lefes!
Fals jurors and usurars to symony that clevys,
To telle,
Hasardars and dysars,
Fals dedes forgars,
Slanderars, bakbytars,
Alle unto helle.

Primus Dæmon. When I harde many swilke, many spytus and felle,
And few good of ilke I had mervelle,
I trowid it drew nere the prik.

Secundus Dæmon. Sir, a worde of counselle;
Saules cam so thyk now late unto helle
As ever,
Oure porter at helle gate
Is halden so strate,
Up erly and downe late,
He rystys never.

Primus Dæmon. Thou art pereles of tho that ever yit knew I,
When I wille may I go if thou be by ;
Go we now, we two.
Secundus Dæmon. Sir, I am redy.
Primus Dæmon. Take oure rolles also, ye knaue the cause why,
Do com
And tent welle this day.
Secundus Dæmon. Sir, as welle as I may.
Primus Dæmon. Qui vero mala
Secundus Dæmon. In ignem æternum.
Jesus. Ilka creatoure take tente
What bodwarde I shalle you bryng,
This wykyd warld away is wente,
And I am commen as crownyd kyng,
Mi fader of heven has me downe sent,
To deme youre dedes and make endyng,
Commen is the day of Jugemente,
Of sorrow may every synfulle syng.
The day is commen of catyfnes,
Alle those to care that ar uncleyn,
The day of batelle and bitternes,
Fulle long abiden has it beyn ;
The day of drede to more and les,
Of joy, of tremlyng and of teyn,
Ilka wight that wykyd is
May say alas this day is seyn.

Tunc expandit manus suas et ostendit eis vulnera sua,

Here may ye se my woundes wide
That I suffred for youre mysdede,
Thrughe harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,
Not for my gilte bot for youre nede.
Behald both bak, body, and syde,
How dere I boght youre broder-hede,
Thise bitter paynes I wold abide,
To by you blys thus wold I blede.
Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skille,
Also ther fulle throly was I thrett,
On crosse thai hang me on a hille,
Blo and blody thus was I bett,
With crowne of thorne thrastyn fulle ille,
A spere unto my harte thai sett.

Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spille,
Man, for thi luf wold I not lett.
The Jues spytt on me spitusly,
Thai sparid me no more then a thefe,
When thai me smote I stud stilly,
Agans thaym did I nokyns grefe;
Beholde, mankynde, this ilke am I,
That for the suffred sich myschefe,
Thus was I dight for thi foly,
Man, loke thi luf was me fulle lefe.
Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake,
Man, thus behovid the borud to be,
In alle my wo tooke I no wrake,
My wille it was for luf of the;
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,
This dredful day this sight to se,
Alle this suffred I for thi sake,
Say, man, what suffred thou for me?

Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis,

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,
Youre dome this day thar ye not drede,
For alle youre joy is now commande,
Youre life in lykyng shalle ye lede;
Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand,
That you is dight for youre good dede,
Fulle blithe may ye be there ye stand,
For mekille in heven bees youre mede.
When I was hungre ye me fed,
To slek my thrist ye war fulle fre,
When I was clothles ye me cled,
Ye wold no sorowe on me se;
In hard prison when I was sted
On my penance ye had pyte,
Fulle seke when I was broght in bed
Kyndly ye cam to comforth me.
When I was wille and weriest
Ye harberd me fulle esely,
Fulle glad then were ye of youre gest,
Ye plenyd my poverte fulle pitusly;
Belife ye broght me of the best,
And maide my bed there I shuld ly,
Therfor in heven shalle be youre rest,
In joy and blys to beld me by.

Primus Bonus. Lord, when had thou so mekille nede?
Hungre or thrusty how myght it be?
Secundus Bonus. When was oure harte fre the to feede?
In prison when myght we the se?
Tercius Bonus. When was thou seke or wantyd wede?
To harbowre the when helpid we?
Quartus Bonus. When had thou nede of oure fordede?
When did we alle this dede for the?
Jesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shalle you say
What tyme this dede was to me done,
When any that nede had nyght or day,
Askyd you help and had it sone;
Youre fre harte saide theym never nay,
Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,
As ofte-sithes as thai wold pray,
Thai thurte bot aske and have thare boyn.

Tunc dicet malis,

Ye cursid catyfs of Kames kyn,
That never me comforthid in my care,
Now I and ye for ever shalle twyn,
In doylle to dwelle for ever mare;
Youre bitter bayles shalle never blyn
That ye shall thole when ye com thare,
Thus have ye servyd for youre syn,
For derfe dedes ye have doyn are.
When I had myster of mete and drynke,
Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate,
When ye were set as syres on bynke
I stode ther oute wery and wate,
Yet none of you wold on me thynke,
To have pite on my poore astate,
Therfor to helle I shalle you synke,
Welle are ye worthy to go that gate.
When I was seke and soryest
Ye viset me noght, for I was poore,
In prison fast when I was fest
Wold none of you loke how I foore;
When I wist never where to rest
With dyntes ye drofe me from youre doore,
Bot ever to pride then were ye prest,

Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swore.
Clothles, when that I was cold
That nere hande for you yode I nakyd,
Mi myschefe saghe ye many folde,
Was none of you my sorow slakyd;
Bot ever forsoke me yong and olde,
Therfor shalle ye now be forsakyd.

Primus Malus. Lorde, when had thou, that alle has,
Hunger or thriste, sen thou God is?
When was that thou in prison was?
When was thou nakyd or harberles?

Secundus Malus. When myght we see the seke, alas!
And kyd the alle this unkyndnes?

Tercius Malus. When was we let the helples pas?
When dyd we the this wikydnes?

Quartus Malus. Alas, for doylle this day!
Alas, that ever I it abode!
Now am I dampned for ay,
This dome may I not avoyde.

Jesus. Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde
That nedefulle oght askyd in my name,
Ye hard them noght, youre eeres was hid,
Youre help to thaym was not at hame;
To me was that unkyndnes kyd,
Therfor ye bere this bitter blame,
To the lest of myne when ye oghte dyd,
To me ye dyd the self and same.

Tunc dicet bonis.

Mi chosyn childer, comes to me,
With me to dwelle now shalle ye weynde,
Ther joy and blys ever shalle be,
Youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

Tunc dicet malis.

Ye warid wightes, from me ye fle,
In helle to dwelle withoutten ende,
Ther shalle ye noght bot sorow se,
And sit bi Sathanas the feynde.

Primus Dæmon. Do now go furthe, trus, go we hyne,
Unto endles wo, ay-lastand pyne,
Nay, tary not so, we get ado syne.

Secundus Dæmon. Flyte hyder warde, ho, Harry Ruskyne,
War oute!
The meyn shalle ye nebylle,
And I shalle syng the trebille,
A revant the deville
Tille alle this hole rowte.
Tutivillus. Youre lyfes ar lorne and commen is youre care,
Ye may ban ye were borne the bodes you bare,
And youre faders beforne, so cursid ye ar.
Primus Dæmon. Ye may wary the morne and day that ye ware
Of youre moder
First borne forto be,
For the wo ye mon dre.
Secundus Dæmon. Ilkon of you mon se
Sorow of oder;
Where is the gold and the good that ye gederd togedir?
The mery menee that yode hider and thedir?
Tutivillus. Gay gyrdyls, jaggid hode, prankyd gownes, whedir?
Have ye wit or ye wode ye broght not hider
Bot sorowe,
And your synnes in youre nekkys.
Primus Dæmon. I beshrew thaym that rekkys,
He comes to late that bekkys
Youre bodyes to borow.
Secundus Dæmon. Sir, I wold cut thaym a skawte and make theym be knawen,
Thay were sturdy and hawte, great boste have thai blawne,
Youre pride and youre pransawte what wille it gawne?
Ye tolde ilk man's defawte and forgate youre awne.
Tutivillus. Moreover
Thare neghburs thai demyd,
Thaym self as it semyd,
Bot now ar thai flemyd
From sayntes to recover.
Primus Dæmon. Thare neghburs thai towchid with wordes fulle ille,
The warst ay thai sowchid and had no skille.

Secundus Dæmon. The pennys thai powchid and held thaym stille,
The negons thai mowchid and had no wille
For hart fare,
Bot riche and ille-dedy,
Gederand and gredy,
Sor napand and nedy
Youre godes forto spare.
Tutivillus. For alle that ye spard and dyd extoreyon,
For youre childer ye card, youre heyre and youre son
Now is alle in oure ward, youre yeres ar ron,
It is commen in vowgard youre dame malison,
To bynde it;
Ye set bi no cursyng,
Ne no siche smalle thyng.
Primus Dæmon. No, bot prase at the partyng,
For now mon ye fynde it;
Youre leyfes and your females, ye brake youre wedlake,
Telle me now what it vales alle that mery lake?
Se so falsly it falys.
Secundus Dæmon. Syr, I dar undertake
Thai wille telle no tales, bot se so thai qwake
For moton,
He that to that gam gose,
Now namely on old tose.
Tutivillus. Thou held up the lose
That had I forgotten.
Primus Dæmon. Sir, I trow thai be dom som tyme were fulle melland,
Welle ye se how thai glom.
Secundus Dæmon. Thou art ay telland,
Now shalle thai have rom in pyk and tar ever dwelland,
Of thare sorow no some, bot ay to be yelland
In oure fostre.
Tutivillus. By youre lefe may we mefe you?
Primus Dæmon. Showe furthe, I shrew you.
Secundus Dæmon. Yet tonyght shalle I shew you
A mese of ille ostre.
Tutivillus. Of thise cursid forsworne and alle that here leyndes,

Blaw, wolfes-hede and oute-horne, now namely my
freyndes.
Primus Dæmon. Illa haille were ye borne, youre
awne shame you sheyndes
That shalle ye fynde or to morne.
Secundus Dæmon. Com now with feyndes
To youre angre ;
Youre dedes you dam,
Com, go we now sam,
It is commen youre gam,
Com, tary no longer.
Primus Bonus. We love the, Lord, in alkyn thyng,
That for thyne awne has ordand thus,
That we may have now oure dwellyng
In heven blis giffen unto us ;
Therfor fulle boldly may we syng
On oure way as we trus,
Make alle myrthe and lovyng
With Te, Deum, laudamus.

EXPLICIT JUDITIUM.

[illegible]

Jesus. Commes now, brethere, and go withe me,
We wille pas furthe untille Jude.
To Betany wille we weynde
To yyset Lazare that is oure freynde.
Gladly I wold we with hym speke,
I tell you sothely he is seke.
Petrus. I red not that ye thider go,
The Jues holden you for thare fo;
I red ye com not in that stede
For if ye do then be ye dede.
Johannes. Master, trist thou [not] on the Jue,
For many day sen thou thayn knewe,
And last tyme that we were thore
We wenyd tille have bene ded therfor.
Thomas. When we were last in that contre
This othere day, bothe thou and we,
We wenyd that thou ther shuld be slayn;
Wille thou now go thider agane?
Jesus. Herkyn, breder, and takys kepe,
Lazare oure freynde is faltyn on slepe;
The way to hym now wille we take,
To styr that knyght and gar hym wake.
Petrus. Sir, me thynke it were the best
To let hym slepe and take his rest;
And kepe that no man com hym hend,
For if he slepe then mon he mend.
Jesus. I say to you, withe wother fayle,
No keeping may tille hym availle.
He slepe may stand hym in no stede
I say you sekerly he is dede;
Therfor I say you now at last
Leyfe this speche and go we fast.
Thomas. Sir, what so ever ye bid to do
We assent as wille ther to;
I hope to God ye shalle not fynde
None of us shalle leyfe behynde.

For any parelle that may befalle
Weynde we withe oure master alle.
Martha. Help me, Lord, and gif me red,
Lazare my broder now is dede,
That was to the both lefe and dere,
He had not dyed had thou bene here.
Jesus. Martha, Martha, thou may be fayn,
Th' brothere shalle rise and lif agayn.
Martha. Lord, I wote that he shalle rise
And com before the good justyce;
For at the dredfulle day of dome
There mon ye kepe hym at his come,
To loke what dome ye wille hym gif;
Then mon he rise, then mon he lif.
Jesus. I warne you, both man and wyfe,
That I am rysyng, that I am life;
And who so truly trowys in me,
That I was ever and ay shalle be,
Thoughe thyng I shalle hym gif,
Thoughe he be dede yt shalle he lif.
Say thou woman trowys thou this?
Martha. Yee, for sothe, my lorde of hyn,
Ellys were I greatly to mysprise,
For alle is sothe-fast that thou sayn.
Jesus. Go wille th' sister Mawdayn,
That I com ye may be fayn.
Martha. Sister, lefe this sorowfull mande,
Oure lorde comyng here at hand,
And his Apostyls with hym also.
Maria. A, for Godes lif let me go;
Blessid be he that send me grace,
That I may se the in his place;
Lord, meklille sorow may men se
Of my sister here and me,
We ar fayn as any fele,
For oure broder that thou is dede,
Had thou bene here and on hym sene,
Dede for sothe had he not bene.
Jesus. Elder to you comyne we ar
To make you comfortle of yours care,
But loke to fayntyse be no sloythe
Bryng you eyn of seedfast trawthe,
Then shalle I hold you that I saide:
Lo where have ye his body laide?
Maria. Lorde, if it be thy wille,

I hope be this he savers ille ;
For it is now the fourth day gone
Sen he was laide under yonde stone.
Jesus. I told the right now ther thou stode
That thi trawth shuld ay be good,
And if thou may that fulfille,
Alle bees done right at thi wille.

Et lacrimatus est Jesus, dicens,

Fader, I pray the that thou rase
Lazare that was thi hyne,
And bryng hym out of his mysese
And out of helle pyne ;
When I the pray thou says alle wayse
Mi wille is siche as thyne,
Therfor wille we now eke his dayse,
To me thou wille inclyne.
Com furthe Lazare, and stand us by,
In erthe shalle thou no langere ly ;
Take and lowse hym foote and hande,
And from his throte take the bande,
And the sudary take hym fro,
And alle that gere, and let hym go.
Lazarus. Lorde, that alle thyng maide of noght,
Lovyng be to thee,
That sich wonder here has wroght,
Gretter may none be ;
When I was dede to helle I soght,
And thou, thrughe thi paustee,
Rasid me up and thens me broght,
Behold and ye may se.
There is none so styf on stede,
Ne none so prowde in prese,
Ne none so dughty in his dede,
Ne none so dere in deese,
No kyng, no knyght, no wight in wede,
From dede have maide hym seese,
Ne fleshe he was wont to fede
It shalle be wormes mese.
Youre dede is wormes coke,
Youre myrroure here ye loke,
And let me be youre boke,
Youre sampille take by me ;
Fro dede you cleke in cloke,
Siche shalle ye alle be.

Ilkon in siche aray with dede thai shalle be dighte,
And closid cold in clay, wheder he be kyng or knyght;
For alle his garmentes gay, that semely were in sight,
His fleshe shalle frete away with many a wofulle wight.
When wofully sich wyghtys
Shalle gnawe thise gay knyghtys,
Thare lunges and thare lightys,
Thare harte shalle frete in sonder,
Thise masters most of myghtys
Thus shalle thay be broght under.
Under the erthe ye shalle thus carefully then cowche,
Tha royfe of youre halle youre nakyd nose shalle towche,
Newther great ne smalle to you wille knele ne crowche,
A shete shalle be youre palle, siche todys shalle be youre nowche;
Todys shalle you dere,
Feyndys shalle you fere,
Youre fleshe that fare was here
Thus rufully shalle rote;
In stede of fare coloure,
Sich bandes shalle bynde youre throte.
Youre rud that was so red, youre lyre the lylly lyke,
Then shalle be wan as led and stynke as dog in dyke;
Wormes shalle in you brede as bees dos in the byke,
And ees oute of youre hede thus-gate shalle paddokes pyke,
To pike you ar preste
Many uncomly beest,
Thus thai shalle make a feste
Of youre flesh and of youre blode.
For you then sorows leste
The moste has of youre goode.
Youre goodes ye shalle forsake if ye be never so lothe,
And nothing with you take, bot siche a wyndyng clothe,
Your wife sorow shalle slake, youre chylder also both,
Unnes youre mynnyng make if ye be never so wrothe,
Thai myn you with nothyng

That may be youre helpyng,
Nawthere in mes syngyng,
Ne yit with almus dede,
Therfor in youre levyng
Be wise and take good hede.
Take hede for you to dele whils ye ar on life
.....nawthere of childe then wife,
For sectures ar not lele then for youre good wille stryfe,
To by youre saules hele there may no man thaym shrife.
To shrife no man thaym may,
After youre endyng day,
Youre saulle for to glad,
Youre secturs wille swere nay,
.....And say ye aghte more then ye had.
Amende the, man, whils thou may,
Let never no myrthe fordo thi mynde,
Thynke thou on the dredefulle day,
When God shalle deme alle mankynde;
Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde,
This warlde is wast and wille away,
Man, have this in thi mynde,
And amende the whils that thou may.
Amende the, man, whils thou art here,
Agane thou go an othere gate,
When thou art dede and laide on bere,
Wyt thou welle thou bees to late;
For if alle the good that ever thou gate
Were delt for the after thi day,
In heven it wold not mende thi state,
Forthi amende the whilst thou may.
If thou be right ryalle in rente,
As is the stede standyng in stalle,
In thi harte knowe and thynke
That thai ar Goddes goodes alle;
He myghte have maide the poore and smalle
As he that begges fro day to day,
Wit thou welle accounte gif thou shalle,
Therfore amende the whils thou may,
And if I myght with you dwelle
To telle you alle my tyme,
Fulle mekille cowthe I telle
That I have harde and sene,
Of many a great mervelle,

Siche as ye wold not not wene,
In the paynes of helle
There as I have bene ;
Bene I have in wo,
Therfore kepe you ther fro,
Whilst ye lif do so
If ye wille dwelle with hym
That can gar you thus go,
And hele you lithe and lym.
He is a lorde of grace,
Umthynke you in this case,
And pray hym, fulle of myght,
He kepe you in this place
And have you in his sight.
AMEN.

EXPLICIT LAZARUS.

SUSPENTIO JUDÆ.*

Alas, alas, and walaway!
Waryd and cursyd I have been ay,
I slew my fader, and syn by-lay
My moder der;
And falsly after I can betray
Myn awn mayster.
My father's name was Ruben, right,
Sibaria my moder hight;
Als he her knew apon a nyght
Alle fleshle
In her slepe she se a sighte,
A great ferle.
Her thoght ther lay her syd with in
A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,
Of the which destruccion schuld begyn
Of alle Jury,
That cursyd clott of Camys kyn
Forsoth was I.
Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,
And alle hir body did tremylle and qwake,
Her thoght hir hert did allto brake,
No wonder was,
The first word my moder spake
Was alas, alas!
Alas, alas! sche cryed fast,
With that on weping owt sche braste,
My father wakyd at the laste
And her afranyd;
She told hym how she was agaste,
And no thyng laynyd.
My father bad, "Let be thi woo,
My counceł is if it be soo,
A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,
Doghter or son,

* This poem is added in a more modern hand, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.

Let it never on erthe go,
Bot be fordon.
Bettur hit is fordon to be,
Then hit fordo bothe the and me,
For in a while then schalle we se
And fulle welle knaw
Wheder that swevyns be vanité
Or on to traw."
The tyme was comyn that I was borne,
Os my moder sayd beforn,
Alas, that I had beyn forlorn
With in hir syd!
For ther then spronge a schrewid thorn
That spred fulle wyd
For I was born with owtyn grace
Thay me namyd and callyd Judas,
The father of the child ay hays
Great petye,
He myght not thoyle afore his face
My deth to se.
My ded to se then myght he noght,
A lytylle lep he gart be wroght,
And ther I was in bed broght
And bonden fast;
To the saltse then thay soght,
And in me caste.
The wawes rosse, the wynd blew,
That I was cursyd fulle welle thay knew,
The storme unto the yle me threw,
That lytill botte,
And of that land my to-name drew,
Judas Scariott.
Thor as wrekke in sand I lay,
The qweyn com passyng ther away,
With hir madyns to sport and play;
And prevaly
A child she fond in slyk aray
And had ferly.
Never the les sche was welle payd,
And on hir lap sche me layd,
Sche me kissed and with me playd
For I was fayre;
"Achild God hays me send," sche sayd,
"To be myn ayre."
Sche mad me be to norice done,

And fosterd as her awn son,
And told the kyng that sche had gon
Alle the yer with child,
And with fayr wordes, as wemen con,
Sche hym begild.
Then the kyng gart mak a fest
To alle the land of the best,
For that he had gettyn a gest,
A swetly thyng,
When he wer ded and broght to rest,
That might be kyng.
Sone aftur with in yers too,
In the land hit befelle soo,
The qweyn hir selff with child can goo,
A son sche bayr;
A fayrer child from tope to too
Man never se ayre.

* * * * * *

GLOSSARY.

REMARKS ON THE SPELLING AND GRAMMAR.

The vowels e, i, and y, are used for each other, almost indiscriminately. Instead of long *a*, we have *ai* and *ay*; for long *e*, and double *e*, *ei* and *ey*; for long *o* and double *o*, *oi* and *oy*; double *o* is sometimes expressed by a single *o* with a final *e*, as sone for soon. The letter *a* is frequently found in those words which had it in the A.S., but which are now spelt with o in classical English, as stane for stone. E is often used for ee, as *the* for *thee*, the accusative of thou, and also for the verb *thee*, to prosper. F between two vowels is generally to be pronounced as v.

The genitive of nouns is usually formed by adding es, is, or ys: the plural, by adding s preceded by one of these interchangeable vowels, and sometimes *se*, as felowse for fellows. The genitive case is used adverbially, to denote time and manner, in all the Gothic languages. See Rask A.S. Gram. s. 334, and Grimm D. Gram. III. 127. Several instances occur in this volume.

In verbs, the 2nd and 3rd person sing. are generally alike; the plural sometimes but very rarely ends in n, to assist the rhyme. The past tense is sometimes formed by using the auxiliary *can*, as *he can tell* for *he told*.

The verb *I am* retains the A.S. future *I be*, but instead of beoth and byth, in the 3rd sing., and the plural, it makes bees, as in the ancient Northumbrian or Northern A.S. For the same reason, the 2nd person plural imperative frequently ends in s, with one of the interchangeable vowels.

The present participle often retains the A.S. termination *and*; the past participle ends in *it*, or *yt*, as well as in *ed*.

References.—J. refers to Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary; Cotg., to Cotgrave's Dict.; Stev., to Stevens's French and Latin Dict.; Cr. Gl., Craven Glossary; Br., Brockett's North Country Glossary; Watson's Halifax Glossary and Thoresby's Yorkshire Words, are printed by Mr. Hunter at the end of his Hallamshire Glossary; M. G., Mœso-Gothic; A. S., Anglo-Saxon; O. F., Old French; N. F., Norman French; Y. D., Yorkshire Dialect; T., Tyrwhit's Glossary to Chaucer.

A, 229, the same as aye, ever.
Abarstir, 281, more downcast.
Abast, 37, 58, downcast.
Abate, 194, to cast down.
Abite, 15, same as aby, to suffer for, or take the consequences of.
Aby; see abite.
Adonay, 35-6, 45, one of the Hebrew names of God.
Adred, 25, afraid, in dread.
Adyld, 195, earned.
Afone, 22, read *a fone*, a few.
Afore, before.
Afranyd, 328, enquired; see frayn.
Afray, 63, disturbance.
Aghe, 305, awe, dread.
Aghe, v; see awe.
Aght, 13, eight.
——, 59, the past tense of awe.
——, 11, property or possessions.
Algates, always.
Alle wyghtes, 101, ald? sic MS.
All-to, entirely, *omnino*.
Alod, 21, allowed.
Alow, to commend, approve.
Als, 15, also.
Alsway, 186, also.
Alto, 128; see all-to.

Amelle, among ; see emelle.
Amese, 194 ; see mese.
And, if, provided
Anger, 99, sorrow.
And, 154, breath, *spiritus*. Dan., and; Icelandic, andi.
Angre, to grieve, 35.
Apon, upon.
Apartly, 286, evidently, openly.
Appech, 10, 168, impeach.
Appentys, 239, appertains, or is appendant to ; see pent.
Arayde, 40, disposed of. T.
Architreclyn, 207, the master of the feast at the marriage in Cana.
Are, 127, before.
A revant, 319, back again.
As ; see tyte.
Asery, 193, to cry to (Hearne).
Aselle, 260, vinegar, A. S. aisil.
Asse, 58, to ask with authority, to command.
Ast, 200, asked, Y.D.
At, 2, 87, that. It is contended that *at* is the ancient relative, from which the interrogative *what*? and the demonstrative *that*, have been formed by adding the interrogative prefix *hu*? and the demonstrative *th*. A strong proof of the truth of this assertion may be drawn from the dialect of the Yorkshiremen, who use at for the relative, but *never* for the demonstrative, *that*. For instance, an unlettered Yorkshireman will always say "*That* was the man, *at* struck at me," where *that* is a demonstrative, and *at* a relative ; but never "At was the man, that struck at me."
At-lowe, 133, below. At-do, 181,237, to do.
Avaylle, 150, any employment done in expectation of a reward.
Avowtre, 192, adultry.
Avyse, 61, 170, to inform, teach.
Awe, 24, 55, debeo, incumbit mihi; also, to own. Isl., aa.
Awnter, 189, adventure, risk, hazard.
Awro, 100, 273, ever-aught.
Awthe, 274, see haghe (timid ? I believe it to be equivalent to the word *tristes* in Luc. xxiv. 17. S.)
Ayre, 114, an heir.
Aythere, either.
Aywhore, 115, everywhere.

B

Babyshed, 78, from Fr. baboyer, "to fib, fable, tell foolish tales" ?
Balk, 99, a ridge of land.
Balle under the hood, 17, the head.
Baly, 207, custody.
Ban, 9, curse.
Bane, 82 ; see bayn.
Baptym, 297, baptism.
Bard, 28, barred or fastened up.
Barett, 165, contention, vexation.
Barnes, children.
Barn-teme, 46, 212, child-bearing: "a brood of children." Brockett.
Bast, 257, so in MS. for *trast*?
Bawshere, 69, *beau sire*, (S.) But see Beshers.
Bayle, 20, 28, grief, misery.
Bayles, 17, bailiffs.
Bayn, 17, a murderer, A.S. bana.
Bayn, 28, 39, alert, ready, (obedient ? S.)
Be, 148, be we part, by the time that we part. "This idiom is very ancient ; it does not seem to occur in A. S. but it is found in M. G." J. See, to.
Be miles, 192, from miles' distance.
Beban, 138, a mistake in the copying of the original MS. for began ; see the same phrase, p. 57, in the first line of Moyses' prayer.
Bedeyn, 13, 31, &c. in succession, one after another.
Bees, 241, 316, 324, 326. The 3rd person sing. and all the pl. future tense of the verb to be. A. S. sing. byth. pl. beoth ; the Northumbrian dialect changes th into s, as in the imperative plural of verbs in general.
Beete, 49, to heal or amend.
Befon, 33, befall ? be fon, be found ?
Beforne, before.
Behest, 92, command.
Behetys, 159, promises.
Bekkys, 319, begs ?
Belamy, 70, 177, &c. bel-ami.
Belife, quickly.
Belk, 314, to belch.
Bemys, 53, trumpets.
Bend, 313, a band or ribbon.
Benedight, 91, benedictus.
Benste, 85, benedicite.
Bent, 302, the open field, plain turf.
Benyson, 43, blessing.
Bere, 109, a noise.
Bering, 125, being born.
Beshers, bawsheres, *bushaws* ; see above.
Beshrew, to curse.
Bet, 39, beaten.
Betaght, 13, the past participle of

betake, to commit or surrender, A. S. betæcan.

Be-telle, 217, to deceive, to mislead; see Lye. *Beteldon.*

Betoke, 299, past tense of betake; see betaght.

Bett, 241, better.

Beyld, to protect, or to give or procure (135) shelter.

Beyld, protection.

Beyn, 229, a bean.

Beyr; see bere.

Bi, 188, concerning. How think ye by him? what think you concerning him?

Big, 208, to build.

Bike, 43, 325, a bee hive: "a bee's nest in a wild state." (Brockett).

Blan, 255, past tense of Blin, to cease.

Blekyt, 311, blacked.

Blo, blue.

Blome, 52, blossom.

Blooding, 89, a black pudding.

Blowre, 62, a pustule. Teut. blaer.

Blunder, sorrow, opposed to blis, 30, 98, 142.

Blure, 310, brought on, bleared the eye, deceived?

Blyn, to cease.

Bob, "to beate, knocke, strike." Sanderson's Dict.

Bodword, 58, a message.

Bofette, 17, a foot-stool, hodie buffit, 199.

Bollars, 242, frequenters of bowling-greens? (drunkards? "Bolle vessell, concha." Promp. Parv. S.)

Bolne, 197, to swell.

Bon, 200, bound.

Bond, 62, to bind.

Bondon, 51, subjection.

Bone; see Boyne.

Borgh, 230 } A surety, A. S. borh.
Borow, 25 }

Boroo, 156, 185, to give bail, or become surety for.

Boste, a threat.

Bot, but, except: bot if, unless.

Bowke, 313, bulk.

Bowne, ready, prepared.

Bowrde, 96, a joke or play.

Boyne, 12, a boon or prayer.

Boyte, 16, a compensation; more commonly help or succour.

Brade, a start, a sudden turn or assault; the verb has generally a similar meaning.

Brade, 141, to pretend (S).

Brast, the past tense of burst; it is also used for the present.

Brayde, 187; see brade.

Brayde, 88, to have a general resemblance to a person, without an exact accordance.

Brede, breadth: on brede, abroad.

Bredere, } the plural of brother.
Brethere, }

Brefe, 127, a letter.

Brekylle, 101, brittle.

Breme, 197, fierce.

Brend, 10, burnt; from bren, to burn.

Bressed, 214, bruised. F. briser.

Breyrs, 12, briers; hodie, breers.

Brodelle, 127, 130, 142, a blackguard.

Broder-hede, 315, brother-hood.

Browes, 17, crusts of bread or oat cake steeped in hot water, and served up in fat broth.

Browke, 12, to enjoy, to use.

Browne, brawn.

Brude, 104, brood, offspring.

Bruet, 43, thick pottage.

Brybre, 194, robbery; see J. "*Bribour.*"

> "Who saveth a thefe when the rope is knet,
> With some false turne the bribour will him quite."—Lydg. Trag. 152.

The original meaning of bribour is a beggar. "*Bribeur*, mendicus. *Bribe*, panis mendicatus." Steph. Dict.

Brydylle, 138, a diminutive of brid, *pullus*, a young one. This was the original meaning of A. S. brid; afterwards it was applied only to young fowls; lastly, it was changed to bird, and acquired its modern signification. If the reader thinks it simply means the bridle, he is welcome to think so.

Brymly, 305, fiercely.

Bryssing, 172, bruising. Fr. briser.

Buffit, 199; see bofette.

Bun, 36, bound.

Bursyd, 135, bruised.

Busk, 140, to prepare, to make ready, (also to hasten to. S.)

Bustous, 195, 212, huge, fierce, terrible.

By, 291; see be. See also, bi.

Byched, bones, 241, dice, but q. the origin.

Bydeyn; see bedeyn.

Bygyng, 167, a building.

Byke; see bike.

Bylle hagers, 85.

Bynke, 317, a bench.

Byr, 29, impetus, from the whirring noise accompanying it. Hunter's Gl.

"And thei geden out and wenten into the swyn, and lo in a grete bire al the drove wente heedlyng in to the see." Wyclyf. Matt. 8.

Byrding, 79, playing, gamboling.

Byrkyn, 141, 142, breaking.

Byschope, 57, bishop.

C.

Can, I. to know; II. to be able..

Cantel, 175, an incantation, a juggling trick, (read Cautels, "Cawtele, or sleight,—cautela." Promp. Parv. S.)

Capyll, 99, the name of a domestic hen. This will perhaps help Dr J. out of the maze of learning into which he is led by the Capercailye.

Carl, 59, 172, a churl, a bondman, a rude country clown.

Carp, to narrate or relate.

Casbald, 215; a keen etymologist would not hesitate to seek an etymon in the old Fr. *cas* hoarse, and *baudet*, an ass; it suits the idea conveyed in the passage (S). Credat, &c. G.

Cast, 107, a contrivance.

Caton, 94, the Disticha Catonis, used as an introductory book in teaching Latin.

Catyf, 281, seems to be here used in the sense of the modern Ital. Cattivo, thoroughly bad.

Catyfdam, 156, } captivity, wretched-
Catyfnes, 315, } ness.

Cecylle, 141, Sicily.

Cely, 179, 113; see Sely.

Certes, certainly.

Cest, ceased.

Chalange, 244, to demand a thing as a person's own property, to recognize a person or thing, and to declare such recognition: it is perhaps allied to the O. F. chaland, "les marchans appellent ceulx qui passent pour leur vendre: et appellent leurs *chalans* ceulx ausquels ils ont coustume de vendre." Stev.

Charge to, 160, to be weighed or attended to (?) "Chargen, or greatly sette to herte—penso." Promp. Parv.

Charys, 107, turns or jobs; hence chare-woman.

Chase, 51, imp. of choose.

Chefe, 108, to succeed or accomplish any business. (Brockett). Chaucer has 'Yvel mote he cheve', which Tyrrwhitt explains Ill may he end.

Cheftance, 205, chiefmen, chieftains.

Chepe, 102, that which is bought, merchandize: the proverb appears to mean, what is bought at a light or low price yields a sluggish return.

Ches chambers, 27, "chess, to pile up." Cr. Gl.; three chess chambers, three chambers piled one upon another.

Chese; see chase.

Chevithe the, 229, make a bargain with me for it; see Chevizance in the Law Glossaries.

Chuffer, 216.

Chyte, 115, to chide.

Clater, 190, 257, noise, idle talk: "hold your clatter," Y. D.

Cled, 131, clad.

Cleke, 324, to snatch or grasp, *hodie* click.

Clekyt, 311, hatched.

Clens, cleanse.

Clerge, 90, 94, 117, erudition, book-learning, especially Latin. Clerge does not seem to have acquired the 'uncanny' signification which gramery enjoys.

Cleryfy, 67, 300, to make known, or clear.

Clogs, 313, shoes with wooden soles.

Clok, 99; see this word explained *sub voce*, Kakyls.

Cloke, 324, a claw or clutch, from cleke.

Close, 46 }
Cloysse, 206 } clothes.

Clyfe, 79.

Clyppes, 256, an eclipse.

Cod, 84, a pillow; properly, the pillow case.

Cokker, 242, a cockfighter.

Colke, 281, the core of an apple. This word occurs in the glossaries under the form of cowk, couk, or coke, goke or gowk.

Colknyfes, 85. See colfox in Chaucer.

Com, 52, 81, coming or arrival. A.S. cyme.

Conandly, 160, knowingly, wisely.

Conceytate, 75, conception.

Conning, 168, knowledge.

Cop, 91, 118, a cup.

Copyn Kyng, 194. A coppin is a certain quantity of worsted yarn wound on a spindle, and the spindle then extracted.

Coth, 31. "*Coth*, morbus, valetudo, pestilentia." *Lye.*

Covandys, 185, covenants.

Court-rollar, 310, the writer or keeper of the rolls of a court of law.
Couth, 225, affable, kind.
Cowth, 32,56, the imp. tense of can, to know, to be able.
Coyle, 18, 30, broth, so called because originally cole or cabbage was a principal ingredient.
Coylle, 4, a coal.
Crak, 85, to boast.
Crate old, 201, alluding perhaps to a crate or wicker case for packing pots.
Creme, 167, 169, chrism.
Crisp, 313, fine linen or cobweb lawn.
Croft, 119, the yard or homestead of a house. Hell crofte (314) is an expression frequently occurring in the Mysteries or Miracle-plays.
Crop, 96, the upper branch (S.)
Croyne, 111, 116, to crone, to utter a low murmuring sound.
Crump, 308, the cramp.
Cryb, 89, a crib for provender.
Cuker, 312, part of a woman's head dress.
Cutt, to draw, 228; slips of paper, straws, &c., of unequal lengths, are held in the hand of one party with the ends peeping out; each of the others draws out a cutt, he who draws the longest is the winner.

D.

Dalle, 118, &c., the hand.
Dang, the past tense of ding.
Dase, 28, to be stupified.
Dare, 137,223, to be afraid, to quake.
Darfe, 305, hard, unbending, cruel.
Daunche, 153, Fastidiousness, see Hunter.
Daw, 26, a sluggard or slattern.
Dawnce, 60, dance.
Dawngere, 59, } Lordship or diminion;
Dangere,60,&c. } the power which the feudal Lord possessed over his vassals. Norman French, *dangier*. It occurs in the speech of the rebellious serfs, in the Roman de Rou;

> Metum nus fors de dangier;
> Nus sumes homs cum ils sunt,
> Tiex members avom cum il unt.

It occurs also in Brunne, p. 213. It is derived from *dominium gerere*, abbreviated in like manner as *dominus* to *dan*.
Day, 49, imp. dayde, 194, to dawn.
Dayntethe, 245, a dainty thing.
De, 183, to die.
Dede, 25, 36, death.
Dedir, 28, to dither or tremble.
Defawte, 60, fault, default.
Defend, 72, to forbid, or deny. It was, until very lately, used in this sense in some legal proceedings; see Blackst. Com. III. 297.
Defly, 100, for deftly "fitly, in a proper manner, handsomely."
Deille, 13, a piece or portion, A. S. dæl.
Delf, 57, to dig.
Delfe, 230, a grave.
Deme, to judge, hence doom, &c.
Depart, 228, to part in sunder, to divide. "Till death us depart," in the marriage service, is now corruptly printed "do part."
Dere, hurt or damage.
Derfe, 317, see Darfe.
Derling, 52, darling.
Dern, 310, hid, concealed, secret.
Dernly, 141 ?
Des, 4, 20, 204; whatever may be the original meaning of this word, it is always used in the volume to signify the seat of honour.
Descry, 203, describe.
Devere, 28, devoir, duty.
Dight, prepared, furnished.
Diseasse, 111, uneasiness, disturbance.
Distance, 21, dispute (S.)
Dit, 14, to stop, or close up. A. S. dyttan, *occludere*.
Ditizance dontance, 144, probably for dite sans doutance; see Fraunche.
Docket, 313, a shred or piece.
Dold, 27, 96, stupid, confused.
Dom, 59, dumb.
Don, 113; Mr Collier explains it, "have done."
Don is in the mire, 310, a Chaucerian proverb applied to sticking fast.
Donning, 8, a horse's name; see Don and Down.
Donyon, 185, a dungeon, which anciently was in the lowest story of the Donyon, or keep of the Norman Castles.
Doth, 103, the southern plural of do.
Dotty-pols, 145, i. e. clipped heads, a name given to the Priests, and other ecclesiastics.
Dowfes, 32, doves.
Down, 8, a horse's name, see Don and Donning.
Dowse, 104, a slut? q. Sax, dwæs?
Doylle, 30, a dole or portion of alms;

see deille. Penny doylle, in the funeral expenses of John Sayer, Esq., of Worsall (Wills and Inventories, I. 110,) the first item is "for penny daill, 6l. 13s. 4d." This sum was doubtless doled out in pennies to the poor who attended the funeral.

Doylle, 62, grief, dolor.

Doyse, 3, dost.

Drake, 259, A. S. draca, a dragon. Can this "burnand drake" be the self-same drake whose slaughter was the last exploit of our noble friend Beowulf? See the account of this fiery monster in Conybeare's Illustrations of A. S. poetry.

Dray, 49, to draw.

Dre, 156, to endure;—to continue in life.

Dreche, 270, to afflict. A. S. drecan or dreccean.

Drede, withouten, 76, &c., without doubt, *absque dubio*; see Hickes, Thes. I. 223.

Drely, 90, perseveringly, (slowly? S.)

Drery, 184, sorrowful. A. S. dreorig.

Drife, 25, to drive. A. S. drifan.

Drogh, 5, the past tense of to draw.

Dry, 313, dryness, or drought.

Duch Ax, 311.

Dug, 313, to cut?

Dustards, 216, dastards? (S)

Dwere, 302, doubt.

Dwyrd, 289.

Dyke, 57, to make ditches.

Dylle, 136, 138, to sooth, or allay.

Dylly downe, 115.

Dyng, 141, to cast down.

Dyntand, 231, riding.

Dyscryve, 286, see, descry.

Dytt, 194; see dit.

E.

Edder, 72, an adder: "all snakes are so designated in Craven." (Cr. Gl.)

Eene the plural of eye.

Eft, again; eft whyte, requite; see quite.

Ei, 47, an interrogative exclamation.

Eld, 53, age, old age: an eld, 11, should be a neld; see neld.

Elyke, 57, alike.

Emang, 102, among.

Eme, 44, an uele by the mother's side.

Emelle, among, Dan. i mellem; Icel. i millum.

Emprise, 171, empress.

Encense, 144, to inform or instruct.

Encheson, 38, occasion or cause, N. F. chaison.

Endlang, 85, straightforward, continuously.

Endorde, 90, a term used in cookery; said to mean gilt over.

Endoost, 166, endowed; F. dost, *dos*.

Enfray, 179, affray.

Enys, 187, once?

Ernes, 126, (in earnest? S.) perhaps the same as the Scottish eryness; fear, see J.

Eschelle, 47, O. F. eschielle, a squadron. The word occurs both in Brunne and Barbour.

Ethe, 193, easily.

Everichon, every one.

F.

Faed, 225, faded.

Fageing, alle in, 239, all in the lump, altogether; from A. S. fegan, jungere.

Fand, the past tense of to find.

Fane, glad.

Fang, to take.

Far, 75, to fare or go.

Far, 276, farther (as nar, nearer).

Fard, 116, afraid.

Fare, to go, to fare.

Fare, 120, v. a. to cause to go.

Faren, 48, past participle of to fare.

Farly, 49, strange.

Fature, 60, a lazy, idle fellow; F. faitard, faiteor.

Fax, 311, the hair of the head. A. S. Feax.

Fayn, 96, joy.

Fee, cattle; also moveable property in general, as distinguished from land and money.

Feere, a mate, comrade, or wife; In fere, in company, together.

Fele, 67, to hide.

Felle, to knock down.

Felle, 131, a rocky hill.

Felle, 56, many; A. S. fela; Germ. viel.

Felle, the skin.

Felter, 85, 313, to entangle.

Ferd, fear.

Fere, 58, to put in fear.

Fere, see feere.

Ferly, 11, wonder, see farly.

Fermes, 84, firmæ, rents.

Ferray, of, 310, on a foray.

Fest, 91, to fix, to make sure or fast.

Fest, see Lord; and oone.

Fetyld, 309, fettled, prepared, made ready for use.
Feynd, 10, fiend.
Flay, 30, 40, 121, to frighten, Y.D.
Fleet, 31, past participle of to float.
Fleme, 70, to drive out, to put to flight.
Flekyt, 311, spotted, streaked, Isl. flecka, *discolor*. (Brockett.)
Flett, 26, a scolding, or flyting; see flyte. (Is it not 'depart from this *place*'? S.)
Flone, thoner, 92, flash of lightning.
Flume, 166, *flumen*, a river.
Flyt, 20, 62, to fly, or flee from.
Flytars, 308, scolders, } Y.D.
Flyte, 14, to scold, }
Foche, 60, to fetch.
Fold, 245, the earth, the world, A.S. folde.
Fon., 40, found.
Fon., 80, a fond or foolish person.
Fon., 94, to be foolish or fond.
Fon., 199, to make foolish.
Fond, 201, foolish.
Fonden, found.
Food, 76, &c., offspring. The A.S. fédan, signifies both to feed, and to bring forth. Hence the double meaning of the noun.
For, 218, &c., for fear of.
Forbot, 12, &c., a forbidding.
Fordo, 56, &c., to destroy: (vulgo, he is done for.)
Force, no force, 16, it matters not.
Fore-think, 112, to suspect or anticipate: see, forthink.
For-fare, 212, same as fordo.
Forfett, 189, transgressed, done what was forbidden.
Forgangere, 165, a precursor or foregoer.
For-rakyd, 105, overdone with walking.
Forshapyn, 115, transformed.
Forspoken, 115, bewitched, enchanted
For-taxed, 98, wrongly taxed.
Forthe, 45, to forward or bring forward.
Forthink, 76, to repent or grieve.
Forthy, therefore, for this cause; thy is the ablative case of the demonstrative thæt:—and for-thy, demonstrative, corresponds to for-why? interrogative.
Forward, 179, a compact or covenant, properly spelt fore-word.
Fostre, 320, nourishment.
Fote hote, 150, foot-hot, with great speed.
Fott, same as fett, take, fetch.
Found, to try or attempt, to tempt. A.S. fándian: also, to go.
Founding, temptation.
Fowre, 62, the past tense of fire.
Foyne, a heap, abundance: also p. 223, the plural of foe.
Franche, 153, I can no more franche, i. e. I know no more French. The piece seems from some words left untranslated to have been originally written in that language; see jourmonting, ditizance. Or, it may perhaps be taken from "*francier*, to speake fine and eloquent French (ironically)." Cotgrave.
Frast, 25, 36, 58, to enquire, to tempt. M.G. fraisan. A.S. frasigan.
Fray, 25, 56, a disturbance.
Frayn, 76, to ask or enquire. A.S. fregnan.
Fre, free: this adjective, in the sense of *noble*, is often used substantively, like bright, &c.
Frely, 42, ingenuous, beautiful. "Freely foode, a common phrase in ancient poetry denoting a person, and especially a female, of high birth." J. see foode.
Frerys, 91, friars.
Fres, 291, } no fres, without question
Frese, 30, } or doubt.
Fro, 324, from the time that: see to
Frog, 241, a frock or upper garment.
Fron, 106, from. Swedish, fran.
Froskes, 62, frogs; still used in the W. and N.R.Y.
Fry, 21, 24, seed. M.G. fraiw. Luc. I., 55. An Abraham gah fraiw is. To Abraham and his seed. The very person. Icel. frio.
Frygges, 313, the word occurs in Christ's kk. st. 14. With forks and flales they lait grit flaps, and flang togidder lyk *friggis*. Dr. J. thinks it is the same as freik or frick, a strong intrepid man; in which sense it occurs in P. Plowman.
Fulle, 159, same as felle, many.
Fun, 56, found.
Fwalcon, 150.
Fwles, 5, fowls.
Fyle, 273, to defile, to calumniate or accuse.
Fylyd, 75, defiled.
Fyrthe, 151, a cultivated sheltered

spot: "a field taken from a wood." Cr Gl.

Fytt, 51, a division of a poem.

G

Gab., 288-9, 298, to lie, to deceive: *gaber*, in the language of the old French romances, signifies to tell rhodomontade stories and long-bow brags of a knight's own prowess.

Gadlyng, an idle vagabond.

Gaf, gave.

Gam, 3, jocundity, active enjoyment. The word is now used in a ludicrous sense, but not so formerly. Thus in the ancient alliterative couplet given by Giraldus Cambrensis, as a specimen of English poetry,

"God is together
Gammen and wisdom."

Garray, 64, 113, array, troops.

Garthynere, 267, gardener.

Gate, a way. Isl. gata.

Gate, 45, 7, a person's going or progress.

Gawde, 56, 61, trick.

Gayng, 62, go.

Gaytt door, 107, the street door, or outer door: see hek.

Gedlyng: see gadlyng.

Geld, 75, barren. Y.D. Germ. gelte.

Gentlery men, 98, gentry.

Gere, 26, 8, all sorts of instruments or tools; also household goods. 194, not right in his gere, out of his wits (?)

Get., 39, 48, 73, that which is begotten, a child, posterity. It is also used to signify procreation, 74.

Gett, the new, 312, the new fashion.

Geyn, given.

Gille, 25, a general name for women: the *short* of Gillian.

Gille, knave, 313.

Glad, 282, the imp. of glide.

Glase, 106, 201: see glose.

Glope, 146, a surprise, something startling.

Glose, 209,

Gnast, 143, 307, gnashed.

Goderhaylle, 89, an exclamation opposed to ill-a-hayle.

Gog, 9, a perversion of God.

Gome, 171, a man, A.S. guma.

Gossypys, 113, sponsors, God-sib is God-kin.

Goyse, 13, goes.

Goyth, 103, the South-English imperative plural of the verb to go. It occurs frequently in Chaucer.

Grade, 214, graithed or prepared.

Grale, 145, the graduale, containing anthems, &c sung in processions.

Grame, 22, 1, wrath, anger. II, sorrow, vexation.

Gramercy, 80, grand-mercie, many thanks.

Gramery, 90, 94, 311, Latin learning; properly, the *ars grammatica*, an intimate knowledge whereof was supposed to lead the student to an acquaintance with those hidden powers of words by which he might command the aid of evil spirits.

Grank, 155, to murmur.

Granser, 172, grandsire.

Grath, 32, swiftness.

Grathly, swiftly.

Gravyng, 132, burial.

Graythe, 47, to prepare, to make ready for a journey.

Greme, 47; see grame.

Greses, 7, grasses.

Grete, 44, weeping: 262, 4, dust, A.S. greot.

Grew, 229, the Greek language; used by Marie de France (del Griu en Latin), and by several Scottish writers: thus Lyndsay, "Had he done write in Latin or in Grew," &c. It is also found in Pemb. Arcad. ii. 224: "Fool that I am, that with my dogges speak Grew!" to which Dr. Nares gives this singular explanation, "Grew seems to be put for the Greek term γρυ; *i. e.* any trifling or very worthless matter." This may remind us of the old lady who sought diligently for her spectacles, and found at last she was looking through them.

Grewys, 314, grieves.

Greyn-horne, 8, the name of an ox.

Greyn-wax, 312: see the Law Glossaries.

Grithe, 140; see gyrth.

Grofen, 63 } past participle of to grufe
Groved, 12 } or grow; hence the '*Grove, or Growths*' at Hull.

Groflynges, 40, with the face down wards; a genitive of the manner, as we now speak of "walking *sideways*."

Gronys, 89, the '*rostrum*,' or uppe jaw of a swine.

Growne, 23, snout.

Gruch, 167, 8, to repine, to be obstinate.

Gryme, 8, a horse's name; probably a black one. Grime is the blackness occasioned by soot smeared over any thing.
Gryle, 137, horribly.
Gryse, 41, 53, to shudder, to tremble.
Gryssed, 88, grassed.
Gyn, 23, 7, a contraction of engine; a contrivance.
Gyrd, 115, to strike off.
Gyrth, 67, protection, as in a sanctuary, peace. See the common form of proclaiming the king's peace. Rymer, i., p. 497, edit. 1816.

H.

Had-I-wist, 100, had I known the consequences. See numerous examples of its proverbial use in Nares's Glossary.
Hafles, 152, wanting.
Haghe, 63, an interjection of astonishment.
Haghe, 273, appears, from the rhyme, to be the same word as awthe.
Hak, applied to singing, 111, 116.
Halle, 33, a dwelling.
Hamyd, 98, hemmen, *impedire*? (S).
Hand-band, 43, q. habband? possession; or compounded on the same principle as Sax. handgang, deditio; Germ. handfest, custodia, (S).
Hand-while, 109, a moment, a short time.
Happyd, 98, wrapped up, covered.
Har, 247, to harry?
Hardely, certainly.
Harlle, 213, to drag.
Harlot, a scamp, a rascal.
Harnes, (one syllable) the brains.
Harnes, (two syllables), implements of all kinds.
Haro, 14, &c. (spelt various ways.) The ancient Norman *Hue and Cry*. It is laid down in the Grand Coustoumier, c. 54, that when a person sees his life, limbs, or property in evident peril, he may utter this cry; and such of his neighbours as neglect to assist him are subject to punishment; if, however, he cry Haro without due cause, he is also liable to be punished.
Harrer, 9, an exclamation in driving; it means "quicker."
Harstow, 17, 192, hearest thou? Various examples of similar interrogatives are given in the Craven Glossary, and Hunter, &c.
Hart, 274, heard.
Harry Ruskyne, 319, the game of blind-man's-buff? "*Capifou*, a play, which is not much unlike our Harry-racket, or Hidman-blind." *Colgrave*.
Hat, to bear the name of —; s'appeller.
Hathennes, 66, a collective term for heathendom, corresponding to Christendom.
Hatters, 113, spiders
Hawvelle and jawvelle, 314, havers and jabbering, idle talk.
Hayls, 73, to hail, to salute; M.G., hails. Icel. heilsa.
He, hee, high.
Hed mas peny, 104, a penny offered at the mass said for a person's soul at his funeral. "Geven in pense to offer at the mass at his beryynge £1 2s." appears among the funeral expenses of Sir John Rudstone in 1531. Strutt's Horda III. 169.
Hek, 106, the inner door between the *entry* or lobby and the *house* or kitchen.
Hekes, 9, racks for cattle to feed at.
Hend, 7, hand; 83, hence; 322, near at hand.
Hent, 59, to catch, to take hold of.
Her, 45, here. A. S.
Herfor, 160, for this reason; corresponding to therefore, for that reason.
Hes, has.
Het, 39, 46, 48, promised.
Hete, 145, named. See Hat.
Heting, 118, a promise.
Hethyng, 174, 235, 6, scorn, derision.
Heyle, 75, health.
Heynd, courteous, kind; applied to inanimate objects, commodious.
Heytt, 62, see het.
Hidus, 31, hideous.
Hight, 2, bearing the name of: see hat.
Hight, 21, 72, promised: see het.
Ho, 31, to stop.
Hob-over-the-walle, 15.
Hog, 110, a sheep one year old.
Hoghe, 262, hollow. Cr. Gl. and Br.
Hoket, 311, 313, scorn.
Holard, 149, a whore-monger.
Holgh, 15, hollow, empty.
Homer mentioned, 144.
Hone, 11, 28, 36. to delay.
Hoore, 148, a whore.

Hope, 109, to fear, expect.
Hore, 87, 96, 148, 288, hair, "huer, hair." Cr. Gl.
Horre, 314, a whore.
Horell, or *holour*, fornicator, Prom. Paro.
Hose, 109, hoarse ?
Hostyld, 289, "put up" at an inn or hostelry.
Hote, 46, a promise : see hete.
How ! 87.
Hoylle, 30, whole.
Hoyne : see hone.
Hu, 288, hue or complexion.
Huf, 32, to heave.
Hullars, 242, same as holards ?
Hurlyd, 313, "Huré, staring, rude, unkemd, bristlie, horrid, like a wild boares head." Cotgr. and see "Hure ; s." in the same.
Hus, 21, us.
Hy, in, in haste.
Hyne, 46, 48, a servant.
Hyne, 156, hence.
Hyte, 9, 87, an exclamation in driving by which the driver commands the beast to turn to the left. Cr. Gl.

I. J.

Jak Cope, 84.
Ich, 103, the Southern English for I ; it is frequently used by Chaucer, and is still heard in Gloucestershire.
Ich, Ich-a, each.
Ich-a-deylle, 27, every part, every bit. See deille.
Ichon, each one.
Jelian, 313.
Ilk, each. For compounds, see ich.
Ill-a-hayle, 193, ill luck to you ! ill luck on it !
Indoost, 201, 254 : see endoost.
Induyr, 24, endure.
Infude, 83, infundo.
Intrast, 248, entrace, entraced (?)
Inwytt, 254, within : woldes inwytt, seems to mean, wield or behave yourselves within this place ; (does not it mean 'command your thoughts' S.) ?
Io, 9, 190, an exclamation in driving ; perhaps an obsolete imperative of go, which makes Iode or yode in the imperfect.
Jourmontyng, 140, Cotgrave has a similar word in a reflective form : "se guermenter—to fret, afflict, or vex himself, (an old and rusticke word.)" It is here used actively.
Jowke, 313, a dissembler ? v. J. "jouker."
Ist, 166, is it.
Iwis., certainly. A.S. ge-wis.

K.

Kakyls. 99 When a hen has laid an egg, she utters a joyful long story termed *cackling* ; but when she has ceased to lay, and is desirous of sitting upon her eggs, she emits a very different cry, termed *clocking*. Mr. Hunter has confounded the two descriptions of maternal language.
Kamys kyn, 187, the kindred of Cain.
Kasar, 124, Cæsar or emperor.
Kaser, 187, addressed to knights.
Kele, see keyle.
Ke'le, 312, a caul, part of a woman's head dress.
Kely, 90, read Hely, i. e. Ely.
Kemptown, (141), or Kempen, a small town between the Maas and Rhine, not far from Dusseldorf.
Ken, 9, 10, &c. to cause to know, to teach.
Kepe, 322, takys kepe, take heed.
Kepe, 323, to meet, as in Gawan and Gol., i. 14. "The knight kepit the king."
Keyle, 23, Keille, 27, to cool, to assuage.
Knave, 18, 24, a boy. A.S. cnapa.
Koket, 311, cocked, pert, apish.
Kon, 3, to learn, or know.
Kun thank, 12, 55, to thank : savoir grè.
Kyd, the past participle of kythe.
Kyn, 46, 48, kindred.
Kyn. 23, no-kyn, no kind of.
Kynde, 145, begotten. A.S. acenned.
Kyndly skille, 132, the contrivance of beings of thy own kind.
Kynke, 309, to draw the breath audibly, like a child in the kink-cough or whooping cough.
Kyppis, 90, 112, bekens, or belches. "Gip, when the breath is stopt on a man's being ready to vomit. Ray has wrote this word kep." Watson. Hal. Gl.
Kythe, 47, &c. to make evident, to show.
Kythe, 46, 48, one's own country, *patria*, pronounced short, kith. It is used by Brunne in this sense, "We

be comen alle of kynde of Germenie, That chaced has the Bretons here of ther kythe." See also P. Ploughman, f. 14, b. Lye and Jamieson.

L.

Lade hir, 112, was delivered.

Lagh, 77, law.

Lakan, 104, a play thing, a toy.

Lake, 96, 102, to play. "And if him lust for to layke." P. Ploughman.

Lake, 141, play. O. Germ. leih, ludus.

Langett, 26, q. a dimin., from lingua.

Lare, 59, lore, learning.

Late, 262, to seek: see layt.

Lawd, 52, see lewd.

Lawdys, 102, the laudes or lauds, the concluding part of the Matins service sung between 3 and 4 A.M.

Lawvelle, 314, the romance of Launfal or Sir Launfel.

Lay, 60, law. A.S. lag.

Layn, 56, 52, to tarry, also to conceal, 187, 238.

Layn, secrecy, 143.

Layse, 56, the plural of lay, which see.

Layt, 162, to seek. The occurrence of this North-English word in *Sir Tristrem* is noticed by a writer on the English Dialects in the Quarterly Review, (March, 1836,) as a proof that it is a Northumbrian and not a Scottish production. Sir W. Scott and Dr. J., were both puzzled with the word, and have given erroneous interpretations of it.

Laytt, 238, a search, or seeking.

Layth, 73, loathsome, ugly.

Leche, 10, a physician.

Lede, 245. A.S. leod., a people or nation: in lede, *inter gentes*.

Leder, 27, 101, lazy, sluggish.

Lee, 92, shelter.

Lefe, 98, to believe.

Lege, 162, 174, 190, to alledge or cite?

Legeance, 191, allegiance.

Leghe, 46, a lie.

Lele, 31, true.

Leme, 92, to shine, to glitter: see Lemyng.

Lemman, 73, 83, 292, formed from leyf, (dear) and man, in like manner as woman from wif-man. It argues strongly for the antiquity of this work, that whilst Chaucer invariably uses this word in its secondary or opprobrious sense (like the French chere amie) it always bears in these Mysteries its primary and simple meaning—a dear or beloved person.

Lemyng, 9, the name of an ox. It signifies beaming, like the sun. Comets were formerly called 'leeming starres.'

Lend, 85, to tarry.

Lep, 329, a small basket.

Lepe, 95, to strike out, begin?

Lere, 38, to cause to learn, to teach.

Les, 4, lese, 5, leasse, 5, a lye.

Letht, 193, perhaps quietness, tranquility: see Lye. Hlithe, *quietus*, *tranquillus*.

Lever, the comparative degree of leyf. I were lever, I had rather.

Levering, 89, a pudding made with liver?

Leverd, 239, delivered. Y.D.

Levyn, 39, 116, lightning.

Levyr, 30, lives.

Lew, lew, 33, look, look, the courser's loo, loo!

Lewd, 117, unlettered, one of the *leod*, or common people.

Lewte, 36, truth, loyalty; from lele.

Leyde, 21, 173, a man. A.S leod, the people.

Leyde, 37, lead.

Leyf, 4, (lefe, leif,) dear, beloved; beleyf, 164, farewell.

Leyfe, 3, leave.

Ley-land, 101, unploughed land.

Leyn, 10. A.S. lænan, to grant the use of a thing to another; hence the two derivative meanings, I., to give the thing itself, II., to lend it only.

Leynd, 58, 61, same as layn, to tarry.

Lig, 15, 30, to lie down.

Lighes, 12, lies.

List, pleasure.

Lite, 71, strife.

Lith., 1, light.

Lithe, 327, a joint, or limb. In the M.G. it signifies a limb or member. See Rom. xii., 4. Lye's Supp.

Litster, a dyer. Icel. lit. color.

Lofe, 75, praise.

Lofyng, 10, praising. A.S. lof. praise.

Loghe, 235, laughed.

Lokyn, locked.

Lokys, 308. Look ye, the northern imperative plural.

Lollar, 310. In the miracle-play of the Advent of Antichrist, he calls Enoch and Elias *lowlers*, and comparing this with the rhyme in our text, the pronunciation of the word seems at that

time to have differed from the sound now given to the first syllable. The legendary foundation of this miracle-play is to be found in the Anglo-Saxon homily *de adventu Antichristi* printed at the end of Lye's dictionary.

Long, 30, the lungs.

Long, it is long of, 78, (it belongs to, S) it is owing to or occasioned by; a phrase in common use.

Louys, 90, the loins.

Look, God look you! God look favourably on you.

Loppys, 62, lops, fleas.

Lord-fest, 98, excessively lordly, like A.S. soth-fæst, unquestionably true, wuldor-fæst, exceedingly glorious, &c.

Lording, 52, the descendant of a noble house: ing is the A.S. patronymic termination, as Wodening, the son of Woden.

Lore, 18, that which is learnt, learning.

Lorn, 157, past partic. of losian, to be lost, to perish, in its intransitive sense.

Loryd, 60, learned.

Lose, 208, 9, 320, praise.

Losel, 60, synonymous with lurdan.

Lote, 109, lowness, louting, or sneaking?

Loten, 100, see sour.

Lothes, 140, that which is loathsome.

Lowf, 177, 207, corresponds exactly with the old low dutch *loovrn* "to ask money for wares, to set a price on goods, to rate." Sewel.

Lowt, 18, to pay respect to a person, to salute in lowly wise.

Love, 36, to praise.

Lovyng, 2, praise.

Luddokys, 313, "Luddok or lende. Lumbus." Prom. Parv. q. has this any connexion? (S.)

Lufe, 32, hand, palm of the hand, (S.)

Lufly, 2, lovely.

Lurk, 137, a freq. from Germ. lören ululare? (S.)

Lurdan, 60, 308, &c. a dissolute good-for-nothing lazy fellow. Stevens has Lourdin, *rusticulus*, from Lourd *secors vel socors, obtusus*. Dict. Fr. lat. 1549.

Lyght, 107, delivered of a child.

Lymbo, 246, 308. Limbus is the name given by the Church of Rome to the place in which it is supposed the righteous were confined before our Saviour's death.

Lynde, 80, the linden or lime tree.

Lyre, 55, the flesh. "As any rose her rude was reid, her lyte wes lyk the lillie." Ch. Kirk. st. 3, compare this with 325, l. 21.

Lyte, little.

Lythe, 282, to assuage.

M

Mafa, 230, my faith!

Make, a mate.

Malison, a malediction, a curse.

Malle, 9, the name of an ox.

Mangere, 89, eating: mangyng, 90, hence munching.

Mare, 8, more.

Mare, 198, a dæmon, supposed to be from mara, a northern spirit. Hence night mare. (Nares.)

Mark, 164, dark.

Marrow, maroo, 110, a compeer or associate; thus a pair of shoes are *marrows* to each other.

Mase, 58, 60, the 3rd person singular of may to make.

Mastre, 3, 55, magisterium, mastery; also skill, artificialness: "maistrise, *magisterium*; avec maistrise, *scienter*." Stev.

Masyd, 184, amazed, bewildered.

Mawgre, 239, mal-gre, ill will.

Mawmentry, 217, idolatry.

May, 264, &c. to make.

May, 67, a maiden.

Maylle, 89, a travelling trunk.

Maylle case, 111, mal-aise, illness.

Mayne, 52, might. A.S. mægn.

Maytt, 170, confounded, stupified.

Measse, 30, a mess: 59, leprosy, scurvy, measle.

Mede, desert, reward.

Medille-erd, 22, 26, 53, 300, the middle habitation between heaven and hell, the world. In the A.S. translations of the Vulgate Scriptures, *terra* is rendered eorthe; *mundus*, middan-eard, from middan, the middle, and eardian to inhabit.

Medsyn, medicine.

Medys, 2, the midst.

Mefe, meve, to move. In A S. the letter f between two vowels was pronounced as our v.

Mekille, mickle, much.

Melle, to meddle.

Melle, 57, 320, to speak. A.S. mal. sermo.

Mene, to have in mind, to remember. M.G. man, *puto*, *cogito*.

Menee, 94, a household O. F. mesnie: see menye.

Mener, 117, q. handsome? Fr. menier? see Cotgrave.

Meng, 35, to mingle.

Mensk, 159, respect, honour, mensefulness.

Menske, 69, to do honour to.

Ment, 35, see mene.

Menye, 20, 62, Meneye, 62, 209, Meneȝe, ——— } a noun of multitude, having in general a relative signification according to the head to which it is annexed. Thus the meneye of a king is his court and retinue; of a general, his army; of Moses, the congregation of the Children of Israel; of our Saviour, his disciples and hearers. Sometimes it simply means an assembly or multitude. A.S. maniu or mænigu, the word used by Ælfric in his Heptateuch for the congregation of the children of Israel.

Mershalle, a farrier, a blacksmith. Its original meaning is one who attends to horses. Stevens explains marechal, both as *faber ferrarius*, and medecin des chevaux.

Mes, 145, the mass.

Mese, 175, to calm or allay.

Mesel, 14, 63, measled, afflicted with leprosy or scurvy: "mesel, *leprosus*, *elephanticus*." Stev.

Mesure, 251, perhaps mis-ure, unmercifulness.

Mett, 97, measured.

Mevid, 34, moved, see mefe.

Meyn, 10, to complain. (S).

Meyne, 103, the bass part in singing.

Meyt, 62, meet, fit.

Min, lesser. Germ. min. M.G. minnist, least.

Mis-saes, 230, what is mis-said, lies, &c.

Mo, 154, 176, more. A.S. má.

Mom, 59, 194, to mumble inarticulately.

Mompyns, 89? what we have begged. A beggar's bag is called a momping bag.

Mon, 40, must.

Mone, 124, the moon, he is here spoken of in the masculine, as in the A.S. and all the Gothic languages.

Montanse, 63, see unys.

More and min, the greaterand the less.

Morelle, 9, the name of an ox or horse "Moreau ou morel, *equus niger*." Stev.

Mot, 293, may. A.S.

Mow, 218, to make mouths.

Mowche, 320, to spy, to be an eavesdropper to.

Mowlle, 88, for Moll, Mary.

Mownt Flascon, 141, Fiascone, a town situate on a Mountain near Viterbo, in Italy.

Moyt, 179, to moot or discuss.

Muf nor mum, 59, see 194, and mom.

Muk, 21, manure. Y.D.

Myche, much.

Mychers, 216, 308, cheaters. "Myche, to cheat, artfully." Cr. Gl.

Mydylle erd, see medille.

Mydyng, 30, a dunghill. Y. D.

Mylne, 87, a mill.

Myn, 72, to have in mind, to remember. See mene.

Myn, see min.

Myrk, 167, dark, see mark.

Mysfare, 67, to go wrong.

Mysfowndyng, 288, 290, erroneous trial. See fownd.

Myster, 90, to need.

Mytyng, 96, a term of endearment.

N.

Napand, 320, grasping: "neapens, both hands full." Cr. Gl.

Nar, 37, nigher, nearer.

Nate, 217, to have occasion for. See noyte.

Nately, 102, 318, in order, neatly. See Cr. Gl.

Nawder, 12, neither. See nother.

Nawre, 108, 267, the negative of awro, never, applied to a portion of time.

Neemly, 105, nimbly (?) Connected with *niman*, to take, steal?

Neeveye, 27, descendants. See J.

Nefe, 201, the first. Y. D.

Negh, 6, to nigh, or approach.

Negons, 320, negh ones? Neighbours.

Neld, 11, a needle. Watson, Halifax, Gly. has neeld a needle, and the simile occurs in the ploughman's tale, 2720, Soche Willers Witte is not worth a nelde.

Nere hand, 197, almost, very nere.

Nese, 111, 152, nose: hence nesse, a promontory, as Holdernesse, &c.
Nesh, 113, tender.
Neven, 20, 58, to name, speak. Isl. nefne.
Never the wheder, 78, never the less.
Neverwhere, nowhere, 68.
Newes, 46, renews.
Nicholle Needy, 30.
Nightertaylle, 188, the night time, that which is reckoned night; see taylle.
No-kyns, no kind of, no sort of.
Nold, 254, ne wold, A. S. would not.
Nonys, 112, called in Shakespeare, &c. the nonce. Can it be a substantive formed by adding the termination *nys* or *ness* to now, nowness or nonce?
Nores, 111, } a norice or nurse.
Noryshe, 219, }
Nose, 8, a noise.
Nother, 8, neither.
Novels, 33, news.
Nowche, 325, a brooch or clasp.
Noy, 34, annoyed, hurt. 297, &c., to annoy.
Noye, 64, 136, annoyance, hurt.
Noyning, 234, a noon-nap or siesta: in noying-at noon?
Noyte, note 58, business, occupation, or office.
Nycholas Sant, 101, the patron of Thieves: "guetteur de chemins, one of St. Nicholas Clerkes." Cotgr.
Nyfyls, 313, trifles.
Nyk me not with nay, 267, occurs in Gawan and Gologras, i. 9. Yone berne nykis you with nay. J. Isl. nika, negare Germ. nichs, no.
Nylle, 89, ne wille, I will not.
Nyse, 237, stupid, foolish.

O.

Obeyng, 124, obedient.
Oder, 319, other.
Of your knees, 141, on your knees, Y. D.
Oft-sithes, 317, } oft-times. A. S.
Of-sythes, 275, }
Oght, 62, aught, anything.
Oker, 162, usury.
Omys, 227, amiss.
On frequently occurs where modern English has *a*, as on loft, aloft; see see also, worth.
On held, 154, bowed down. Doug. Virg. has *on heild*, 427, 41.
Onethes, scarcely, with difficulty; see ethe.
Onone, 130, at once, immediately, anon.
Onys, 25, 35, once.
Oone, by thare, 156, of themselves.
Oone feste, 199, firmly?
Oost, 173, oyse, an inlet of the sea? Or hostia, a sacrifice?
Oostre, 28, a hostelry or inn. It seems to be a different word from Astire or Aistre.
Oppose, 193, 195, for appose, to question or examine.
Or, before; or none, before noon.
Ore, 295, the same as are.
Othere, seems to be sometimes used as the plural of other, as in A. S.
Other-gates, 10, otherwise.
Oure, 159, over. Y. D.
Out-horne, 193, 321, an out-law. This epithet is borrowed from the Scottish forms of law, as wolf-head is from the English. See J. *sub voce* Horn, "to put to the horn, to denounce as a rebel;" and "Hornare, an outlaw." Suppl.
Out-laghe, 49, an out-law.
Out-rydars, 172, 203.
Out of har, 197, out of hinge, out of order. Used in Doug, Virg.
Over set, 197, to be more than a match for a person.
Overthwart, 85, transversly.
Ow, 38, *incumbit mihi*, the present tense used in that sense in which we now employ the imperfect ought; see awe.

P.

Paddokes, 325, toads. Brockett explains it "a frog; never applied to a toad." He is refuted by the old proverbial saying, "thou glores like a paddock," thou starest like a toad. Any one that has looked a frog and a toad full in the face for a few moments will be at no loss to decide which it is that glores.
Pall (292) properly means rich cloth of silk: it is here used to signify some coarser description.
Partryk, 90, a partridge.
Pask, 179, *pascha*, the paschal lamb.
Paustè, 35, power, dominion. N. F. Poeste, from potestas.
Pay, 64, to please: well paid, pleased; ill payed, displeased.
Payn them (67) refers to the threat used in legal precepts "under pain

of our displeasure," or "of forfeiting so much money." The writ of subpœna is named from its "payning" the person who disregards it in a penalty of £100.

Peasse, 17, to make quiet.

Pent, 205, pended or appended. See appentys

Perfettes, 36, profits?

Pertly, 177, for apertly, openly.

Pervay, 75, 173, privy.

Pervyce, 200, a portico before a church. The *peryse* of St. *Pawies* in London, is well known as the resort of the Lawyers after dinner. The writer perhaps intended it in this place for the judgment hall of Pilate.

Pes, 152, pays.

Pestelle, 89, the leg of a pig, with the shank on it.

Peter, 29, by St. Peter! as, Marry!

Peyre, 306, peer.

Pight, 225, strength, pith.

Pik, 23, pitch, Y. D.

Pike-harnes, 9; see pyke and harnes.

Plete, 89, 294, to plead.

Pleyn, 188, to complain.

Plom, 33, perpendicular.

Ployde, 9, ploughed.

Plyght, 74, 271, signifies, I, an obligation; II. the penalty on the breach of it. J.

Po, 99, a peacock.

Pope, mentioned, 146.

Pose, 95, the disease commonly called a cold, a catarrh.

Pransawte, 319, prancing?

"Prase at partyng," used 320.

Preasse, 55, a press or crowd.

Prefe, 61, prove, (as mefe).

Prent, 199, to imprint, to mark in, indent.

Present, 61, presence.

Pressyce, 47, precious?

Prest, 184, ready.

Preve; see prefe.

Prophes, 228, prophecies.

Prow, 11, profit.

Prufe, 32, to prove.

Pyke, 292, to steal: "picking and stealing."

Pynd, 28, 40, put to pyne or pain.

Pynde, 313, pinned.

Pyne, 31, *pœna*, pain.

Pystylle, 100, 145, I. an epistle; II. any religious narration.

Q.

Quantyse, 56, 205, cunning.

Quarte, in, 16, 37, 46, of, 81, in good spirits, hearty.

Queme, 2, 303, pleasure, that which is agreeable. See wheme.

Quest mangers, (172) occurs in Chaucer, and is explained by Mr. Tyrrwhitt to mean "packers of inquests or juries."

Quest-gangers, 203, probably those who go to form part of a packed jury.

Quetstone, 192, whetstone; lying for the whetstone is a well-known gibe.

Queyd, 68, bad. The Queed is used by P. Ploughman for the Devil, as ὁ Πονηρὸς in the N. T.

Qwart, 45, 50. See quart.

Qweasse, 111, whese, 152, to wheeze or breath with difficulty.

Qweyn, 70, a female, still used disgracefully.

Qwite, 9, 15, 25, to requite, A. S.; witan: hence, blood-wite; white-rents, or quit-rents; eft-white, to restore.

R.

Rad, afraid; radly, the adverb formed from it.

Radly, 65, quickly.

Rafe, 18, raves.

Ragman, roll of, 311. On comparing various passages in which this word appears, the compiler is led to think it was generally used to signify any authentic catalogue or list, drawn up *secundum regimen*.

Rake, on a, 141, at a swift pace.

Rake, 167, to go, or travel.

Rakyd, 105. See for-rakyd.

Ram-skyt, 25, as skittish as a ram?

Ramyd, 98, over-reached? Brockett has "rame, raim, rawm, to reach any thing awkwardly or greedily, to stretch after."

Rathly, 226, quickly, readily.

Raw, 100, a row, especially the alphabet.

Rayd, 173, arrayed, set in order.

Recolde, 92, recollect.

Rede, to advise, to counsel.

Rede, advice, counsel.

Rede, 113, ready.

Redless, 225, devoid of counsel.

Reepe, 13, "a bundle of corn, parcels

of which are laid by the reapers to be gathered into sheaves by the binders." Br.

Refe, 201, to bereave.

Reffys; see renderars.

Rehett, 143, 198, to threaten.

Reke, 4, to reck or care.

Rekyls, 125, incense. A. S. recels, derived from réc, reek or smoke.

Releasse, 17, Cain's *garcio* is apparently a *villanus* or serf; and the releasse, a manumission, which Cain immediately pronounces.

Reme, realm.

Remeve, or remeue, 62, to remove.

Ren, 49, 52, to run.

Renc, 141, a man, especially a strong man. A. S. rinc.

Renabylle, 193, reasonable? (see J.)

Renderars of reffys, 308, probably means those who undertake to restore stolen goods for a reward, as is practised now a days with Bankers' parcels, &c.

Renys, 29, rains.

Reprefe, v. reprove, s. reproof.

Rerd, 22, 26, a voice, noise.

Res, on a res, with violence.

Restorete, 90, a restorative.

Reve, 50, to bereave.

Reve, 197, to rove away or escape.

Rew, I. (54) to have compassion on; II. to repent.

Rewylle, 185, a tumult. "What a Reul's here?" Thoresby's Gl.

Reyfe; see reve.

Reylle, 27, a reel.

Reylle, 91, to circulate? 105, to ramble about.

Rightwys, righteous, A. S.

Ro, 26, 222, rest, Germ. *ruhe* O. G. rawa.

Rofe, 257, the past tense of rive, to tear.

Rok, 28, a distaff, Y. D.

Rollar; see court.

Ron, 56, run.

Rose, 10, to praise, and see ruse.

Rowne, 68, 235, I. to counsel or consult; II. to whisper: the first or primitive sense is that in which it is used in this work. It is allied to the M. G. runa, *consilium*, and on comparing the two copies of Layamon it will be found that where the old MS has *rune*, the later has *rouning*.

Rowners, 313; see the verb above; whisperers.

Royse, 3, praise; see rose.

Rud, the rood or cross.

Rud, the red parts of the complexion; see Lyre.

Rug, 207, to pull roughly.

Rugh, rough.

Runk, 68, runkers, 313, probably the same word as rowkars in Abp. Hamilton's Catechism, 1551, fol. 71, 'a rowkar and rownar' *** 'a man or woman, that is ane rowkar and doubil tungit.' Germ. runzen, mussitare.

Ruse, 191, to praise.

Ryalle, 141, royal.

Ryffen, 11, riven, torn.

Ryke, 86, a kingdom, A. S. ríce.

Ryn, 41, to run.

Rype, 112, to search or examine.

Ryst, 56, rest, peace?

Ryst, 122, rest.

Rytt, 167, ryot?

S.

Sadly, 173, gravely, earnestly.

Saghe, 49, a saw or saying.

Saghe, imp. of to see.

Sakles, 209, blameless, innocent.

Sam, 18, 27, &c., together, M. G., saman, simul, una.

Samyne, 94, the same.

Sangre, 95, singing.

Sant, saint.

Saulis, 10, souls.

Sawgeoure, 310, a soldier.

Sayes, 47, saws, sayings.

Saylle, 238, a hall.

Sayn, 4, the plural of say; Germ. sagen.

Sayne, 37, 47, *sanare*, to heal; 199, to make safe, to protect.

Saynt, 103, sayn it (?) see sayn.

Scape-thryft, 17, a thriftless fellow.

Scathe, 46, injury.

Scry, 149, to shriek (?)

Seasse, 5, to set.

Secturs, 326, executors.

See, *vide* look.

See, for saw, the imp. of to see.

Sek, 88, a sack: sek-band, the string tied round the mouth.

Sekyr, sure, certain.

Selcouth, extraordinary, from A. S. *seld*, seldom, and *cuth*, known.

Self, is frequently used adjectively, as 'the self body and the same,' 283.

Sely, simple.

Sen, since.

Sere, seyre, 7, 33, 47, various, different

"several" (Thoresby). Ascham uses the word in this sense; "for every bow a sere case."

Seven, 85, 97, 118, to set things in, to put them in order; and see 143.

Sew, to follow; hence, ensue.

Seylle, 28, 163, happiness: it is probably the root from which the A. S. *sælig*, happy, is formed.

Seymland, 25, dissembling.

Share, 188, imp. of shear, to cut off.

Shekyls, 99, ague or trembling.

Shene, 122, bright.

Shent, 6, 39, the past participle of to sheynd, which see.

Sheth, 173, "a portion of a field." Brockett. A. S. sceadan, to divide.

Shewed, 49, eschewed, avoided.

Sheynd, 64, to ruin, to destroy, to put to shame.

Sho, 104, she.

Shog, 221, to shake from side to side.

Shone, 29, the plural of shoe.

Shontt, 305, to sconce or ward off (?)

Shope, 12, shaped, created: it is the word used to express the creation in the A. S. scriptures, &c.

Shrew, to curse.

Shrew, a cursed fellow.

Shrife, 326, to call to confession, to bring to account.

Shryfe, 283, to perform the ceremony of confession.

Shryke, 26, to shriek.

Shyre, 15, altogether, entirely. A. S. scyre: *hodie*, sheer, as sheer nonsense.

Side, 311, 312, wide, large.

Sithe, 282, way, journey, it also means a time, *punctum temporis*.

Sithen, 10, afterwards.

Sitt, 4, sighing, (rather sorrow; see J. in v. *site*. S).

Skake, 59, a mistake of the copyist for skape (?) see the next word.

Skap, 199, escape.

Skarth, 88, a sherd, or broken piece.

Skaunce, 17, 199, a deceitful jest (?)

Skawd, 114, a scold.

Skawte, 319.

Skaylle, 90, a goblet; the very word applied by the Lombard Alboin to a cup made of the skull of a fallen enemy. See Paulus Diac. lib. I. c. 27. Germ. schale, patera, poculum.

Skelp, 95, (v. 210) a slap or blow with a flat instrument.

Skete, 54, quickly, hastily. Icelandic, skjott. Old Danish, skjöt.

Skille, reason.

Skorne, 61, to ask jeeringly.

Skraw, 229, a scroll.

Slape, 17, slippery.

Slewthe, 314, sloth.

Sleyght, 173, a trick or contrivance.

Slo, 16, 36, &c. to slay, sloer, 50, slayer. slone, 84, slain.

Slokyn, 117, to slake or quench.

Slose, 116, sloth (?) the old Northumbrian changes th into s, as before observed.

Slyght. See sleyght.

Slyke, 26, 59, 281, such like. M. G. *swaleiks*. It has been confounded with swylk; but slyke is a compound of *swa* and *lic*, (A. S), swylk of *swa* and *ilc*.

Smeke, 14, smoke.

Snek, 107, the latch of a door.

Snoke-horne, 68, a sneaking fellow.

Socaure, 26, succour.

Soferand, 55, sovereign.

Soghe, 91, a sow.

Sole, 30, a dwelling, hall.

Sond, whatever is sent, either the messenger, or the message.

Sone and skete, 54, soon and quickly.

Sotelle, subtil.

Sothe, truth: sothefastness, 51, unquestionable truth.

Sothen, 89, past participle of seeth, to boil; hence sodden.

Sow, 92, 198, to emit a murmuring sound.

Sowch, 319, the same as sow.

Sowe, 59, 61, to ensue or follow.

Sowlle, 87, food, (S)

Sowre loten, 100 193, sour leaven is derived from 'leaving' the piece of dough to ferment, loten means the same, and is the past participle of A. S. lætan, to leave.

Soyn, soon.

Spar, 23, to shut out. A. S. spærran.

Spart, 91, 311, spare it.

Spell, 94, 141, to relate or declare.

Spence, 210, what is spent or to be spent.

Spill, to destroy.

Spitus, 31, spitefull.

Sponys, 90, spoons.

Spra, 130, to spring. Germ. spreissen, nasci.

Sprote, 14, sprout.

Spyr, to ask, to enquire.
Stad, 236, past particip. of stead, to place.
Stag, 311, a horse one year old.
Stalle, 16, 29, a place.
Stalled, 195, placed, fixed in a place. See stold.
Stang, 190, to sting.
Stanys, 9, stones.
Stark, 154, stiff.
Starne, a star. Isl. stiarna. M. G. stairnons, *stellæ*.
Sted, 6, to place oneself, to stop.
Stede, a place.
Steghe, 46, a ladder, or stee. A. S. stigan, to climb, to ascend.
Stere-tree, 31, the rudder; or it may perhaps mean the tiller by which the rudder is turned.
Steven, a voice. A. S. stefn: at set stevyn, 284, at the appointed time.
Stevynd, 286, 302, 304, to ascend; from steghe, a ladder, and weynd, to go.
Steyen, 185, to ascend. A. S. stigan.
Stold, 33; see stalled. Germ. stellen.
Stott, 9, the name of an ox.
Stott, 112, a young bull.
Stound, a short space of time. Old Danish, stwndh.
Stowke, 313, is twelve sheaves of corn piled up, *secundum artem*.
Stownd, 260, an acute pain.
Stowre, 131, trouble, vexation: a perilous situation.
Strenkylled, 283, sprinkled.
Strete, 16, 45, a highway; the Roman road to Boroughbridge is always called the high street, or the street.
Strewed, 180, strewed with rushes after the old English fashion, still kept up (if not lately discontinued) in the dining room of the Trinity House at Hull.
Strewyd, 53, destroyed.
Strutt, 49, stubbornness, obstinacy; "strowtingly or astrut, Turgide." Promp. Parv.
Stry, thou old, 148, q. from the L. B. stria, striga; O. Fr. estrie; Ital. strega, a witch. ? (S.)
Sty, 16, a narrow lane. A. S. stiga. "Bridle sty, a private way for horses, but not for carriages." Watson's Hal. Gl. It occurs in Sir Tristrem, p. 151 (and is dubiously explained by J.) another proof that the poem is not Scottish, but Northumbrian.
Sty, 300, to ascend.
Stynt, to stop.
Styrt, 239, stir it, move it.
Stythe, 47, firm, stable.
Sudary, a napkin, or the face cloth of a corpse.
Sufferan, 5, 118, sovereign.
Surry, 141, Syria.
Suspowse, 113, suspicion.
Swap, 206, a blow.
Swayne, 52, a servant.
Swelt, 197, to die. Y. D.
Swepe, 227, a whip. Dan. svipa. *flagellum*.
Swete, 25, to sweat.
Swevyn, 329, a dream.
Swogh, 136, a trance, or swoon.
Swoghe, 188, the rushing sound of the waves.
Swongen, 227, past particip. of swinge, to beat.
Swylke, 292, such, respecting its derivation see slyke.
Swynk, 25, to toil, to work laboriously.
Swyme, 8, same as swevyn.
Swythe, quick.
Syb, 162, kinsman.
Sybre, Sir, 194.
Symnelle, 243, a fine kind of bread, probably biscuit; perhaps the phrase may mean, his hips are too hot to bake biscuits, which require a slow oven.
Syne, 89, afterwards.
Syn, 12,
Synthen, 161, } since.
Syryn, 68, Cyrenius.
Sythen, 53, afterwards.

T.

Take upon, 79, 80, to suspect (?)
Talent, 69, desire, inclination. O. F.
Tase, 124, takes; as mase for makes.
Tast, try, touch.
Tatyrd as a foylle, 4, tattered as a foal. A wayward Yorkshire lad, who afterwards acquired some notoriety in the world, used to reply, when rebuked for his rags and slovenly habits, "There's nae telling what a tattered foal and a ragged lad will come to."
Taylle, 50, tale or number; 177, account.
Ten, 7, tenth.
Ten, 8, teeth.
Tenderly, 140, attentively.
Teut, 32, tenth.

Tent, 27, 58, to take heed to.
Tethde, 25, full of tempers, ill tempered.
Teyn, 23, to afflict or provoke. A. S. tynan.
Teyn, 34, grief.
Teynd, 4. the tenth, tythe.
Than. See then.
Thar, to need: the 3rd person sing. is frequently used impersonally.
Tharmes, 108, guts, derived from thearm. A. S. *intestinum, ile*; thearmas, *intestina, item, fibræ*. (Lye).
Tharnys, 103, (?) me tharnys, used impersonally.
Tharne, 126, to lack, to need, to want.
Thaym, 17, thayr, the objective and possessive cases of thay, they.
The, to thrive: so may I the, so may I prosper.
The, thee.
Thee, 47, the thigh. Y. D.
Then, is used as a disjunctive conjunction instead of nor in several passages, as p. 50, (l. 3 from bottom) 52, (l. 5) 267, 286. It is the A. S. *the ne*, combined into one word.
Thertylle, thereto.
Thew, 12, service; 49, power, strength.
Tho, 315, the oblique case plural of that.
Thole, to suffer.
Thoner-flone, 92, a thunder-bolt. A. S. flán.
Thore, there.
Thrafe, 12, a thrave is 24 sheaves.
Thrall, 18, a bond-man.
Thraw, 181, a short space of time,
Threpe, 241, to aver with continued pertinacity.
Threyn, 291, the oblique case of three.
Thro, 128, earnest, eager.
Throle, 242, earnestly, eagerly.
Thrughe, 290, a flat grave stone.
Thrylle, 209, to pierce through.
Thryng, 145, 193, to squeeze or press; p. t. throng, 95; the substantive throng, a squeezing crowd, is derived from it.
Thurt, 251, 317, the imp. of the verb thar, which see.
Thusgates, 295, in this way, in this wise.
Thwang, 103, a word used by Mak, in in his affected Southern English. Old Germ. gi-thuing, *coactio*.
Thyse, the plural of this, these.
Til, see to.
To and til, as well as fro, are used indiscriminately with reference both to time and place; as, 'to we be,' until we be.
Todedir, 236, read togedir.
Tome, 113, empty.
To-morne, 276, to-morrow.
Ton, 124, ta'en, taken.
Tornamentes, 252, Torments (?)
Toute, 9, the fundament.
To-year, 230, this year, formed like to-day.
Trane, 79, 137, 193, artifice, contrivance.
Trant, 145.
Trast, 36, trusty, 58, to trust.
Trattys, 150, chatter? (Is it not rather the common word "trott," an old woman? S).
Traw, 50, true.
Trawe, 21, to trow.
Tray, 34, trouble.
Trayed, 273, betrayed.
Trete, on, 308, in an entreating manner: see J. "to treit." Atrete, tractim, Promp. Parv.
Tristur, 310, the place allotted to a person in hunting.
Trone, a throne.
Trowage, 70, tribute (?) Wyntown has trewage. and Brunne treuage in the same sense. O. F. treuage, a toll, custom, tax, or imposition, Cotgr. But in Robt. of Gloucester, it appears to mean *fealty or allegiance*. Kyng Wyllam adauntede that folc of Walys, and made hem bere hym truage, and byhote hym, and hys.
Trus, 28, to pack, also to go.
Trussell, 12, a pack or bundle.
Twhart, see *over*.
Twyfyls, 313, two-folds.
Twyk, 220, to twich, or pull hastily.
Twyn, 1, 15, 49, to divide or separate: it also signifies sometimes to part oneself from, or depart from.
Tyde, 140, an hour, a time, a portion of time.
Tydely, 27, neatly.
Tyne, 31, (one syllable) to lose.
Tyné, 96, 118, (two syllables) tiny, very small.
Tynt, 4, past. part. of tyne.
Tyr, 86.
Tyre, 126, to play the tyrant (?) A term adopted from hawking (?) cf. 143, (S.)

Tyre, 143, to tear.
Tyte, 9, 40, quick, swift. Hence the old Yorkshire adage alluding, to two Waggoners ascending a hill, 'T' tytter up, help t'other up.'
As tyte, *quam citius*, as soon as possible.
Tythand. 47, 8, tidings.

U.

Umbithynke, 4. } to deliberate or
Umthynke, 251, 327, } revolve a thing in one's mind. A.S. ymbe. (Germ. um) circa, and think.
Umshade, 75, to shadow, round about.
Unbayn, 242, unaccommodating.
Unbychid, 242. See bychyd.
Uncessantly, 23, incessantly.
Unceyll, 84, unhappiness.
Unconand, 172, unwise, ignorant.
Uncouth, 62, A.S. uncuth, unknown.
Under-lowte, 185, subjects.
Understande, 267, to undertake or promise (?)
Ungayn, at, 16, inconveniently.
Unglad, 20, deprived of gladness.
Ungrathly, 79, 272, improperly, unbecomingly.
Unhonest, 57, dishonourable.
Unnes, 325, the Northumbrian dialect for unethe, scarcely, *vix*.
Unpeasse, 5, the absence of peace.
Unquart, 82, to cast into bad spirits. See quart.
Unrad, 238, bold, imprudent. See rad.
Unrid, 21, 84, cruel, severe.
Unceylle, 84, unhappiness. See seylle.
Unsoght, 22, disturbed, disordered. J. (foul, unsweet (?) Old Germ. unsues is applied to the Devil, S.) The most probable etymon is un-sighed-for, unlamented.
Untew, 33, unto.
Unthankys, 12, from un (privative) and thank.
Unweld, 77, unable to wield oneself, not active, 154.
Unwynly, 176, unpleasingly.
Unys in montanse, 63, probably a mistake in the original copyist for nuys, ewes. (Sic MS.)
Up-so-down, 243, topsy turvy.
Upstevynynng, 297, ascending, from up, and stevynd, which see.
Ure, experience, 99.

V.

Vaylle, 203, a reward.
Venyance, 59, vengeance.
Verament, verily, truly. O. F.
Veray, true. O. F.
Veryose, 90, verjuice.
Visyon, the land of, 36. Terra Visionis in the Vulgate, the land of Moriah in our translation.
Vokett, 305, an advocate. Low Dutch Vogt.
Vowgard, 320.
Vyage, 268, a journey.

W.

Wafys, 152, vagabonds.
Waght, in, 238, in pledge, in gage or wage.
Walk-mylne, 313, a fulling mill.
Waloway, an exclamation of grief. A.S. Wæ-la-wæ.
Wan, 57, went; from win, to go.
Wandreth, 21, 137, peril, misfortune.
Wanhope, hopelessness: wan is used both in M. G. and various other Gothic dialects to denote want or defect.
Wap, 186, to wrap.
War, 36, 41, beware! take care!
War, worse.
Warand, to warrant, to guarantee.
Wardan, 283, existing, the present participle of weorthan, to be, or become. *Germ. warden*, (while thou *hast* the *care* of it? S.)
Warison, 67, 71, 126, a reward, or recompense.
Wark, 27, to ache. Y. D. Vide Chaucer, Reeve's Tale, 4,028, in John's speech.
Warle, 19, the world.
Warlow, 60, 116, 118, a warlock or wizard.
War-oute, 8, 319, a term used in driving.
Warry, 5, } to curse. The word
Wary, 25, 43, } is used by Ælfric in translating Gen. xxvii. 29, corresponding to the passage at p. 43.
Wars, worse.
Warte, 311, wear it, spend it. Y. D.
Wat, 8, a wight, a man.
Wate, 71, wote, knew.
Wate, 317, wet.
Wate, 298, to pursue; third person plural, waten.
Wathe, 33, game or prey of any kind taken in hunting, fishing, &c.
Watlyn Strete, 308. The *via lactea*, or

milky way. In the "Traitie of Orpheus," Edin. 1508, he is presenteed as going to heaven "by Wadlyng Strete" to seek his wife. It is also mentioned among other constellations in Doug. Virg. 85, 43.

Wat-wink, 30.

Wave, 192, to wander or stray.

Wawghes, 31, waves.

Wax, on thy, 311, of thy growth.

We! an interjection used at the commencement of sentences without any determinate meaning. See Cr. Gl. sub voce Wa!

Wed, 281, a pledge.

Wede, 136, to become mad.

Weld, to wield, to govern. A. S.

Welk, 289, imp. of walk.

Wele-wo. See waloway.

Welland, 63, boiling, *æstuans*, *fervens*. A. S. weallan, *fervere*.

Welle, 144, very; welle wars, far worse.

Welner, 108, well-nigh, almost.

Wem, 73, a blemish.

Wemles, 184, immaculate, unspotted.

Wemo! 12, 48, 277, an exclamation demanding attention. Wemay! 11, the same.

Wend, 38, imp. of ween, to think or suppose.

Went, 35, the past participle of weynd, to go. We still use the imperfect tense, I went, for I yode, the real imperfect of I go.

Wenyand in the, 15, 109, 257, an allusion to the belief that actions undertaken in the wane of the moon would be unsuccessful. Cf. Cæs. Bel. Gall. 1. 50. Tac. Mor. Germ. xi. (S).

Were, 58, 137, to defend. A. S. werian.

Were, 35, doubt, uncertainty, Sax.; 218, guerre, war, confusion.

Weshen, 209, washed.

Wex, waxed; grew.

Wey, 172, a man, properly a warrior. A. S. wiga.

Weyn, 57, 122, doubt.

Weynd, to go; imp. went; past part. went.

Whake, 53, to quake; (hodie, whakers.)

Whannow, 286, what now?

Whartfulle, 45. See quart.

What, used adverbially, as, what they slepe hard! (105) how hard they they sleep! 79, 80.

Whaynt, quaint, cunning.

Wheme to, 50, 53, in a pleasing, acceptable manner. See queme.

Whik, 113, quick, living.

White, 106. See eft, and quite.

White-horne, 9, name of an ox.

Whore, 109, where.

Will, "lost in error, uncertain how to proceed." J.

Will of rede, devoid of counsel, bewildered in judgment.

Wode, 31. See wood.

Woghe, 34, wo.

Wold. See weld.

Wold, 49, dominion.

Woldes. See inwytt.

Wolf-heade, 193, 321, an outlaw. "Utlagus lupinum gerit caput, quod Anglicè *Woolfeshead* dicitur." See Co. Litt. 128, b. where are several other extracts from ancient writers to the same effect.

Won, 39, wont.

Won, 3, to dwell. A. S. wunian.

Wonden, 232, wrapped in a *winding* sheet.

Wone, pl. wonys, a dwelling place; from won.

Wone, 10, possession, from A. S. winnan, to gain, to win.

Wood, mad. A. S.

Worne, 151, expended. See warte.

Worthe, 226, 263, to become; what shall worth on me? what shall become of me?

Woteys, 49, know ye; the Northumbrian imperative plural.

Woth, 31, perverseness.

Wo worth, 131, woe befall him!

Wragers, 85, 308, wranglers (Collier.)

Wrake, 23, revenge.

Wrangwosly, wrongfully.

Wrast, 58, 178, wrest.

Wrathe, 273, for raith, quickly.

Wreears. See wryers.

Wrightry, 26, the business of a wright or carpenter.

Wrokyn, 42, past participle of wrake, to revenge.

Wryers, 85, 308, perverters? betrayers?

Wyghtly, 150, quickly, actively.

Wyk, 197, wicked.

Wyn, 5, joy, pleasure; 22, 40, profit? possessions? (S.)

Wyn, to enjoy, to gain.

Wyn away, 287, to go away.

Wyoman, 103, put into Mak's mouth

as the Southern English for yeoman.

Wys, 50
Wyse, 69 } to direct or instruct.
Wysh, 71

Wytterly, 50, correctly, according to good information. Old Swedish witerlikt: it is also the same in the old Danish.

Y.

Yare, 37, 68, apt, ready.
Yates, gates.
Yede, yode, the imp. of to go or gang.
Yei, 11, yea, yes.
Yei ditizance dontance, 144, j'ai dite sans doutance.
Yelp, boasting.
Yeme, 197, 283, 303. See yheme.
Yerde, 77, a wand.
Yere time, 12, ear-time, ploughing time. A. S. erian, to plough.
Yheme, 50, *servare*, to observe or keep.
Ying, young. Where it is spelt with an o, the rhyme frequently requires it to be pronounced ying.
Yl-a-haille See ill.
Yngland, 107, a punning allusion to the ingle or fire (?).
Yode. See yede.
Yowthede, 73, youth.
Yoylle, 199, yule, Christmas.
Yrk, 167, obstinate.

*** Dele the interpretation of *Mompyns* above. If the word is used with reference to the sheep, they are probably so called from their mumping way of eating; but may not "foder our mompyns" be a sort of slang mode of expression for eating in general?

NEWCASTLE: PRINTED AT THE SURTEES PRESS,
BY J. BLACKWELL AND CO.

RULES, &c.,

OF

THE SURTEES SOCIETY,

ESTABLISHED IN 1834,

In honour of the late Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, Esquire, the Author of the History of the County Palatine of Durham, and in accordance with his pursuits and plans; having for its object the Publication of inedited Manuscripts, illustrative of the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the social condition of those parts of England and Scotland, included on the East between the Humber and the Frith of Forth, and on the West between the Mersey and the Clyde, a region which constituted the Ancient Kingdom of Northumberland.

THE SURTEES SOCIETY

I. Shall consist of an unlimited number of Members, out of whom shall be triennially elected a President, twelve Vice-Presidents,* two Treasurers, and a Secretary,† who shall constitute the Council. Of this number five, including the Secretary and one of the Treasurers, shall be capable of acting as a meeting. The President shall be ineligible a second time until three years shall have elapsed from his departure from the office. The other Members of the Council shall be capable of being re-elected.

II. The Officers of the Society shall be elected at each Third Annual Meeting. Any vacancy which may occur in the Offices of Treasurer or Secretary shall be provisionally filled up by the Council.

III. Those gentlemen who have assented, or do now assent, to the general principle of its proposed Rules and Regulations, and have signified their wish to become Members, shall be deemed original Members of the Society. In the case of persons applied to previously to the 27th of May, by Mr. Raine, at the request of the preliminary Meeting of the 17th of April, and from whom no answer has been received, the list shall be left open till the first of July next.

IV. Subsequent Members shall be elected by Ballot at the Anniversary; each

* The number of Vice-Presidents was increased to twenty-four at the Anniversary in 1836.

† An Under-Secretary was added at the Anniversary in 1836.

Candidate having been proposed by a member, in a letter, post-paid, addressed to the Secretary, two months before the day of meeting. The Members present at the Anniversary shall alone be entitled to vote. One black ball in ten shall exclude.

V. Each Member shall pay to the Treasurers an Annual Subscription of two guineas in advance The sum so raised shall be expended in transcribing and publishing, in a closely-printed octavo form, such inedited Manuscripts as illustrate the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the social condition of those parts of England and Scotland, included within the above lines of demarcation, from the earliest period to the time of the Restoration,—every thing, in short, which has a tendency to throw light upon the mind, the morals, or the habits of our ancestors. No apartments shall be hired, except for the Annual Meeting. No collection of Books or of any other nature shall be formed. The Subscriptions, and the money arising from the sale of Books under a subsequent Rule, shall be solely devoted to the transcribing of MSS., the expenses of the press, and other incidental expenses.

VI. The Council shall itself supply matter for the press for the first year. Afterwards it shall annually call upon twenty members, in alphabetical order, for notices of MSS. which they who are applied to would recommend to be printed. These notices shall be sent to the Secretary within a prescribed time, accompanied by the Manuscript itself, or an analysis of its contents. But in no instance shall any Member be applied to by the Council a second time until each Member shall have had an opportunity of recommending a MS. or of waiving his turn.

VII. No MS. shall be sent to the press by the Council, without the sanction of a majority of the Members. In order to obtain this sanction, the Council shall, by their Secretary, transmit to each Member, upon a single sheet, a condensed printed account of the various analyses which have been submitted for consideration. This sheet each Member shall return to the Secretary, with a mark in the margin opposite to those MSS. of which he approves the publication. The Council may, if it think fit, point out, as a matter of opinion, such in particular as it approves. The votes of Members, who return no answer, shall be at the disposal of the Council. When there is a deficiency of matter in any year, that deficiency shall be supplied by the Council.

VIII. The expense of transcribing for the press every MS. of which the publication is determined upon, under the above rules, shall be defrayed by the Society, if the Member by whom it is proposed should require it.

IX. No matter shall be printed in connection with any MS. save what is necessary for its illustration. A short biographical account of its Author, and brief Notes illustrative of his phraseology, and of the customs and manners and opinions of his time, will be permitted to a reasonable extent, with the modern names of the places which he mentions, and occasional notices of persons who occur in his writings. The Council shall have a discretionary power of rejecting any additions of the contributor which do not, in their opinion, come within these limitations.

X. The number of copies of each publication shall be regulated by the Council. Of these one shall be given to each Member, whose subscription is not in arrear. The rest, of which the Council shall in each case determine the number, shall be sold at the price it shall appoint. The money raised by sale to go to the general fund.

XI. The Armorial Bearings of Mr. Surtees, and some other characteristic decoration connecting the Society with his name, shall be used in each publication. These embellishments shall be determined upon by the Council.

XII. The selection of a Printer and Publisher shall be left to the Council.

XIII. A List of Officers and Members, with an account of the receipts, expenses, and general proceedings of the Society, shall be annually printed, of an uniform size with its publications, and transmitted to each Member.

XIV. An Anniversary shall be held in Durham, on the second Tuesday in July, in each year,* for the regulation of the affairs of the Society. The first Anniversary to be held on the second Tuesday in July, 1835. The Council shall have the power of calling extraordinary Meetings.

XV. The Society shall be answerable for no expenses which may be incurred at the Anniversary Meetings, save the hire of a Room for the transaction of its business.

XVI. No alterations shall be made in these rules, except at an Anniversary Meeting. Three months' notice of the alterations proposed shall be submitted to each Member.

* The Anniversary was, in 1835, removed to the *fourth Thursday in September.*

OFFICERS

OF THE

SURTEES SOCIETY,

TILL THE ANNIVERSARY IN 1837.

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The Earl of Darlington, M.P.

* The twelve Vice-Presidents so marked were added to the list in 1836, after due notice.

† Appointed at the Anniversary in 1836.

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John Fenwick, Esq., *Newcastle.*
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MEMBERS ELECTED AT THE ANNIVERSARY, 12TH JULY, 1836.

John Harrison Aylmer, Esq., *Walworth Castle.*
Mr. Lewis Baker, *London.*
Frederick Beltz, Esq., *Lancaster Herald, College of Arms.*
Sir Ralph Bigland, Knight, *Garter King at Arms.*
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THE

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

SURTEES SOCIETY,

READ AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY, HELD AT THE WATERLOO HOTEL, DURHAM, JULY 12, 1836,

The Rev. SAMUEL GAMLEN, M.A., Vice-President, in the Chair.

ORDERED TO BE PRINTED.

The Second Anniversary of the Surtees Society has arrived, and the Council contents itself with referring to the number, and character, and respectability of the persons who are this day candidates for admission into its list of members for a proof of the flourishing state of the Institution.

The two Publications which are this day laid before the Members of the Society will speak for themselves. The prefatorial remarks prefixed to them will detail their nature and the circumstances which have led to their publication, in accordance with the plans and objects of the Society, and the Council feels confident that they will be acceptable, not only to the Members of the Society, but to the public at large.

In determining upon the publication of these two volumes in particular, the Council was guided by the number of votes which, according to the VIIth Rule, they respectively received. Of the seven subjects proposed, the Wills gained a majority. The Towneley Mysteries ranked next in number of votes, and after them the Vita Oswini and the Monastic Catalogues. The Vita Oswini is already printed, according to an order of the Council, but as it extends to only sixty pages,

it has been deemed expedient to defer its publication until matter be obtained for a Miscellaneous Volume of similar pieces of biography. The MONASTIC CATALOGUES were also ordered to be printed, under the editorial superintendence of Beriah Botfield, Esq., by whom they were recommended to the notice of the Council, and they are now ready for the press, with very copious biographical and other illustrations.

The Council recommends that a copy of the Mysteries be respectfully presented to Peregrine Edward Towneley, Esq., the owner of the manuscript from which it is printed, and that an additional copy be presented to the Rev. Dr. Lingard, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, and Joseph Stevenson, Esq., all of them Members of the Society, for the trouble which they have severally taken in editing the volume. To Dr. Lingard the Society is under obligation for obtaining permission to transcribe the manuscript for the press. Mr. Hunter has contributed the chief portion of the Preface, and Mr. Stevenson has carefully compared the printed sheets with the MS., and has superintended the execution of the fac-simile, which gives a most correct idea of the hand in which it is written. To James Gordon, Esq., the compiler of the Glossary appended to the volume, the Council also recommends the presentation of a copy of the work which in a philological point of view he has so satisfactorily illustrated.

With respect to the volume of Wills, the Council begs to express its opinion that a copy should be presented to Egerton Venables Vernon Harcourt, Esq., Registrar of the Prerogative and Consistory Courts of York, for his liberality in affording full access to the valuable Testamentary Records preserved in those Courts; to Joseph Buckle, Esq., the Deputy Registrar, for his extreme readiness in affording the necessary facilities for transcription, even to his own great inconvenience; to Wm. Mills, Esq., the Registrar of the Court of the Dean and Chapter of York, for the like kind permission and attentions; to the Rev. James Baker, Spiritual Chancellor of the Diocese of Durham,

by whose means the wishes of the Society were brought under the favourable notice of Mr. Harcourt; to C. G. Young, Esq., York Herald, for much valuable genealogical assistance rendered to the editor of the volume; to Mr. Lewis Baker, by whom the Wills were transcribed; and to the Rev. James Dalton, Rector of Croft, who obligingly placed in the hands of the editor a transcript of the Heraldic Visitation of Yorkshire, taken in 1585, from which much valuable matter was obtained in the way of genealogical illustration.

Account of the Treasurers of the Surtees Society for the Year 1835-6.

Dr.	£.	*s.*	*d.*
To Balance due from the Treasurers as per last year's account, -	5	8	9½
Received Subscriptions of 131 Members at £2 2s. each - -	275	2	0
Received of Mrs. Andrews, Durham, for sale of copies of Reginald and the Durham Wills, -	6	18	0
Received of Mr. Pickering, London, for ditto, -	8	7	0
Received of Messrs Nichols, London, for ditto, -	12	5	3
Received of Mr Laing, Edinburgh, for ditto,	7	15	0
Received of Mr. Charnley, Newcastle, for ditto,	5	2	7
Received by the Treasurers, for ditto, -	1	16	0
	£322	14	7½

Cr.	£.	*s.*	*d.*
By paid Messrs. Blackwell and Co. for printing the Towneley Mysteries and the Testamenta Eboracensia, including the carriage of proof sheets from Durham, the printing of extra copies of Rules, Circulars, &c., and the binding of 200 copies of each volume, -	218	19	4
By paid Mr. Humble for book for Receipts,	0	12	6
By paid Mrs. Andrews for stationery and carriage of proof sheets to Durham,	5	9	7
By paid Mr. Baker for transcribing the Testamenta Eboracensia, -	45	0	0
By paid for postages and for expenses in collating the Testamenta Eboracensia,	11	14	4
By paid for transcript of the Vita Oswini in the British Museum, -	4	17	4
By paid for transcript of the Towneley Mysteries,	20	0	0
By paid for fac-simile of the Towneley MS., &c.,	5	16	1
	£312	9	2
Balance due from the Treasurers,	10	5	5½
	£322	14	7½

To the twenty circulars soliciting recommendations for the press for the ensuing year, the only answer received has been from John Gage, Esq., suggesting the propriety of a continuation of the York Series of Wills. Of the nineteen Members, however, who made no positive recommendation more than one expressed their full confidence in the discretion of the Council, to whom under such circumstances the selection of matter for the press is conceded by the last clause in the VIIth Rule, and under this responsibility the Council will lose no time in determining upon such subjects as in their opinion will be most conformable to the Rules and Objects of the Society and acceptable to its Members.

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